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LITURGY AND HYMNS

FOR

THE USE OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCH

OF THE

✓ UNITED BRETHREN.

A NEW EDITION.

Moravian church. Liturgy and ritual

Come before his presence with singing.—*Psalm c. 2.*
I will sing of thy power; yea I will sing aloud of thy mercy.—*Psalm lix. 16.*
Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom; teaching and
admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, sing-
ing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.—*Col. iii. 16.*
I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.—
1 Cor. xiv. 15.

PHILADELPHIA :

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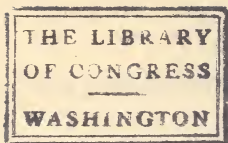
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AND AT THE BRETHREN'S ESTABLISHMENTS, BETHLEHEM, NAZARETH, LITIZ,
IN PENNSYLVANIA; AND SALEM, IN NORTH CAROLINA.

1842.

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PREFACE.

This Collection of Hymns for the use of the PROTESTANT CHURCH of the UNITED BRETHREN, consists partly of translations from the German, and partly of original English compositions. The former are marked with an asterisk.

AN INDEX containing the first line of each verse, and a TABLE of TUNES are subjoined.

May all who use these Hymns, delight in, and experience at all times, the blessed effects of the apostle Paul's advice, (EPHESIANS, v. 18, 19,) "Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord," yea anticipate already, whilst in the body, though in an humble and imperfect strain, the song of the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect, (HEB. xii. 22, 23.) who being redeemed out of every kindred and tongue, and people, and nation, and having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, (REV. v. 9, and vii. 14,) are singing in perfect harmony (REV. v. 12—14,) "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing, forever and ever." Amen.

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TABLE OF TUNES.

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TUNE.	NO. OF THE HYMN.	TUNE.	NUMBER.
1	721.	14	620, 623, 629, 633, 660, 675, 677, 678, 683, 702, 738, 739, 741, 816, 842, 855, 866, 889, 898, 908, 937, 938, 939, 975, 980, 981, 982, 984, 987, 988, 994, 995, 996, 1003, 1004, 1021, 1050, 1063, 1077, 1079, 1084, 1087, 1091, 1092, 1098, 1113, 1122, 1136, 1151, 1154, 1157, 1164, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194.
4	255, 367, 402, 470, 524, 617, 853, 936.	15	359, 418, 468, 607, 798, 934.
9	256, 636, 668, 734, 790, 795, 856, 921, 926, 1042.	16	7, 49, 56, 301, 330, 426, 505, 509, 523, 582, 603, 637, 701, 703, 751, 755, 758, 760, 1022, 1029, 1030, 1041, 1096, 1155, 1168.
10	51, 431, 615, 698, 796, 1061, 1070, 1099.	22	2, 5, 6, 8, 12, 28, 29, 32, 36, 46, 47, 48, 58, 81, 84, 121, 126, 128, 131, 164, 176, 184, 185, 187, 216, 217, 219, 221, 233, 235, 248, 251, 254, 267, 270, 277, 278, 279, 310, 311, 317, 318, 327, 340, 344, 346, 377, 400, 466,
11	17, 44, 55, 75, 78, 133, 155, 162, 286, 299, 319, 356, 391, 467, 474, 479, 482, 483, 496, 497, 508, 542, 562, 613, 673, 697, 885, 897, 899, 965, 967, 983, 985, 1052, 1102, 1135.		
14	11, 13, 25, 27, 59, 61, 62, 71, 72, 76, 79, 80, 83, 115, 123, 124, 125, 127, 130, 140, 165, 169, 180, 181, 183, 189, 193, 194, 206, 213, 220, 227, 237, 242, 257, 258, 264, 266, 290, 291, 293, 298, 313, 316, 320, 323, 331, 332, 333, 335, 342, 353, 369, 372, 373, 374, 398, 405, 406, 433, 434, 448, 450, 453, 473, 475, 481, 488, 507, 528, 537, 543, 549, 563, 579, 590, 599, 601.		

TABLE OF TUNES.

TUNES.	NUMBER.	TUNE.	NUMBER.
22	480, 407, 502, 506, 518, 526, 532, 533, 536, 544, 550, 558, 561, 570, 597, 598, 605, 612, 621, 627, 630, 641, 648, 651, 674, 676, 713, 714, 715, 729, 730, 781, 801, 805, 832, 833, 839, 846, 857, 867, 870, 875, 893, 895, 896, 901, 906, 911, 930, 943, 947, 968, 977, 979, 986, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 1034, 1036, 1043, 1048, 1049, 1053, 1054, 1069, 1073, 1078, 1083, 1085, 1086, 1097, 1104, 1105, 1109, 1115, 1116, 1117, 1118, 1119, 1145, 1146, 1166.	58	766, 845, 903, 923, 1012, 1176, 1184.
		66	302.
		68	201, 234, 245, 366, 435, 578, 655, 753, 830, 1095.
		69	611, 727, 811, 914.
		70	397, 1120.
		71	96, 410, 576, 810, 929, 1035, 1177.
		74	354, 451, 872, 1056, 1058, 1130.
		75	288.
		79 (or 580)	23, 30, 43, 82, 86, 102, 163, 174, 230, 265, 304, 347, 357, 375, 378, 381, 436, 442, 443, 535, 557, 577, 580, 589, 635, 647, 649, 664, 704, 707, 708, 723, 747, 772, 820, 825, 860, 886, 958, 1010, 1031, 1072, 1076, 1081, 1093, 1094, 1103, 1106, 1107, 1156, 1172, 1189.
23	554, 583, 927, 928, 959, 1009.	82	595, 838, 961.
26	173, 499, 501, 737, 743, 750, 763, 803, 848, 948, 976, 1071, 1110.	83	14, 52, 170, 403, 465, 500, 594, 638, 685, 706, 962, 973, 978, 1046, 1144, 1180.
30	522, 765, 1179.	84	3.
36	89, 101, 120, 305, 306, 371, 445, 545, 705, 1082.	89	15, 21, 447, 643, 1075.
37	314, 456, 516, 812, 1008, 1141.	90 see 96	{ 222, 228 271, 283, and 106. { 350, 376, 441, 449, 452, 503, 646, 669, 681, 733, 835, 837, 900, 1100.
39	69, 204, 464, 492, 642, 672, 693, 852, 909, 1000, 1001, 1002.	96	87, 132, 244, 292, 324, 338, 538, 972, 1139.
45	148, 151, 471, 1016, 1182.	97	9, 10, 31, 200, 239, 285, 326, 399, 417, 439, 440, 469, 551, 556, 722, 732, 799, 827, 854, 863, 873, 874, 949, 956, 1019, 1066, 1112, 1137, 1174.
50	35, 160.	99	88, 97, 944.
51	110.		
54	90, 511.		
56	455, 510, 770, 841, 941, 1018, 1025, 1032.		
58	16, 39, 73, 171, 178, 207, 208, 223, 225, 249, 253, 260, 261, 341, 363, 408, 512, 529, 559, 687, 761,		

TABLE OF TUNES.

TUNE.	NUMBER.	TUNE.	NUMBER.
101	665, 794, 806.	155	688, 744, 748, 759, 783, 789, 858, 891.
102	571, 1153.	156	463.
106	4, 192, 195, 229, 281, 312, 315, 334, 348, 349, 459, 531, 534, 606, 773, 1080.	157	37, 1090, 1108.
107	(see T. 599) 913.	159	65, 368, 424, 493, 494, 514, 539, 540, 541, 624, 670, 719, 814, 817, 998, 1037, 1173, 1199, 1200.
114	85, 146, 386, 591, 691, 709, 754, 787, 871, 1196.	160	915.
115	387, 395.	161	749, 778, 786, 890.
119	1, 74, 149, 404, 527, 756, 946, 1132, 1181.	164	388, 513, 746, 1007, 1089.
121	309, 519, 686, 777, 780, 876, 1057.	165	103, 105, 491, 1088.
123	322.	166	20, 38, 135, 182, 186, 211, 231, 358, 392, 425, 566, 592, 684, 718, 728, 745, 792, 797, 815, 822, 831, 834, 840, 844, 851, 859, 869, 916, 920, 952, 1011, 1015, 1017, 1045, 1065, 1114, 1126, 1138, 1186.
124	98, 490, 957, 1142.	167	66, 94, 107, 152, 209, 307, 308, 382, 407, 472, 485, 486, 609, 614, 632, 690, 726, 800, 808, 1051, 1064.
125	232, 250.	168	77, 104, 111, 112, 119, 345, 740, 1023, 1026, 1060, 1140.
126	(or 597) 41, 106, 116, 428, 429, 560, 569, 731, 752, 924.	169	42.
127	99.	172	236.
132	19, 157, 166, 175, 199, 218, 226, 287, 289, 362, 394, 444, 659, 671, 769, 1133, 1147, 1160.	184	(see 549) 136, 321, 325, 360, 458, 604, 955, 1059, 1067.
136	142, 700, 804, 881, 1178.	185	91, 143, 153, 167, 212, 214, 365, 383, 409, 430, 564, 568, 572, 574, 616, 712, 717, 720, 791, 802, 813, 821, 826, 849, 888, 945, 970, 1014, 1020, 1024, 1027, 1055.
141	420, 520, 521, 546, 602, 782, 940, 1125, 1127.	189	654.
142	639.	195	645, 662, 894.
146	70, 172, 379, 414, 416, 666, 828, 847, 862, 935, 953, 1129.		
147	427, 489.		
149	415, 954, 1131, 1187.		
151	34, 92, 100, 118, 138, 191, 197, 282, 303, 337, 339, 413, 457, 462, 530, 565, 593, 610, 622, 724, 774, 793, 933, 942, 969, 1128, 1149, 1167.		
152	109, 950.		
155	60, 203, 355, 484, 515.		

TABLE OF TUNES.

TUNE.	NUMBER.	TUNE.	NUMBER.
200	461, 575.	520	725.
201	910.	580	(see T. 79.)
203	252.	581	145, 198, 295, 922, 960, 1044, 1161.
205	67, 154, 168, 274, 280, 294, 300, 401, 423, 432, 656, 716, 742, 818, 865, 880, 883, 887, 917, 1039, 1169, 1185, 1195.	582	(see T. 595) 26, 54, 122, 129, 259, 263, 284, 296, 297, 336, 343, 390, 696, 757, 767, 836, 884, 907, 912, 951, 963, 974, 1074, 1152.
206	205, 370, 422, 459, 667, 877.	583	134, 268, 272, 329, 478, 584, 600, 653, 658, 699, 710, 711, 768, 785, 843, 879, 964, 966, 1028, 1111, 1124.
208	144, 147, 446, 608, 650, 682, 775, 1183.	585	50, 53, 55, 57, 275, 567, 573, 640, 902, 1033, 1062, 1159, 1162, 1175.
211	932.	586	64, 385, 586, 776, 1006, 1047.
212	18, 634.	587	(or 596,) 498, 1005.
214	118, 555, 807.	583	139, 1170, 1197.
216	108.	590	(see 593) 22, 33, 40, 158, 159, 177, 190, 210, 328, 361, 393, 412, 454, 552, 553, 585, 596, 625, 628, 631, 629, 771, 819, 861, 868, 892, 904, 905, 919, 971, 997, 1013, 1038, 1123, 1143, 1163.
217	113, 273.	591	276, 626.
218	389, 548.	592	1165.
221	24, 736, 779, 878, 882.	593	(see T. 14.)
227	661, 762.	593 B.	(see T. 590.)
228	364, 419, 437, 477, 517, 588, 618, 619, 850.	594	(see T. 184,) 93, 114, 396, 918, 1188.
230	202, 269, 380, 495, 695, 809, 823, 829.	595	(see T. 582,) 161, 179, 196, 215, 240, 241, 243, 679, 680, 1068, 1101.
232	137, 460, 476, 864, 925, 1150.	596	(see T. 587.)
234	438, 652, 735.	597	(see T. 126.)
235	657.	598	150.
237	581.	599	(or rather T. 107.) 913.
240	63, 141.		
242	931.		
243	95, 504, 999.		
244	117, 384, 411, 525, 547, 587, 644, 764, 1134, 1148, 1171.		
249	68, 247, 692, 694, 1121, 1198.		
341	224, 238, 246, 262, 421, 663, 784, 788, 824, 1040.		
376	351, 352.		
483	1158.		
519	156.		

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

WE praise thēe, O God ;—we acknowledge thēe to be the Lord.
All the earth doth wōrship thee,—the Fāther everlasting.

To thee all angels crȳ aloud,—the heavens, and āll the powers therein.

To the cherubim and sēraphim—contīnually do cry,

Holy, hōly, holy,—Lord Gōd of Sabaoth ;

Heaven and eārth are full—of the Mājesty of thy glory.

The glorious company ōf the apostles—prāise thee.

The goodly fellowship ōf the prophets—prāise thee.

The noble ārmy of martyrs—prāise thee.

*The holy church throughout all the world doth acknōwledge thee,
—the Father of an īnfinite Majesty,*

Thine honourable, true, and ōnly Son,—also the Holy Ghōst, the Comforter.

*Thou art the King of glōry, O Christ ;—thou art the everlasting
Sōn of the Father.*

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man,—thou didst not abhōr the Virgin's womb.

*When thou hadst overcome the sharpnēss of death,—thou didst open
the kingdom of heāven to all believers.*

Thou sittest at the right hānd of God,—in the glōry of the Father,
We believe that thōu shalt come—to bē our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, hēlp thy servants,—whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood ;

Make them to be numbered wīth thy saints,—in glōry everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people, and blēss thine heritage;—govern them, and lift them up for ever.

*Day by day, we māgnify thee—and we worship thy name ēver,
world without end.*

Vouchsāfe, O Lord,—to keep us thīs day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy ūpon us,—have mērcy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten ūpon us;—as ōūr trust is in thee,

O Lord, in thee hāve I trusted ;—let me nēver be confounded.

Glory be to the Father, and tō the Son,—and tō the Holy Ghost ;
*As it was in the beginning, is now, and ēver shall be,—world
wīthout end. Amen.*

LITURGY

OF THE

CHURCH OF THE UNITED BRETHREN.

THE CHURCH LITANY.

LORD, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, hear us.

Lord, Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty;

Incline thine ear and hear: for we do not present our supplications before thee for our righteousness, but for thy great mercies.

Lord God, our Father which art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven; give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us,

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

τ. 22. Most holy, blessed Trinity,
We praise thee to eternity. ∴ ∴ ∴

r. 132. p. 2. Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

From coldness to thy merits and death,
From error and misunderstanding,
From the loss of our glory in thee,
From the unhappy desire of becoming great,
From self-complacency,
From untimely projects,
From needless perplexity,
From the murdering spirit and devices of Satan,
From the influence of the spirit of this world,
From hypocrisy and fanaticism,
From the deceitfulness of sin,
From all sin,

Preserve us, gracious Lord and God.

By all the merits of thy life,
By thy human birth and circumcision,
By thy obedience, diligence, and faithfulness,
By thy humility, meekness, and patience,
By thy extreme poverty,
By thy holy baptism,
By thy watching, fasting, and temptations,
By thy griefs and sorrows,
By thy prayers and tears,
By thy having been despised and rejected,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

By thine agony and bloody sweat,
By thy bonds and scourgings,
By thy crown of thorns,
By thy cross and passion,
By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
By thy dying words,
By thy atoning death,
By thy rest in the grave,
By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
By thy sitting at the right hand of God,
By thy sending the Holy Ghost,
By thy prevailing intercession,
By the holy sacraments,
By thy divine presence,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

r. 96. We humbly pray with one accord,
Remember us, most gracious Lord ;
Think on thy sufferings, wounds, and cross,
And how by death thou savedst us :
For this is all our hope and plea,
In time and in eternity.

We poor sinners pray ;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Rule and lead thy holy christian church ;
Increase the knowledge of the mystery of Christ, and diminish
misapprehensions ;
Make the word of the cross universal among those who are called
by thy name ;
Unite all the children of God in one spirit ;
Abide their only Shepherd, High-priest, and Saviour ;
Send faithful labourers into thy harvest ;
Give spirit and power to preach thy word ;
Preserve unto us the word of reconciliation till the end of days ;
And through the Holy Ghost daily glorify the merits of thy life,
sufferings, and death :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Prevent or destroy all designs and schemes of Satan, and defend
us against his accusation ;
For the sake of that peace which we have with thee, may we, as
much as lieth in us, live peaceably with all men ;
Grant us to bless them that curse us, and to do good to them that
hate us ;
Have mercy upon our slanderers and persecutors, and lay not
this sin to their charge ;
Hinder all schisms and offences ;
Put far from thy people all deceivers and seducers ;
Bring back those who have erred, or have been seduced ;
Grant love and unity to all our congregations :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Thou Light and Desire of all nations,
Watch over thy messengers both by land and sea ;
Prosper the endeavours of all thy servants to spread thy gospel
among heathen nations ;
Accompany the word of their testimony concerning thy atone-
ment with demonstration of the Spirit and of power ;
Bless our congregations gathered from the Negroes, Greenlanders,
Indians, Hottentots, Esquimaux, and all other Christian and
other heathen nations ;

Keep them as the apple of thine eye ;
Have mercy on thy ancient covenant-people, the Jews ; deliver
them from their blindness ;
And bring all nations to the saving knowledge of thee :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O praise the Lord, all ye heathen :
Praise him, all ye nations.

Give to thy people open doors to preach thy gospel, and set them
to thy praise on earth :
Grant to all bishops and ministers of the church soundness of
doctrine and holiness of life, and preserve them therein ;
Help all elders to rule well, especially those who labour in the
word and doctrine ; that they may feed thy church, which thou
hast purchased with thine own blood :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Watch graciously over all governments, and hear our interces-
sions for them ;
Grant and preserve unto them thoughts of peace and concord ;
We beseech thee specially to pour down thy blessings in a plen-
tiful manner upon the President of the United States and the
Governors of the individual States of the Union ; upon both
Houses of Congress, and the respective State Legislatures,
whenever assembled. Direct and prosper all their councils and
undertakings to the promotion of thy glory, the propagation of
the gospel, and the safety and welfare of this country.
Guide and protect the magistrates of the land wherein we dwell,
and all that are put in authority ; and grant us to lead under
them a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Teach us to submit ourselves to every ordinance of man for thy
sake ; and to seek the peace of the places where we dwell ;
Grant them blessing and prosperity ;
Prevent war and the effusion of human blood ;
Preserve the land from distress by fire and water, hail and tem-
pest, plague, pestilence, and famine ;
Let the earth be like a field which the Lord blesseth ;
Give peace and salvation, O God, to this land, and to all orders of
men therein :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

To be prayed in times of war.

[Grant, O Lord, unto the President of the United States, in these times of danger, thy gracious counsel, that in all things he may approve himself the father of the people ;

Be thou the gracious Protector of these States, and of all our fellow-citizens in all parts of the world ;

Turn the hearts of our enemies ; defeat every evil design against us ; and continue to show thy tender mercy unto these United States, as thou hast done in days past ;

Cause us to bow down before thee, to confess our sins, and to acknowledge with contrite hearts, that it is of thy mercies that we are not consumed ;

Stop in thy tender mercy the effusion of human blood, and make discord and wars to cease ;

To this end put into the hearts of the rulers of the nations thoughts of peace, that we may see it soon established, to the glory of thy name :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.]

r. 235. p. 2. Promote, we pray, thy servants' good,
 Redeem'd with thy most precious blood :
 Among thy saints make us ascend
 To glory that shall never end :
 O Lord, have mercy on us all,
 Have mercy on us, when we call :
 Lord, we have put our trust in thee,
 Confounded let us never be. Amen.

O Lord, our heavenly Father,

Supply, we pray thee, all the wants of thy church ;

Let all things be conducted among us in such a manner, that we provide things honest, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men ;

Bless the sweat of the brow, and faithfulness in business ;

Let none entangle himself with the affairs of this life ;

But may all our labour of body and mind be hallowed unto thee :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O thou Preserver of men,

Send help to all that are in distress or danger ;

Strengthen and uphold those who suffer bonds and persecution for the sake of the gospel ;

Defend, and provide for fatherless children, and widows, and all who are desolate and oppressed ;

Be the support of the aged ;

Make the bed of the sick, and in the midst of suffering let them feel that thou lovest them ;

And when thou takest away men's breath, that they die, then remember, that thou hast died, not for our sins only, but also for the sins of the whole world :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O Lord, thou who art over all, God blessed for ever,

Be the Saviour of all men ;

Yea, have mercy on thy whole creation ;

For thou camest, by thyself to reconcile all things unto God, whether things in earth, or things in heaven :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Thou Saviour of thy body, the church,

Bless, sanctify, and preserve every member through the truth ;

Grant that each, in every age and station may enjoy the powerful, and sanctifying merits of thy holy humanity ; and make us chaste before thee in soul and body ;

Let our children be brought up in the nurture and admonition of thee ;

Pour out thy Holy Spirit on all thy servants and handmaids ;

Purify our souls, in obeying the truth, through the Spirit, unto unfeigned love of the brethren :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

Keep us in everlasting fellowship with the church triumphant, and let us rest together eternally in thy presence from our labours :

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

O Christ, almighty God,

Have mercy upon us.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Own us to be thine.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Be joyful over us.

O thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Leave thy peace with us.

O Christ hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

DOXOLOGY.

TO BE USED AFTER THE CHURCH LITANY ON SOLEMN OCCASIONS.

UNTO the Lamb thāt was slain,

And hath redeemed us out of all nātions of the earth ;

UNTO the Lord who purchased our souls fōr himself ;

*Unto that friend who lōved us,—and washed us from our sins
īn his own blood ;*

Who died fōr us once,

That we might dēe unto sin ;

Who rōse for us,

That we ālso might rise ;

Who ascended for us īnto heaven,

To prepare ā place for us ;

CHOIR. And to whom are subjected the angels, and powers, ānd dominions ;

To Him be glory āt all times,

*In the church that wāiteth for him, and in that which īs around
him,*

CHOIR. From everlasting to everlāsting : *Amen.*

MIN. Little children, abide in him ; that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him āt his coming.

In none but him alone I trust for ever,
In him, my Saviour.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee ;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee ;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace :

In the name of Jesus : Amen.

EASTER-MORNING LITANY.

The Bishop or Minister shall say :

I BELIEVE in the One only God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, who created all things by Jesus Christ, and was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.

I believe in God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world ;

Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son ;

Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ ;—who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light ; having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

This I verily believe.

We thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes ; even so, Father ; for so it seemed good in thy sight.

Father, glorify thy name.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name ; thy kingdom come ; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven : give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us ; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil : for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

I believe in the name of the only begotten Son of God, by whom are all things, and we through him ;

I believe, that he was made flesh, and dwelt among us ; and took on him the form of a servant ;

By the overshadowing of the Holy Ghost, was conceived of the Virgin Mary ; as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same ; was born of a woman ;

And being found in fashion as a man, was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin :

For he is the Lord, the Messenger of the covenant, whom we delight in. The Lord and his Spirit hath sent him to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord :

He spoke that which he did know, and testified that which he had seen : as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God.

Behold the lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried ;

The third day rose again from the dead, and with him many bodies of the saints which slept ;

Ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the throne of the Father ; whence he will come, in like manner as he was seen going into heaven.

τ. 58. p. 2. Amen, come, Lord Jesus ; come, we implore thee :
With longing hearts we now are waiting for thee ;
Come soon, O come.

The Lord will descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, to judge both the quick and the dead.

This is my Lord, who redeemed me, a lost and undone human creature, purchased and gained me from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil ;

Not with gold or silver, but with his holy precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying ;

To the end that I should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness ;

So as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

This I most certainly believe.

I believe in the Holy Ghost, who proceedeth from the Father, and whom our Lord Jesus Christ sent, after he went away, that he should abide with us for ever ;

That he should comfort us, as a mother comforteth her children ;

That he should help our infirmities, and make intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered ;

That he should bear witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God, and teach us to cry, Abba, Father ;

That he should shed abroad in our hearts the love of God, and make our bodies his holy temple ;

And that he should work all in all, dividing to every man severally as he will.

To him be glory in the church, which is in Christ Jesus, the holy, universal Christian church, in the communion of saints, at all times, and from eternity to eternity. *Amen.*

I believe, that by my own reason and strength, I cannot believe in Jesus Christ my Lord, or come to him ;

But that the Holy Ghost calleth me by the gospel, enlighteneth me with his gifts, sanctifieth and preserveth me in the true faith ;

Even as he calleth, gathereth, enlighteneth, and sanctifieth the whole church on earth, which he keepeth by Jesus Christ in the only true faith ;

In which Christian church God forgiveth me and every believer all sin daily and abundantly.

This I assuredly believe.

I believe, that by holy baptism I am embodied as a member of the church of Christ, which he hath loved, and for which he gave himself, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word. *Amen.*

In this communion of saints my faith is placed upon my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who died for us, and shed his blood on the cross for the remission of sins, and who hath granted unto me his body and blood in the Lord's Supper, as a pledge of grace ; as the Scripture saith, Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread : and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, Take, eat : this is my body which is given for you ; this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ, when he had supped, took the cup, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it ; this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. *Amen.*

I have a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better; I shall never taste death; yea, I shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead: for the body which I shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption: my flesh shall rest in hope.

And God, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, will quicken all those bodies in which the Spirit of God hath dwelt. *Amen.*

We poor sinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brethren, *N. N.* and with our sisters, *N. N.** who have entered into the joy of their Lord; (and whose bodies are buried here;)

Also with the servants and handmaids of our church, whom thou hast called home within this year, and with the whole church triumphant; and let us eternally rest with them in thy presence. *Amen.*

t. 15. They are at rest in lasting bliss,
Beholding Christ our Saviour:
Our humble expectation is
To live with him for ever.

Glory be to Him who is the resurrection and the life; He was dead, and behold, He is alive for evermore; And he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him; for ever and ever. *Amen.*

t. 15l. p. 2. Grant us to lean unshaken
Upon thy faithfulness,
Until we hence are taken
To see thee face to face.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

* Here are mentioned in each congregation the names of those who have departed into eternal rest since the preceding Easter.

LITANIES AT BAPTISM.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN, No. I.

After the singing of a suitable hymn, and a short discourse.

CHRIST, thou Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,

Leave thy peace with us : Amen.

By thy holy sacraments,

Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

Baptism is the answer of a good conscience towards God, the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which is shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Children, also, may be made partakers of this grace ;

For Christ hath said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

T. 90. An infant we present to thee,—As thy redeemed property,
And thee most fervently entreat,—Thyself this child to consecrate
By baptism, and its soul to bless,—Out of the fulness of thy grace.

(The child having been brought in, the minister offers up a prayer.)

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized ?
Into his death.

N. N. Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Now art thou buried with him by baptism into his death ;

In the name of Jesus : Amen.

Now therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee ; and the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

T. 132. p. 2. This grant, according to thy word,
Thro' Jesus Christ our only Lord,
O Father, Son, and Spirit.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee ;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee ;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace :

In the name of Jesus : Amen.

BAPTISM OF CHILDREN, No. II.

After the singing of a suitable hymn, and a short discourse.

O THOU Lamb of God, which takest away the sin of the world,
Have mercy upon us, and give us thy peace.

By all the merits of thy life, sufferings, death, and resurrection,
Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

Baptism was instituted by our Lord Jesus Christ, who said unto his disciples, Go ye, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.

He annexed this promise to it, He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.

By baptism we are made partakers of the forgiveness of sin, and are cleansed from its pollution by the blood of Jesus Christ, who loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word.

As many of us as have been baptized, have put on Christ.

T. 22. The Saviour's blood and righteousness
Our beauty is, our glorious dress;
Thus well array'd we need not fear,
When in his presence we appear.

Children, also, may be made partakers of this grace:

For Christ hath said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

(The child having been brought in, the minister offers up a prayer.)

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized?
Into his death.

N. N. Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

Now art thou buried with him by baptism into his death,
In the name of Jesus: Amen.

Now therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee; and the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

T. 58. That our Lord's views with *him* may be attain'd,
We now commend this child, with faith unfeign'd,
To the Father's blessing, to the Son's favour,
The Holy Spirit's guidance, now and ever:

Hear us, O Lord.

The Lord bless thee, &c.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

t. 22. CHRIST, the almighty Son of God,
Took on him human flesh and blood,
And willingly gave up his breath
To save us from eternal death.

Praise to the Father, and the Son,—And Holy Spirit, Three in One.
That we're from condemnation freed,—Since Christ our ransom fully paid.

(After a short discourse, follow these petitions.)

Lord God, our Father which art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy name ; thy kingdom come ; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven ; give us this day our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us ; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil : for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us,

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

t. 132. p. 2. Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

By thy divine presence,

By thy holy sacraments,

Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

(Questions put to the candidate for baptism.)

Dost thou believe in God the Father, almighty Maker and Preserver of heaven and earth ?

ANSWER. *I do.*

Dost thou believe in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God, our Lord, who loved us, and gave himself for us ?

ANSWER. *I do.*

Dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy christian church, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting ?

ANSWER. *I do.*

Dost thou believe that thou art a sinful creature, deserving of wrath and eternal punishment ?

ANSWER. *I verily believe it.*

Dost thou believe that Jesus Christ is thy Lord, who redeemed thee, a lost and undone human creature, from sin, from death, and from the power of the devil, with his innocent suffering and dying, and with his holy and precious blood ?

ANSWER. *I verily believe it.*

Dost thou in this faith desire to be baptized into the death of Jesus, to be washed from thy sins, and to be embodied into the congregation of the faithful ?

ANSWER. *This is my sincere desire.*

Dost thou in this faith renounce the service of sin and Satan, and determine in the kingdom of Christ to live under him and serve him in holiness and righteousness all the days of thy life ?

ANSWER. *I sincerely purpose so to do, in the strength of my Lord Jesus Christ and of his Holy Spirit.*

T. 155. Unto *him*, O Lamb of God,—Open thy salvation's treasure
In rich measure;—Graciously *his* sins forgive,
Him receive,—Grant *him* peace and consolation ;
Join *him* to thy congregation,—As the purchase of thy death.

T. 22. The water flowing from thy side—Which by the spear was open'd wide,
Be now *his* bath; thy precious blood—Cleanse *him*, and bring *him* nigh to God.

[*The candidate for baptism kneeling, the minister offers up a prayer.*]

Ye who are baptized into Christ Jesus, how were ye baptized ?
Into his death.

N. N. Into the death of Jesus I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

[*During the imposition of hands the minister continues ;*]

Now art thou washed, justified, and sanctified by the blood of Christ : therefore live, yet not thou, but Christ live in thee ; and the life, which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for thee.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

[*Then the congregation kneeling, the following verses may be sung ;*]

T. 22. May Christ thee sanctify and bless,—His Spirit's seal on thee impress ;
His body, torn with many a wound,—Preserve thy soul and body sound.

The blood-sweat trickling down his face,—Thy condemnation doth erase ;
His cross, his sufferings, and his pain,—Thy everlasting strength remain.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,—Will thee protect, we humbly trust.

Lord bless thee, &c.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS FROM THE HEATHEN.

OUR Lord Jesus Christ,
Be gracious unto us.

By thy divine presence,
Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

By all the merits of thy holy humanity, life, sufferings, death,
 and resurrection,

Bless us, gracious Lord and God.

T. 22. Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to thee,
 That thou didst deign a man to be,
 And for each soul which thou hast made,
 Hast an eternal ransom paid.

T. 132. O Jesus Christ, thou Son beloved
 Of thy celestial Father,
 By whom all enmity's removed,
 And all the lost find succour;
 Thou Lamb once slain, our God and Lord,
 To needy prayers thine ear afford,
 And on us all have mercy.

T. 127. O Lamb of God unspotted,—our crucified Saviour,
 Who hast to shame submitted,—with patient meek behaviour:
 Thy bearing our transgression—hath saved us from damnation:
 Have mercy on us, O Jesus, O Jesus.

T. 30. Lift up thy pierced hands most gracious Saviour,
 Now pour out on *him (them)* that grace and favour,
 Which in thy loving—and kind heart for *him* is ever moving.

(After these or other verses suited to this transaction have been sung, and a short discourse delivered concerning the aim of baptism, and the grace imparted by it to those who receive it, the minister shall put the following questions to the candidate.)

Dost thou believe that thou art a sinful creature, and on account of thy sins deservest the wrath of God and eternal punishment?

ANSWER. *I do believe it.*

Dost thou believe, that Jesus Christ became a man for us, and by his innocent life, sufferings, blood-shedding, and death, reconciled us sinners to God?

ANSWER. *I verily believe it.*

Dost thou believe that he hath purchased for thee, by his blood and death, remission of sins, life, and happiness ?

ANSWER. *I verily believe it.*

Wilt thou in this faith be baptised into the death of Jesus, and be washed from thy sins in his blood ?

ANSWER. *That is my sincere desire.*

Dost thou also desire to be delivered from the power of sin, and of Satan, and to be received into the fellowship of Jesus Christ, and of those who believe in him ?

ANSWER. *That is my sincere desire, and I renounce the devil and all his works and ways.*

T. 22. Soul, body, spirit, Lord are thine,
The purchase of thy blood divine;
O take *him* as thy property,
And keep *him* thine eternally.

[*During this verse the candidate for baptism kneels down, and the minister prays that he may be cleansed from all his sins in the blood of Christ, delivered from guilt and punishment, and from the dominion of sin and Satan, buried by baptism into the death of Jesus, and raised together with him unto newness of life, and thus, together with all believers, received into, and made a partaker of, the fellowship of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*]

T. 75. Thro' thy atoning blood,
That precious, healing flood,
Remove all sin and sadness,
And fill *his* heart with gladness;
Lord, hear thou *his* confession,
And blot out *his* transgression.

OR, T. 22. The water flowing from thy side,
Which by the spear was open'd wide,
Be now *his* bath ; thy precious blood
Cleans *him* and bring *him* nigh to God.

(*After singing one of these, or any other suitable verses, follow the baptism :*

N. N. I baptize thee, into the death of Jesus, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. *Amen.*

Now art thou buried with Christ by baptism into his death ;
therefore, from henceforth live, yet not thou, but Christ live in
thee ; and the life which thou now livest in the flesh, live by the
faith of the Son of God, who loved thee, and gave himself for
thee.

- T. 14. With awe and heartfelt thankfulness,
Him in the dust adore ;
He who hath look'd on thee in grace,
Hath bliss for thee in store.

*(The congregation now kneels down, and the person baptized falls prostrate,
during which may be sung ;)*

- T. 22. May Christ thee sanctify and bless,
His Spirit's seal on thee impress ;
His body, torn with many a wound,
Preserve thy soul and body sound.

- OR, T. 22. The Saviour's blood and righteousness
Thy beauty be, thy glorious dress ;
Thus well array'd, thou need'st not fear,
When in his presence all appear.

- OR, T. 79. p. 2. His death and passion ever,
Till soul and body sever,
Shall in thy heart engraved remain.

- T. 22. All power and glory doth pertain
Unto the Lamb, for he was slain,
And hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

(The congregation rising, the minister pronounces the blessing.)

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee ;
The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto
thee ;
The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee
peace :

In the name of Jesus : Amen.

- T. 11. Praise on earth to thee be given,
Never ceasing praise in heaven ;
Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine.

CONFIRMATION.

AFTER a suitable discourse, the minister addresses the candidates for confirmation, putting some appropriate questions to them, to which they reply. They then kneel down, and the minister imparts to each the blessing of confirmation with imposition of hands, pronouncing at the same time a text of Scripture, such as :

“The very God of peace sanctify you wholly ; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.” 1 Thess. v. 23.

Or, “Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ.” Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

After this the minister adds :

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee ;

The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee ;

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace :

In the name of Jesus : Amen.

All then kneel down, and the persons confirmed are commended in prayer to the Lord. The service is concluded with a hymn.

All candidates for confirmation are, previous to it, carefully instructed by the minister in the doctrines of Christianity, with a particular reference to the Lord's Supper, of which they are invited to partake at the next celebration of this Holy Ordinance, subsequent to their confirmation.

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

THE service is opened by singing verses expressive of penitence and contrition of heart, after which a prayer for absolution is offered up. The congregation rising, a verse is sung, and the bread is consecrated by pronouncing the words of institution :

“ Our Lord Jesus Christ, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and gave it to his disciples, and said, Take, eat, this is my body, which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me.”

The consecrated bread is then distributed by the minister and his assistants among the communicants, during the singing of hymns, treating principally of the sufferings and death of our Lord. After all the communicants have received the bread, the minister repeats the words :

Our Lord Jesus Christ said, Take, eat : this is my body, which is given for you.

The congregation partake all together at the same time, kneeling, either in silence, or while a verse is sung, expressive of the solemn act. The congregation rising, verses of thanksgiving are sung, after which the minister consecrates the wine by pronouncing the words :

“ After the same manner also our Lord Jesus Christ took the cup, when he had supped, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it : this is my blood, the blood of the New Testament, which is shed for you and for many, for the remission of sins. This do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.”

The minister then partaking of the consecrated cup, delivers it to his assistants, by whom it is administered to the congregation ; during which hymns are sung, treating of the remission of sins in the blood of Jesus, and its healing and sanctifying power.

The service is continued with hymns, treating of brotherly love, communion with Christ, and thankfulness for his incarnation, passion, and death, and concluded with the blessing.

ORDINATIONS.

THE service being opened by the singing of the hymn, Come, Holy Ghost, come, Lord our God, &c. or some other suitable verses, the Bishop addresses the congregation in an appropriate discourse, ending with a charge to the candidate (or candidates) for ordination, after which he offers up a prayer, imploring the blessing of God upon the solemn transaction, and commending the candidate (or candidates) to his grace, that he may be endowed with power, and unction, and the influences of the Holy Ghost, for preaching the word of God, administering the holy sacraments, and for doing all those things, which shall be committed unto him, for the promotion of the spiritual edification of the church. The Bishop then proceeds to ordain the candidate (or candidates) with imposition of hands, pronouncing the following, or similar words:

I ordain (*consecrate*) thee, N. N. to be a Deacon (Presbyter) (*Bishop*) of the church of the United Brethren, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: *The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace; In the name of Jesus: Amen.*

The bishop having returned to his place, kneels down with the whole congregation, all worshipping in silent devotion; the brother then ordained prostrating, and after a suitable pause, one of the following *Doxologies* is sung by the choir, the congregation joining in the *Amen, Hallelujah.*

The service is concluded with a short hymn, and the bishop pronouncing the New Testament blessing.

N. B. At the consecration of bishops, two, or three bishops generally assist.

DOXOLOGIES.

(a) TO BE USED AT THE ORDINATION OF DEACONS.

Glory be to thy most meritorious MINISTRY,
 O thou SERVANT of the true tabernacle,
 Who didst not come to be ministered unto,
 But to minister.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Amen, Hallelujah.

(b) TO BE USED AT THE ORDINATION OF PRESBYTERS.

Glory be to thy most holy PRIESTHOOD,
 CHRIST, thou LAMB of GOD;
 Thou who wast slain for us;
 Who by one offering hast perfected for ever them that are
 sanctified.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Amen, Hallelujah.

(c) TO BE USED AT THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOPS.

Glory be to the SHEPHERD and BISHOP of our souls,
 The great SHEPHERD of the sheep, through the blood of the ever-
 lasting covenant;
 Glory and obedience be unto GOD the HOLY GHOST, our Guide and
 Comforter;
 Glory and adoration be to the FATHER of our LORD JESUS CHRIST,
 Who is the FATHER of all who are called children on earth and
 in heaven.

O might each pulse thanksgiving beat,
 And every breath His praise repeat.

Amen, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Amen, Hallelujah.

LITANY AT BURIALS.

No. 1.

LORD, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, hear us.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name ; thy kingdom come ; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven : give us this day, our daily bread ; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us ; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil : for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Lord God, Son, thou Saviour of the world,

Be gracious unto us.

By thy human birth,
 By thy prayers and tears,
 By all the troubles of thy life,
 By the grief and anguish of thy soul,
 By thine agony and bloody sweat,
 By thy bonds and scourgings,
 By thy crown of thorns,
 By thine ignominious crucifixion,
 By thy sacred wounds and precious blood,
 By thy atoning death,
 By thy rest in the grave,
 By thy glorious resurrection and ascension,
 By thy sitting at the right hand of God,
 By thy divine presence,
 By thy coming again to thy church on earth, or our being called home to thee,

Bless and comfort us, gracious Lord and God.

Lord God, Holy Ghost,

Abide with us for ever.

T. 83. Christ is risen from the dead,
 Thou shalt rise too, saith my Saviour:
 Of what should I be afraid?
 I with him shall live for ever:
 Can the HEAD forsake his limb,
 And not draw me unto him?

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Therefore, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

T. 79. This body, now to rest convey'd,
 Into the earth like Jesus' laid,*
 Like his shall rise again:
 Christ soon in glory will appear,
 Then we, and these interred here,
 With him o'er death shall ever reign.

We poor sinners pray,

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brother (sister) N. N. whose remains we here inter, and with the whole church triumphant, and let us eternally rest with him (her) in thy presence from our labours. *Amen.*

Our late brother (sister) desired to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better, and he (she) shall never taste death, but attain unto the resurrection of the dead; for this body which he (she) hath put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption. His (her) flesh here rests in hope.

The Father and the Son, who quicken whom they will, and the Spirit of him who raised up Jesus from the dead, will also quicken this body, because the Spirit of God hath dwelt in it. *Amen.*

* During the singing of this verse the corpse is committed to the grave

T. 22. The Saviour's blood and righteousness
 My beauty is, my glorious dress;
 Thus well array'd I need not fear,
 When in his presence I appear.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself, for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's: for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ.

Glory be to Him who is the resurrection and the life, who quickeneth us, while in this dying state, and after we have obtained the true life, doth not suffer us to die any more.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

LITANY AT BURIALS.

No. 2.

LORD, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

LORD, have mercy upon us.

Christ, hear us.

Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven: give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

Holy Father, accept us as thy children in thy beloved Son, Jesus Christ, who came forth from thee, and came into the world, was made flesh, and dwelt among us, took on him the form of a servant, and hath redeemed us, lost and undone human creatures, from all sin and from death with his holy and precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying; to the end that we should be his own, and in his kingdom live under him and serve him, in eternal righteousness, innocence, and happiness; forasmuch as he, being risen from the dead, liveth and reigneth, world without end.

Therefore, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.

Whosoever liveth and believeth in Christ, shall never die; for He is the resurrection and the life, and went to prepare a place for us, and will come again, and receive us unto himself, that where he is, there we may be also.

Meanwhile none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; for whether we live, we live unto the Lord, and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's: for to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living.

Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

r. 14. Now to the earth let these remains*
In hope committed be.
Until the body changed obtains
Bless'd immortality.

* During the singing of this verse the corpse is committed to the grave.

We poor sinners pray ;

Hear us, gracious Lord and God.

And keep us in everlasting fellowship with our brother (sister) (or with this child) N. N. whose remains we here inter, and with the whole church triumphant, and let us eternally rest with him (her) in thy presence from our labours. *Amen.*

(* As touching children, Jesus saith, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.)

We desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better : we shall never taste death ; and we shall attain unto the resurrection of the dead ; for the body, which we shall put off, this grain of corruptibility, shall put on incorruption : our flesh shall rest in hope.

The Father and the Son, who quicken whom they will, and the Spirit of Him who raised up Jesus from the dead, will also quicken this body, because the Spirit of God hath dwelt in it.

Glory be to Him who is the resurrection and the life. He was dead, and behold he liveth for evermore. And he that believeth in Him, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

Glory be to Him in the church which waiteth for Him, and in that which is around Him, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

r. 79. While here, the great salvation,
Procured by Jesus' passion,
Our fav'rite theme shall be :
By virtue of his merit,
We shall true life inherit
In heaven to all eternity.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. the Love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us all. *Amen.*

* To be used only at the burial of a child.

H Y M N S .

I. THE WORD OF GOD.

1.* T. 119.

HOLY Lord, :||:
 Holy and Almighty Lord,
 Thou, who, as the great Creator,
 By all creatures art adored;
 Source of universal nature,
 And to man, redeem'd with Jesus'
 Gracious God. :||: (blood,

2 Thanks and praise, :||:
 Lord our God be ever thine,
 That thy word to us is given,
 Teaching us with power divine,
 That the Lord of earth and heaven,
 Everlasting life for us to gain,
 Once was slain. :||:

3 Day nor night, :||:
 Never let us hold our peace;
 In his blood-bought congregation
 Never shall his praises cease;
 God, as man, made an oblation,
 Suffer'd, bled, and died, my soul, for
 Joyful be. :||: (thee;

4 Lord our God, :||:
 May thy precious, saving word,
 Till our race is here completed,
 Light unto our path afford;
 And, when in thy presence seated,
 We to thee will render for thy grace
 Ceaseless praise. :||:

2.* T. 22.

(cease,
 GOD'S holy word, which ne'er shall
 Proclaimeth pardon, grace and peace,
 Directs to Jesus and his blood,
 And teacheth us the will of God.

2 As fallen creatures could not bear
 The awful voice of God to hear,
 By men the Spirit of the Lord
 Reveal'd God's holy covenant word.

3 This sacred word exposeth sin,
 Convinceth us that we're unclean;
 Points out the wretched, fallen state
 Of all mankind, both small and great.

4 It also shows God's boundless grace
 Towards the fallen human race,
 Eternal life to every one
 Who turns to Jesus Christ his Son.

(heart
 5 This gospel cheers the poor in
 And heavenly riches doth impart;
 Sets forth the mystery of the cross,
 And that Christ's blood atoned for
 us;—

6 It gathers God's elect, a flock,
 Grounded on Jesus Christ the rock,
 Serves to instruct us and reprove,
 Confirms our hope, inflames our
 love;—

7 Preserves believers in the faith
 Of Christ and his atoning death;
 Prompts us to do God's holy will,
 And leads us safe to Salem's hill.

(Lord!
 8 Receive our cordial thanks, O
 For granting us thy holy word;
 O may we thereby guided be,
 Till we in heaven shall dwell with
 thee.

3.* T. 84.

DEAREST Jesus, we are here,
 By thy word to gain instruction;
 Grant to us an open ear,
 And thy Spirit's manuduction;
 That we freed from things terrestrial
 May aspire to joys celestial.

2 Reason gives no saving light
 Unto fallen human nature;
 But thy Spirit clears our sight,
 Makes the sinner a new creature;
 And by his divine emotion
 Prompts our hearts to true devotion.

3 Holy Ghost, eternal God,
 We now humbly ask the favour:
 Shed in all our hearts abroad
 The great love of God our Saviour;
 Bless our prayer and meditation,
 And accept our supplication.

4. T. 106.

SPIRIT of truth, essential God,
Who didst the saints of old inspire,
Shed in their hearts thy love abroad,
And touch their lips with sacred fire:
Thou Guide divine, who dost impart
The truth to man, instruct each
heart.

2 Most holy and Almighty Lord,
Whose presence fills both earth and
heaven,

May we believe thy written word,
Which was by inspiration given:
Thou only canst thyself explain
As truth divine to fallen man.

3 Come, thou divine Interpreter,
Our sloth & ignorance thou know'st:
Ah! teach us humbly to revere
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
For all the mercy, truth and grace
We in the holy scriptures trace.

5. T. 22.

'TWAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his
word;

His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with hea-
venly fire.

2 O God, my eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

3 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word and must endure.

6.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, with thy children stay
Till dawn of thy eternal day;
And let thy glorious gospel-light
Meanwhile dispel the gloom of night.

2 In these degenerate, evil days
We pray for constancy and grace,
That we keep pure, most gracious
Lord,

Thy holy sacraments and word.

3 Thy sacred word is all our boast;
In this thy church can boldly trust;
This doth alone to bliss direct:
All other doctrines we reject.

4 Lord, from such teachers us pre-
serve, ^{(swerve,}
Who from the holy scriptures
And by false doctrines would de-
ceive

Those who thee love & thee believe.

5 The cause & glory, Lord, are thine;
Thy word is pure and truth divine:
Assist us to rely on thee,
And keep us thine eternally.

7.* T. 16.

FROM the doctrines I'll ne'er waver
In the holy scriptures stored;
O what sweetness do I savour
In each sacred covenant-word,

2 And if I myself examine,
While the book I 'fore me hold,
To each truth my heart saith Amen;
One the other doth unfold.

3 Speak, O Lord, thy servant heareth
With deep awe attentively:
What thy holy word declareth
Shall my rule and practice be.

8. T. 22.

^{(learn,}
FAIN would I, dear Redeemer,
Fain what is excellent discern;
Thy will would search, my duty
know;

O let thy word the secret show.

2 Sigh after sigh to thee I send,
That I thy word may comprehend,
That word, which learnt and under-
stood,

Affords the soul a lasting food.

3 Let human arts make others wise,
My learning from the cross shall rise,
Thy wounds, thy passion, death and
grave

Are all the knowledge that I crave.

4 With pity view me at thy feet;
To be instructed, Lord, I wait:
Here will I lie, nor wish to rise,
Till by thy cross I am made wise.

9.* T. 97.

GIVE us thy Spirit, Lord, that we
With gladness and humility
The holy scriptures may believe,
And with a grateful heart receive

As thy own word, to make us truly
wise,
And not as man's invention or de-
vice.

10. T. 97.

HERE in thy presence we appear,
Lord Jesus Christ, thy word to hear;
Our wandering thoughts and hearts
incline (vine;
With thirst to imbibe thy word di-
That all our minds, drawn from
this earth to thee,
May love thee more, and serve thee
faithfully.

2 God, Holy Spirit, now impart
Thy unction to each longing heart;
Us with thy heavenly light and fire
To sing to pray, and preach inspire;
Thus blest in spirit and in truth
shall we
Give praise unto the Father, Son,
and Thee.

11. T. 14.

JESUS, thy word is my delight,
There grace and truth are seen;
Ah! could I study day and night,
And meditate therein.

2 The gospel, as a polish'd glass,
Thy glory lets us see;
And by beholding there thy face
We're render'd like to thee.

3 O Lamb of God, the book unseal,
And to our hearts explain;
Let all its life and spirit feel,
And heavenly wisdom gain.

4 That thou for us didst live and die,
Make known to us, dear Lord;
To us the promises apply,
Contained in thy word.

12. T. 22.

O HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord;
It guides me in the peaceful way;
I'll think upon it all the day.

(wealth.
2 What are the mines of shining
The strength of youth, the bloom of
health? (those
What are all joys compared with
Thine everlasting word bestows?

13. T. 14.

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given,
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping
In this dark vale of tears; (hearts,
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp thro' all the tedious
Of life shall guide our way, (night
Till we behold the clearer light
Of everlasting day.

14.* T. 83.

O WHAT peace divinely sweet
Fills my soul when I've the favour
To sit down at Jesus' feet,
And his gracious words to savour;
Then I open heart and ear;
What he saith finds entrance there.

15. T. 89.

PRECIOUS Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford;
All I want for life and pleasure,
Food and medicine, shield and sword;
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

2 Food to which the world's a
stranger
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloy;
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind;
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing medicines here I find;
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation
Satan cannot make me yield;
For this word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield;
While the scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I'm secure.

16.* T. 58.

MOST gracious God, to thee we render praise,
 Since thy blest word, replete with truth and grace,
 Teacheth us to know thee and seek thy favour;

To us it proveth a life-giving savour
 Through Jesus Christ.

17.* T. 11.

LET the splendour of thy word
 Light unto our path afford;
 That we in thy truth and grace
 May proceed throughout our race.

II. THE FALL AND REDEMPTION OF MAN.

18.* T. 166.

WHEN Adam fell, the frame entire
 Of nature was infected;
 The source, whence came the poison
 Was not to be corrected, (dire,
 The lust accurst, indulged at first,
 Brought death as its production;
 But God's free grace hath saved our
 From misery and destruction. (race

2 By one man's guilt we were enslav-
 To sin, death and the devil; (ed
 But by another's grace are saved
 Through faith from all this evil:
 And as we all by Adam's fall
 Were sentenced to perdition;
 So for us hath Christ by his death
 Regained life's fruition.

3 Since God bestow'd his only Son
 On his rebellious creature,
 To save our souls which were un-
 And free our sinful nature (done,
 From shame and guilt by his blood
 His death and resurrection; (spilt,
 Do not delay, make sure this day
 Thy calling and election.

4 I send my cries unto the Lord,
 My heart implores this favour,
 To grant me of his living word
 A never-failing savour;
 That sin and shame may lose their
 To hinder my salvation: (claim,
 In Christ, the scope of all my hope,
 I fear no condemnation.

5 His word's a lamp unto my feet,
 My soul's best information;
 My surest guide and path to meet
 Eternal consolation;
 This light, where'er it doth appear,
 Revealeth Christ our Saviour
 Unto the lost, who firmly trust
 In him alone for ever.

19.* T. 132.

OUR whole salvation doth depend
 On God's free grace and Spirit:
 All our best works can ne'er defend
 A boast in our own merit:
 Derived is our righteousness
 From Christ and his atoning grace;
 He is our Mediator.

2 The Law cried, Justice must be
 done,
 And man doom'd to damnation;
 But Mercy sent the eternal Son,
 Who purchased our salvation,
 Endured the cross, despised the
 shame,
 And answer'd every legal claim,
 To spare the sons of Adam.

3 Christ having all the law fulfill'd,
 Thro' his blest cross and passion,
 Is now the rock whereon we build
 Our faith and whole salvation:
 We call him Lord our righteousness
 Whose death hath purchased life and
 grace,
 And ransom'd us for ever.

4 The law reveal'd sin's sinfulness,
 Enhanced the accusation;
 The gospel tenders saving grace,
 To sinners consolation;
 Bids all lay hold on Jesus' cross:
 The law could ne'er retrieve our loss
 Ev'n with our best performance.

5 True faith by Jesus in us wrought,
 By works is manifested;
 That faith is empty, which is not
 By works of love attested;
 Yet faith alone us justifies;
 Love to our neighbour but implies
 We are sincere believers.

20.* T. 166.

(place,
 WHEN the due time had taken
 God look'd upon the sons of men,
 Saw them a sinful, cursed race,
 Perverse, polluted, and unclean :
 Then Jesus came to set us free,
 And for our guilt to shed his blood :
 His death procured our liberty,
 And reconciled us unto God.

2 Our Lord now calleth constantly :
 Come, sinners, come to me and live ;
 Surrender ye yourselves to me,
 Repenting sinners I receive :
 My life I freely gave for you ;
 Now all your wants I will supply,
 Yea, pardon, rest, and life bestow ;
 O turn to me, why will ye die ?

3 Sinners, attend to Jesus' voice ;
 He is the Lord our righteousness :
 Mourn not, but in his name rejoice,
 Accept of his redeeming grace :
 He fills the hungry soul with good,
 The thirsty heart may take its fill ;
 He guides us in the narrow road
 That leads to Salem's blessed hill.

(prayer,
 4 Ah! come, Lord Jesus, hear our
 Thou worthy Son of God most high,
 We humbly ask: our souls prepare
 'That we may to thy mercy fly ;
 That we may all believe on thee,
 And on thy flesh and blood may feed,
 True members of thy body be,
 For ever join'd to thee, our Head.

21.* T. 89.

IN thine image, Lord, thou mad'st
 Gavest me being out of love ; (me,
 Though I fell yet thou hast sent me
 Full redemption from above :

Sacred Love, I long to be
 Thine to all eternity.

2 Love, by whom I was ordained
 To salvation, rest, and peace,
 Ev'n before I life obtained,
 Or could know thy saving grace :
 Love almighty and divine,
 I would be for ever thine.

3 Love, who hast for me endured
 Keenest pains of death and hell ;
 Love whose sufferings have procured
 More for me than tongue can tell ;
 Sacred Love, &c.

4 Love, my life, and my salvation,
 Light and truth, eternal Word,
 Thou alone dost consolation
 To my sinking soul afford :
 Love almighty, &c.

5 Love, thy yoke I gladly carry,
 It is easy, gentle, light ;
 Grant that I may ne'er be weary
 Thee to serve with all my might :
 Sacred Love, &c.

6 Love who intercedest in heaven
 For my soul when I'm oppress'd,
 Bear'st my worthless name engraven
 Upon thy high-priestly breast :
 Love almighty, &c.

7 Love, thou me wilt raise to glory
 From the grave, the bed of dust,
 And as conqueror place before thee,
 Crown'd with bliss among the just ;
 Sacred Love, I long to be
 Thine to all eternity.

22.* T. 590.

CHRIST, the good Shepherd, God's
 From all eternity, (own Son,
 Urged by his love, exchanged his
 For human misery ; (throne
 His wand'ring sheep gone far astray
 He sought with pungent pain,
 And did for all a ransom pay
 To bring them home again.

2 One of those sheep, in deserts lost,
 Art thou, my sinful soul ;
 His life it hath the Shepherd cost
 To save and make thee whole :
 Now hear his voice with gratitude,
 Call on his saving name ;
 For thee he shed his precious blood,
 And now his own doth claim.

23. T. 79.

THOU holy, spotless Lamb of God,
 Didst leave thy glorious blest abode
 In love to sinners vile,
 To bleed for fallen Adam's race,
 Who were accurst, unclean, & base,
 Entangled fast by Satan's guile.

2 Thou, for their sake who hated
 thee,
 Didst shed thy blood upon the tree,
 Thy life for ours didst give ;

Thou barest our curse; our debt was paid,
Thy soul for sin an offering made,
Thou diedst, that we with thee might live.

3 Thus hast thou bought us with thy blood,
That price accepted was by God;
With him we are at peace;
No wrath remains on any one,
Who will but come unto the Son,
Take and put on his righteousness.

4 Never may I depart from thee;
Thou hast procured my liberty,
Thanks to thy boundless grace:
Thy wounds, whereon I trust by faith,
My refuge are from sin and death,
My feeble soul's abiding-place.

24*. T. 221.

YE bottomless depths of God's infinite love,
In Jesus Christ to us reveal'd!
Its motions how burning, how flaming they prove,
Though from man's wisdom quite conceal'd:

Whom dost thou love? Sinners, the vilest race;
Whom dost thou bless? Children, who scorn'd thy grace;
O Being most gracious! whom angels adore,
Thou takest delight in things worthless and poor.

2 Our thirsting can never, O merciful God!
Equal thy love and boundless grace;
On us thou more blessings and love hast bestow'd, (passes:
Than stripes deserved our trespasses—
O teach us to trust thy fidelity,
And closely united with Christ to be,
The Spirit's kind teachings in all things to prove,
Yea, live to thy honour, thee serve, praise, and love.

3 We pray thee, O being most gracious and mild!
Instruct our minds and teach us now,
So that in Immanuel, thine image and child, (know.
How great thy name is, we may

Ah! show us how easy it is to bear
Thy yoke, and to trust thy paternal care,
That, till the short period of this life shall end,
Our faith and our love may their author commend.

25. T. 14.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin how deep it stains!
How Satan binds our captive sou's
Fast in his slavish chains!

(grace,
2 But there's a voice of sovereign
Sounds from the sacred word:
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
Believe in Christ the Lord.

3 My soul, obey the gracious call,
And haste to gain relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
O help mine unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly:
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall:
Be thou my strength and righteousness—
My Jesus and my All. (ness,

26. T. 582.

NOT one of Adam's race,
If in the balance tried,
Can by his works of righteousness
'Fore God be justified:
The works which we have done
Are all, alas, unclean;
But we are saved by faith alone,
And cleansed thereby from sin.

2 Ye sinners, who with grief
Your condemnation feel,
Look up to Jesus for relief,
And to his blood appeal;
God gave his only Son,
That sinners who believe,
Might not be lost, but be his own,
And in his kingdom live.

27. T. 14.

I, WITH the human fallen race,
Lay weltering in my blood;
O'erwhelm'd with shame and deep disgrace
And banish'd far from God.

- 2 The loving Jesus passing by,
His bowels yearn'd to see
Me, wretched sinner, helpless lie
In deepest misery.
- 3 Inclined to me in tenderness,
My soul he would relieve
From all its misery and distress:
He said, Arise and live.
- 4 He wash'd away my every stain,
And cleans'd me in his blood;
Deck'd me with righteousness di-
vine,
And brought me nigh to God.
- 5 My heart no condemnation fears,
Nor hell, nor Satan dreads:
Christ at the mercy seat appears,
His blood my pardon pleads.
- 6 Against the fiercest powers of hell
He is my strength and shield;
Beneath his cross I safely dwell;
He fights, I win the field.
- 7 Since he became my sacrifice,
My bonds and chains he broke;
Now to my willing neck he ties
His soft and easy yoke.
- 8 A pardon'd sinner I remain,
But sin its power hath lost;
Sin still I have, but grace doth reign;
Mercy is all my boast.
- 9 Arise, my ransom'd soul, rejoice
In endless happiness;
Open to thee is paradise,
Go in and take thy place.

28. T. 22.

LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean; (fall,
Sprung from the man whose guilty
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin engender death;
The law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 O God! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O! make me wise betimes to see
My danger and my remedy.
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace: (clean,
No outward forms can make me
The leprosy lies deep within.

- 5 My sin I feel, my guilt I know,
Thy blood can make me white as
snow; (voice,
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning
And make my broken heart rejoice.

29. T. 22.

- WHEN justice did demand its due,
And sins increased the dreadful
strife,
My Saviour to my succour flew,
And by obedience bought my life.
- 2 My ransom from the power of sin
Could not be paid on other terms:
Run, hide thyself, my soul, within
Thy bleeding Saviour's out-stretch'd
arms.
 - 3 The law condemns, & justice cries
For dreadful vengeance without end,
But when to Christ I turn my eyes
He tells me he will stand my friend.
 - 4 God now to man is reconciled
In Jesus his beloved Son:
I am become his favour'd child;
Christ's dying love my heart hath
won.
 - 5 What can be laid unto my charge,
When God saith, Freely I forgive?
Tho' Satan on my crimes enlarge,
Christ saith, I shall not die, but live.
 - 6 The curses which the law of God
Pronounced o'er me, he freely bore;
I'm now, by faith in Jesus' blood,
Acquitted of sin's dreadful score.
 - 7 Away then doubts & anxious fears,
Be silent all my needless sighs;
My Saviour wipes away my tears,
O'er sin and death I conqueror rise.

30. T. 79.

- ARISE, ye who are captive led,
Complain no more, for Christ our
Head
From sin can set you free;
Redemption Jesus freely gives,
Repenting sinners he receives,
He came to save both thee and me.
- 2 He meekly all our sorrows bore,
Us fallen sinners to restore
To life and liberty:
For us he suffer'd deep distress,
Was without form or comeliness;
O depth of love, O mystery!

3 The Almighty Judge condemned
was,
That he by death might gain our
cause;

The Prince of life was slain:
And since he suffered in our stead,
We need no condemnation dread,
Eternal life in him we gain.

4 The Holy One, made sin for us,
Was nail'd to the accursed cross,
And shed his precious blood;

Thus he obtained a righteousness
For all who mourn for pardoning
grace; (God.

Thro' Jesus we have peace with

5 Rejoice, O heavens, & earth reply!
With praise, ye sinners, fill the sky,
All grace his death procures;

Your woes to blessings he will
change,

You in his children's order range,
Thro' him eternal life is yours.

III. THE INCARNATION AND BIRTH OF JESUS CHRIST

31.* T. 97.

JESUS, the almighty son of God,
Takes up with mortals his abode;
He who was sworn to Abraham,
Who ever was and is the same,
Came in due time and mysteries re-
veal'd,

Which from the world's foundation
were conceal'd.

2 We, dead in sins and trespasses,
The narrow way to life and peace
Had neither will nor power to find;
Nor were our stubborn hearts in-
clined (know,
To wish, or seek that happiness to
Which love alone on sinners could
bestow.

3 Then love brake forth, Behold me
still

Prepared, O God! to do thy will;
I freely come, I freely die,
For guilty man to satisfy:
I in his stead will suffer on the tree,
From sin, and death, and hell to set
him free.

4 And thus, to save our souls from
guilt, (spilt;
Our Surety's precious blood was
The sins of all on him were laid,
And he for all hath fully paid:
Now God, as children, freely will re-
ceive

Repenting sinners who in Christ be-
lieve.

5 Out of mere grace unmerited,
Salvation showers upon our head;

Because the Lamb was crucified,
Because the Lord of glory died,
Are we invited to receive a crown,
Before the world was made ordain'd
our own.

32.* T. 22.

TO God we render thanks and praise,
Who pitied mankind's fallen race,
And gave his dear and only Son,
That us as children he might own.

(lence,
2 What grace, what great benevo-
What love, surpassing human sense!
For this great work no angel can
Him duly praise, much less a man.

3 The Word eternal did assume
Our flesh & blood, and man become:
The First and Last with wonder see
Partake of human misery.

4 He came to seek and save the lost;
We sinn'd & he would bear the cost,
That we might share eternal bliss;
O what unbounded love was this!

5 For what is all the human race,
That God should show such match-
less grace, claim
To give his Son, that we might
Life everlasting in his name?

(pise
6 How wretched they who still des-
Jesus, the Pearl of greatest price;
Such as neglect to hear his voice,
Must perish by their own free
choice.

7 Unhappy those who turn away,
Or such as carelessly delay
To meet their Saviour, tho' he came
Their souls from misery to reclaim.

8 Come, sinners, Jesus will receive
The worst of sinners; come and live:
I'll dwell with you, our Saviour
saith;

Receive him in your hearts by faith.

9 Your crimes & self-made holiness,
Your carnal reason and distress
Give up, and trust to Christ alone,
Who did for all your sins atone.

(grace,
10 Thus saved by God's unbounded
You'll humbly render thanks and
praise, (host,
With all the numerous ransom'd
To Father Son, and Holy Ghost.

33. T. 590.

BEHOLD, to us a Child is born,
To us a Son is given;
Unto the wretched and forlorn
Descends the Lord from heaven:
The promised seed, Immanuel,
The everlasting God, and hell,
Comes down to save from death
Poor sinners by his blood.

2 Great is the hidden mystery
That God became a man:
He had from all eternity,
In mercy form'd a plan
To save from misery and distress
The fallen human race;
And now the Sun of righteousness
His healing beams displays.

The Father loved us as his own,
Tho' we from him had stray'd,
And freely gave his only Son
To suffer in our stead:
The Son, in love to us declared,
I come to do God's will;
And in this fallen world appear'd,
His counsel to fulfil.

4 The Holy Ghost had long foretold
That Jesus should appear;
And thus the patriarchs of old
Did his salvation share:
Of him blest Mary did conceive,
The holy child she bore;
And he instructs us to believe
In Christ, and him adore.

5 Thus Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
In this decree are one,
To save us sinners, vile and lost,
By Jesus Christ the Son:
The Father's love we plainly trace
In Christ, the incarnate God;
What we possess of life and grace
The Spirit hath bestow'd.

(Word,
6 Come, sinners, view the incarnate
Who us and all things made;
This helpless babe is Christ the Lord,
Tho' in a manger laid:
For us to die is Jesus born,
Adore his saving name:
Rejoice, rejoice, for all that mourn
May his salvation claim.

34.* T. 151.

HOW shall I meet my Saviour?
How shall I welcome thee?
What manner of behaviour
Is now required of me?
I wait for thy salvation,
Grant me thy Spirit's light,
Thus will my preparation
Be pleasing in thy sight.

2 While with her fragrant flowers
Thy Zion strews thy way,
I'll raise with all my powers
To thee a grateful lay:
I'll thee, the King of glory,
For thy great goodness praise,
And thankfully adore thee
Throughout my future days.

3 Man, at his first creation
With fairest gifts endow'd,
Lost by his sad transgression
The image of his God:
But thou, almighty Saviour,
Our losses to retrieve
And us from death deliver,
Thy heavenly throne didst leave.

4 I lay in fetters groaning,
Thou camest to set me free;
My shame I was bemoaning,
With grace thou clothedst me;
Thou raisedst me to glory,
Endow'dst me with bliss,
Which is not transitory,
As worldly grandeur is.

5 Love caused thy incarnation,
Love brought thee down to me,
Thy thirst for my salvation
Procured my liberty:

O love beyond all measure,
Wherewith thou dost embrace
Mankind, 'midst all that pressure
Which since the fall takes place.

6 No sinful man's endeavour,
Nor any mortal's care,
Could draw his sovereign favour
To sinners in despair:
Uncall'd he comes with gladness,
Us from the fall to raise,
And change our grief and sadness
To songs of joy and praise.

7 Ye who with deep contrition
Bemoan your sinful state,
Fear not, Christ gives remission
Of sins, however great:
He comes, repenting sinners
With life and love to crown,
And make them happy winners
Of glory like his own.

35.* T. 50.

JESUS, all praise is due to thee,
That thou wast pleased a man to be:
O'ershadow'd by the Spirit's power,
A virgin thee conceived and bore.

Hallelujah.

2 The Son of God, who framed the
skies,
Now humbly in a manger lies;
He who the earth's foundations laid,
A helpless infant now is made.

Hallelujah.

3 The eternal and almighty God
Assumes our feeble flesh and blood;
He deigns with sinful men to dwell,
Is God with us, Immanuel.

Hallelujah.

4 He is the Sun of righteousness,
Which riseth with resplendent grace,
And doth dispel sin's gloomy night,
That we may share his saving light.

Hallelujah.

5 To grant us pardon, peace, and rest,
He in this world became a guest,
And open'd thro' himself, the way
To life and everlasting day.

Hallelujah.

6 For therefore poor on earth he
came, (claim,
That we might heavenly riches
To make us heirs of glory bright
With all the ransom'd saints in light.

Hallelujah.

7 For us these wonders hath he
wrought,
To show his love surpassing thought:
Then let us all unite to sing
Praise to our Saviour, God, and
King. Hallelujah.

36.* T. 22.

(sumes,

REJOICE, our nature Christ as-
Born of a virgin, lo, he comes,
As the Messiah fore-ordain'd;
Adore and wonder, every land.

2 He left his bright, his glorious
throne, (down,
He bow'd the heavens, to earth came
And thus his wondrous race began,
As God with God, & man with man.

3 To save mankind from ruin sent,
From God he came, to God he went
He stoop'd to death and to the tomb;
Ere he his glory did resume.

4 Behold a great, a heavenly light,
From Bethlehem's manger shining
bright

Around those who in darkness dwell,
The night of evil to dispel.

5 Incarnate God, exert thy power,
Arise, thou glorious Conqueror,
Subdue sin, death, and every foe,
Erect thy kingdom here below.

37.* T. 157.

RISE, my soul, shake of all sadness,
Christ is near—thee to cheer;
Angels sing with gladness:
Unto you is born a Saviour
On this day;—don't delay
To accept God's favour.

2 Our eternal, kind Creator
Leaves his own—glorious throne,
And assumes our nature:
From perdition full exemption
To procure,—and endure
Death for our redemption.

3 O the amazing demonstration
Of his love,—which we prove
By his incarnation!
If mankind by him were loathed,
How could he—deign to be
With our nature clothed?

4 See your Saviour in a manger ;
'Midst his own,—yet unknown,
Treated like a stranger,
Tended by an earthly mother:
Him believe,—and receive,
He is Christ your brother.

5 Lo, he in the manger lieth;
Full of grace,—truth and peace,
Thus methinks he crieth: (ing,
Cease, my brethren, now from griev-
Anxiousness,—and distress;
Your loss I'm retrieving.

6 Ye that feel quite poor and needy,
Come, who will,—take your fill,
All things now are ready:
He is come to be your Saviour,
Full of love,—to remove
Guilt and curse for ever.

7 Jesus hear my supplication,
Grant me grace,—to embrace
Thee as my salvation:
Then like Simeon (O what favour!)
I desire,—to retire
Hence in peace for ever.

38. T. 166.

INFINITE Source whence all did
spring,
Thou of all things the Head & Lord,
Thou mighty and eternal King,
Who art in heav'n and earth adored:
Thou whom the heavens cannot
contain, (above,
Didst deign to leave thy throne
To be an infant poor and mean:
O mystery deep, O boundless love!

2 The cause of this, I know it well,
Was thy great love and my great wo;
I was an heir of death and hell,
This prompted thee to stoop so low;
My misery moved the God of grace,
Who in the Father's bosom lay,
When the due time had taken place,
His deep compassion to display.

3 What offering shall I bring to thee,
Immanuel, my King and God?
Thou didst vouchsafe a man to be,
To save me by thy precious blood;
Thou at whose birth the angels sing
Peace upon earth, good will to men,
To whom the sages humbly bring
Their gifts, though thou appear so
mean.

4 This will I do, thou Child divine!
I'll give thee that for which thou
camest,
My soul and body, Lord are thine,
And them in love to me thou
claim'st:
My humble sacrifice receive,
Dear Jesus, born to bleed for me,
That I by faith in thee might live,
And with thee live eternally.

39. T. 58.

O! COME and view the greatest
mystery; (and sky,
He who made all the world, the seas,
Now is born an infant: the virgin
Mary
Upon her arms the Lord of hosts
doth carry, A feeble child.

2 He who prepared for every bird a
nest, (rest,
And gave the foxes holes wherein to
Poverty endured, became a stranger
In his own world; then rested in a
manger, The Lord of all.

3 But why was Jesus born in po-
verty?
Why did our Maker in a manger lie?
'Twas that he might purchase life
and salvation,
And gain for us a glorious habitation
In realms of bliss.

4 O Jesus Christ! thou only holy
child, (sinners spoil'd!
How canst thou show such love to
But since thou thus lovest, we now
adore thee,
We humbly praise thy name and
bow before thee, Hallelujah.

5 Thy sacred meritorious infancy
Our crown and everlasting glory be:
From world, sin, and Satan keep us
estranged,
Till we shall once around thy throne
be ranged For evermore.

40 T. 590.

COME, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your grateful tribute bring,
And celebrate with one accord,
The birth of Christ our King:
Let us with humble hearts repair
(Faith will point out the road)
To little Bethlehem, and there
Adore the incarnate God.

2 All glory to Immanuel's name,
The choirs of angels sing;
Gladly these heralds peace proclaim,
Peace from our God and King:
Well might the shepherds haste
away
This wondrous babe to see;
Well might the sages homage pay,
Before him bow the knee.

3 We all have reason to rejoice,
When we this mystery view,
That God assumed our flesh & blood,
O wonder ever new!
We humbly in the dust adore;
Lord, who is like to thee!
That thou, vile sinners to restore,
Didst deign a man to be.

41. T. 126.

SINNERS, with adoration
Receive this wondrous child,
Who came and brought salvation,
The eternal Father styled:
Behold him with our nature drest,
Divested of his glory,
In his own world a guest.

2 Behold, laid in a manger,
The Ancient of all days;
Upon this heavenly stranger
With awe and reverence gaze;
He who the world's foundation laid,
Must now be fed and nourish'd
By creatures whom he made.

3 Though to his boundless mercy
No limits can be set,
Yet without controversy
The mystery is great;
Angels into its depths can't pry,
'Tis great, immense, stupendous:
Immanuel, born to die!

42.* T. 169.

ARISE, my spirit, bless the day
Whereon the ages' Sire
A child became; thy homage pay,
Receive him with desire.
This is the night in which he came,
Was born and put on human frame,
Us sinners to deliver
From sin and death for ever.

2 Glory to God, the angels sing,
A child is born in weakness;
Glory to God: our heavenly King
Descends, array'd in meekness:

Hosanna, cry the sons of men,
Hosanna, in the highest strain:
Hosanna, God is gracious,
Jehovah comes to bless us.

3 Welcome, thou source of every
O Jesus, King of Glory: [good,
Welcome, thrice welcome, Lamb of
To this world transitory: [God,
In grateful hymns thy name I'll
praise, [my days:
With heart and voice throughout
For thy blest incarnation
Procured my salvation.

4 Ah! Jesus, thy unworthy bride
Deserved to be loathed,
And yet thou hast her to thyself
Upon the cross betrothed:
Her portion had been infamy,
Eternal shame and misery,
Hast thou not left thy glory:
Who duly can adore thee!

5 O lovely infant! thou art full
Of grace above all measure;
Thou art more precious to my soul
Than every other treasure:
Come, Jesus, come, abide with me,
O let my heart thy dwelling be!
Then I without cessation
Shall joy in thy salvation.

43. T. 79.

ALL glory be to God on high;
Ye sons of Adam, fill the sky
With praise and thankfulness;
God, moved by everlasting love,
Decreed with his dear Son above,
A sinful world to save and bless.

2 Stand still and see what God hath
His only and beloved Son [done;
For us he freely gave;
For us and for the numerous race
Of fallen sinners, vile and base:
Yea, ev'n the worst he came to save.

3 He as a poor mean child was born;
His birth no palace did adorn,
A manger was his bed;
Look, look upon this rising Sun,
Till tears of love your eyes o'er-run:
This lovely Babe is Christ our
Head.

44. T. 11.

WHAT good news the angels bring!
What glad tidings of our King!

Christ the Lord is born to-day,
Christ, who takes our sins away.

2 He who rules both heaven & earth,
Hath in Bethlehem his bir h;
Him shall all the faithful see,
And rejoice eternally.

3 Lift your hearts and voices high,
With hosannas fill the sky:
Glory be to God above,
Who is infinite in love.

4 Peace on earth, good will to men:
Now with us our God is seen;
Angels join his name to praise,
Help to sing redeeming grace.

5 Jesus is the loveliest name,
This the angel doth proclaim;
Sinners poor he came to save,
They in him redemption have.

6 They who see themselves undone,
And take refuge to the Son,
They shall all be born again,
And with him in glory reign.

45.* T. 11.

ALL the world give praises due;
God is faithful, God is true;
He to man doth comfort send,
In his Son, the sinners' friend.

2 What the fathers wish'd of old,
What the promises foretold,
What the seers did prophesy,
Is fulfill'd most gloriously.

3 My salvation, welcome be;
Thou, my portion, praise to thee;
Come, and make thy blest abode
In my heart, O Son of God!

4 Grant thy comforts to my mind,
Since I'm helpless, poor, and blind;
O may I in faith abide
Thine, and never turn aside!

5 Jesus, when in majesty
Thou shalt come my judge to be,
Grant in grace that I may stand
Justified at thy right hand.

46.* T. 22.

IMMANUEL, to thee we sing,
Thou Prince of life, almighty King,
That thou, expected ages past,
Didst come to visit us at last.

2 Thou, Lord, tho' heaven belongs
to thee,
On earth a stranger deign'st to be:
Thou clothest all, yet wear'st a dress
Which doth the poorest state ex-
press.

(head,
3 On wither'd grass reclines thy
A wretched manger is thy bed:
Tho' thou appearest among thine
own,
No kindness unto thee is shown.

(thou
4 I thank thee, gracious Lord, that
On my account didst stoop so low;
O that my words, my works & ways,
May all proclaim thy matchless
praise.

47.* T. 22.

(bore,
CHRIST, whom the Virgin Mary
We all with humble hearts adore;
O might all nations, tribes, and
tongues,
To our Immanuel raise their songs.

2 God, who to all things being gave,
The fallen human-race to save,
Assumed our feeble flesh and blood,
And for our debt as surety stood.

3 He who the wants of all supplies,
Now in a manger helpless lies;
He, who the whole creation feeds,
An earthly mother's nursing needs.

4 The angels at his birth rejoice,
And sing his praise with cheerful
voice; (born,
The shepherds, hearing Christ is
To Jesus our chief Shepherd turn.

(given,
5 Thanks to the Father now be
Who sent his Son to us from heaven:
Thanks to the Son who saves the lost,
Thanks to our Guide, the Holy
Ghost.

48.* T. 22.

TO-DAY we celebrate the birth
Of Jesus Christ, who came on earth
Man as his property to claim,
And from pe-dition to redeem.

2 Awake my heart; my soul rejoice;
Look who in yonder manger lies;
Who is that child, so poor and mean?
'Tis he who all things doth sustain.

3 Welcome, O Welcome, noble guest,
Who sinners not despised hast,
But camest into our misery :
How shall we pay due thanks to thee ?

4 Immanuel, incarnate God,
Prepare my heart for thy abode :
O may I through thy aiding grace
In all I do, show forth thy praise !

49.

T. 16.

CHRIST the Lord, the Lord most glorious,
Now is born ; O shout aloud !
Man by him is made victorious ;
Praise your Saviour, hail your God.

2 Praise the Lord, for on us shineth
Christ, the Sun of righteousness ;
He to us in love inclineth,
Cheers our souls with pardoning grace.

3 Praise the Lord, whose saving splendour
Shines into the darkest night ;
O what praises shall we render
For this never ceasing light ?

4 Praise the Lord, God our salvation,
Praise him who retrieved our loss ;
Sing with awe and love's sensation ;
HALLELUJAH, GOD WITH US.

50.

T. 585.

HAIL, thou wondrous infant-stranger
Born lost Eden to regain ; [ger
Welcome in thy humble manger,
Welcome to thy creature man ;
Hail Immanuel, :::
Thou who wast ere time began.

2 Say, ye blest seraphic legions,
What thus brought your Maker down ?

Say, why did he leave your regions,
Why forsake his heavenly throne ?

Notes melodious :::
Tell the cause ; Good-will to man.

3 We this offer'd Saviour needed,
Hence we join your theme with joy ;
We by none will be exceeded,
While we laud this mystery ;
And with wonder :::
God incarnate glorify.

51.*

T. 10.

THE Sun of grace is rising,
Man with his beams rejoicing ;
He renders undone sinners
Life's glorious heirs and winners.

2 God makes with man his dwelling
Free grace and truth revealing ;
Assumeth, clothed in weakness,
Of sinful flesh the likeness,

3 What welcome shall I give thee,
Or how shall I receive thee,
Thou long predicted Saviour,
In whom the lost find favour ?

4 Accept our prayers and praises,
O lovely infant Jesus !
While at thy humble manger
We hail thee, heavenly stranger.

5 By all in earth and heaven
To God be glory given,
Who, by compassion moved,
Gave up his Son beloved.

6 Here, of Christ's incarnation
And death, we make confession ;
There, shall his love unbounded
In nobler strains be sounded.

52.*

T. 83.

TRULY, that eventful day,
When the God of our salvation
Helpless in a manger lay,
Of our bliss laid the foundation ;
Centuries had never gain'd,
What he then for man obtain'd.

2 But why do we Jesus see,
Thus assuming human nature ?
Ah ! 'twas done for me, for me ;
To redeem a wretched creature,
Even me, yea thousands more ;
Yet as mine I him adore.

3 Of such love what mortal can
Fathom the unbounded ocean ?
God, the Holy One, loves man ;
Sink, my soul, in deep devotion ;
First in love the plan he laid,
And man in his image made.

4 When this favour'd creature fell,
Forfeiting his Lord's communion,
And with Satan, sin and hell
Formed a rebellious union ;
Still with love lost man he sought,
And with blood & torments bought.

5 Stronger far his love than death:
Yea before the world's foundation,
Ere first creatures drew their breath,
Or the elements took station,
Worms or seraphs had their place,
Fixed stood his scheme of grace.

6 Who would venture to explain,
With what holy exultation
He foretold his blood-bought gain,
What the heavenly hosts' sensation
When, with joy and wonder mix'd,
They beheld his purpose fix'd?

7 Scarce had Adam fall'n from grace,
Ev'n in paradise ensnared,
When with parent's tenderness
God his will to save declared:
Should not such great mercy move
All to praise, adore, and love?

8 See the almighty God descend,
At the time by him directed,
Thirty years on earth to spend,
As a man despised, rejected,
As a victim to be slain.
His love's purpose to obtain.

9 What sure prophecies foretold,
And mysterious types depicted,
Sacred covenants of old,
Solemn promises predicted,
All was made Amen and yea,
On that great eventful day.

10 What shall I now give to thee?
Take my heart as a thank-offering:
What hast thou not done for me,
By that life of wo and suffering?
This restores far more than all
I had lost by Adam's fall.

53. T. 585.

MAN, by Satan's wiles deceived,
Forfeited God's image bright:
But Christ hath this loss retrieved,
Brought redemption's plan to light:
Glorious mystery! God, revealed
In the flesh, our fall made good.

2 He the Mighty, He the Holy,
Condescends with man to dwell;
See your Saviour, meek and lowly,
Hail your God, Immanuel:
We wait for him, he will save us;
In his name we will be glad.

3 We unite to render praises
Unto our incarnate God:
Sing hosanna to Christ Jesus,
Who assumed our flesh and blood;

Blessed, blessed, he that cometh,
In the name of God the Lord.

4 Happy they who here adore him,
As he in a manger lay;
Unconfounded they before him
Will appear, and hear him say:
Come, ye blessed of my Father,
In my bliss and glory share.

54. T. 595.

REJOICE in Jesus' birth,
To us a Son is given,
To us a Child is born on earth,
Who made both earth and heaven.

2 His arm supports the sky,
The universe sustains;
The God supreme, the Lord most
The King Messiah reigns. (high,

3 His name, his nature soar
Beyond the angels' ken.
Yet whom the angelic hosts adore,
He pleads the cause of men.

4 Our Counsellor we praise,
Our Advocate above,
Who daily in his church displays
His miracles of love.

5 The almighty God is he,
Author of life and bliss,
The Father of eternity,
The glorious Prince of peace.

55. T. 585.

HEAR, ye sinners, peace and par-
Freely offered, glad receive; (don
Nor your hearts yet longer harden,
Hear his voice and ye shall live:
To God glory in the highest,
On earth peace, good will to men.

2 Meek and lowly see your Saviour
Meet returning prodigals;
He receives them into favour,
Therefore come, 'tis God who calls;
Unto us a Son is given,
Unto us a Child is born.

3 Now to Bethlehem we're invited,
Or to Calvary, him to know;
But ere long we shall be cited,
When the trump of God shall blow,
'Fore the presence of his glory,
As the Judge of quick and dead.

4 Then on clouds in glory seated,
He'll pronounce their final doom,

Who, while here, tho' oft entreated,
For Immanuel found no room:
Gracious Saviour, since thou callest,
May not one of us refuse.

5 May we all then stand before thee,
Given unto thee without loss,
As thy saints, who here adore thee,
In the manger, on the cross:
To God glory in the highest,
On earth peace, good will to men.

56.

T. 16.

WELCOME, blessed heavenly
stranger!

Open, Holy Ghost, mine eyes,
Lead me to my Saviour's manger,
Show me where my Jesus lies.

2 O most Mighty, O most Holy,
Far above the seraphs' thought!
Zion, view thy King, as lowly
As inspired prophets taught.

57.

T. 585.

PEACE on earth, heaven is pro-
claiming:

Peace descending from above, (ing,
Peace, good will, lost man reclaim-
Peace from God, God who is love;

Peace in Jesus, :||:
Peace that never shall remove.

2 Glory to our great Creator,
Glory in the highest strain:
Glory to the Mediator,
Both from angels and from men:
To Immanuel :||:
All the glory doth pertain.

58.

T. 22.

MAKER of all things, Lord our God
Now veil'd in feeble flesh and blood,
To reconcile and set us free
From endless wo and misery:—

2 What heights, what depths of love
divine
In thy blest incarnation shine!
Let heaven & earth unite their lays
To magnify thy boundless grace.

59.

T. 14.

HOSANNA to the royal Son
Of David's ancient line!
His natures two, his person one,
Mysterious and divine.

2 The root of David, here we find,
And offspring are the same;
Eternity and time are join'd
In our Immanuel's name.

3 Blest he that comes to wretched [men
With peaceful news from heaven;
Hosannas in the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given.

60.*

T. 155.

O THOU Day-spring from on high,
When we, lost in deepest wonder,
Duly ponder
On thy love in coming down
From thy throne,
To save sinners from damnation,
For thy love and great compassion
Thee we praise, thank, and adore.

61.*

T. 14.

A WONDROUS change Christ with us
The praise is his alone; [makes;
His own to impart our nature takes
To raise us to his throne.

2 In servant's form, lo, he appears,
Our freedom to obtain;
To show his love our shame he
bears,
And glory thus we gain.

62.*

T. 14.

BOTH to the seraph and the worm
God's goodness doth abound;
He calms the sea, calls forth the
And fructifies the ground. [storm

2 But yet his mercy to man's race
More richly was displayed;
He pitied us in our distress,
And therefore flesh was made;—
3 That he as man might sympathise
With every grief we feel,
And, being made a sacrifice,
With blood our pardon seal.

63.*

T. 240.

ALL hail, Immanuel,
Eternal Word, all hail!
O Jesus! sinners' friend,
Whose mercy knows no end,
Love made thee condescend
With men to make abode.

And, veil'd in flesh and blood,
To bring us nigh to God :
Thy sacred name we bless,
Jesus, Jesus,
Full of truth and power ;
Blessed, blessed,
Blessed evermore.

64. T. 586.

I WILL rejoice in God my Saviour,
And magnify this act of love ;
I'm lost in wonder at his favour,
Which him to leave his throne could
move,
To take upon him human nature,
To suffer for his wretched creature,
Dire anguish, keenest pain.
And death-pangs to sustain,
My soul to gain.

65. T. 159.

WISDOM and power to Christ be-
Who left his glorious throne ; [long
The new, the blessed gospel-song
Is due to him alone ;
Join all on earth in Jesus' praise,
Join with the highest seraphs' lays :
To us, to us God's Son is given,
The Lord of earth and heaven.

66. T. 167.

COME, thou universal blessing,
Thou, the woman's promised seed :
Perfect bliss and joy unceasing,
Deign throughout the earth to
spread :

By thy holy incarnation,
Life and death, our guilt remove,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Bless us with thy heavenly love.

67. T. 205.

GRACIOUS Saviour, moved by
love,
Thou the lofty heavens didst bow,
Thou didst leave thy throne above,
With lost man to dwell below ;
Here among us thou wilt be,
We rejoice alone in thee,
Here thy name we will record,
O Immanuel, our Lord !

68. T. 249.

WITH awe and deeply bow'd,
We praise : the incarnate God,
Who took our flesh and blood ;
Unto the child at Bethlehem,
Whose birth the angelic choirs pro-
claim,
We our thank-offerings bring,
And grateful sing
Praise to our heavenly King.

69.* T. 39.

TO GOD our Immanuel, made flesh
as we are,
Our Friend, our Redeemer, and
Brother most dear,
Be honour and glory : Let with one
accord
All people say, Amen, Give praise
to the Lord.

IV. THE NAME OF JESUS, AND HIS WALK ON EARTH.

70.* T. 146.

LORD Jesus, when I trace
Thee as the great Creator,
With fear I hide my face ;
But when in human nature
I see thy deep distress,
And lowliness of heart,
I freely must confess
That thou my brother art.
2 Therefore I'll thee adore
With deep humiliation,

And own thee evermore
Lord of the whole creation ;
But thy humanity,
Thy birth, thy life and death
Unite my soul to thee,
While here on earth I breathe.

71. T. 14.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus
To a believer's ear ; [sounds
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
And drives away his fear, [wounds

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Jesus, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace:—

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour,
Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King:
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak are the efforts of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath:
And may thy saving Jesus' name
Refresh my soul in death.

72. T. 14.

JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
I gladly would thy praises sound,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
In thee is all my trust;
Jewels to me are gaudy toys.
And gold is sordid dust.

[heart,

3 O may thy name still cheer my
And shed its fragrance there:
The noblest balm for all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honours of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath;
When speechless, thou shalt be my
My joy in life and death. [hope,

73.* T. 58.

SACRED name of Jesus,
So great and holy,
That all our tongues can never praise
thee truly,
'Fore thee we bow.

2 Saving name of Jesus,
In which salvation
Is preach'd to every kindred, tongue
and nation, Might all thee praise.

3 Blessed name of Jesus,
How efficacious
To save, to sanctify, and to preserve
us, Thee we adore.

4 Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Name so revered
By all believers, they can ne'er be
wearied In praising thee.

5 Name for ever sacred,
For ever precious;
Let all within us echo Jesus, Jesus,
For evermore.

74. T. 119.

JESUS' name, :||
Source of life and happiness;
In this name true consolation
Mourning sinners may possess;
Here is found complete salvation;
Blessed Jesus, we thy name will
All our days. :|| [praise

2 God with us, :||
God appears in human frame;
In his name rejoice with gladness,
Since to save lost man he came;
None need sink in hopeless sadness,
For Immanuel is now with us,
God with us. :||

75.* T. 11.

JESUS is our highest good,
He hath saved us by his blood;
May we love him evermore,
And his sacred name adore.

2 Jesus, when stern justice said,
Man his life hath forfeited,
Vengeance follows by decree,
Cried, Inflict it all on me.

3 Jesus gives us life and peace,
Faith, and love, and holiness;
Every blessing, great or small,
Jesus for us purchased all.

4 Jesus therefore let us own,
Jesus we'll exalt alone,
Jesus hath our sins forgiven,
Jesus' blood procured us heaven.

76. T. 14.

MY God a man, a man indeed,
An infant truly poor :
Born for a sinful race to bleed ;
Salvation to procure !

2 Who can describe the loveliness,
Which was, blest Child, in thee ?
Thy whole deportment heavenly
And true humility. [grace

3 According to the appointed plan,
My infant Saviour grew
In favour both with God and man,
In years and stature too.

4 My Saviour learned Joseph's trade,
Was call'd a carpenter,
And therefore that he earn'd his
We justly may infer. [bread

5 Often oppress'd with human care,
He to his Father sighs,
Or spends the night in fervent pray'r
And offers tears and cries.

6 Again, as teacher of mankind
I see my humble Lord :
How cheerfully was he inclined
To preach the saving word.

7 To comfort men was his delight,
To help them in distress,
He ready was by day and night
To pardon, heal, and bless.

8 Oft he was hungry, spent, and sad,
In his own world a guest,
And of his own no place he had,
His weary head to rest.

9 Ah ! might my heart a mirror be,
Reflecting Jesus' g ace,
That all who my behaviour see,
May some resemblance trace.

10 Grant me that meek and lowly
mind,
Thou hast on earth display'd,
Which in thy holy life I find,
My Pattern, Lord, and Head.

77.* T. 168.

MAN of sorrows and acquainted
With our griefs, what shall we say ?
Never language yet hath painted
All the woes that on thee lay :

Had I seen thee clothed in weakness
Bearing our reproach and sickness,
To attend thee day and night
Would have been my heart's delight.

2 O that to this heavenly stranger
I had here my homage paid,
From his first sigh in the manger,
Till he cried, 'Tis finished :
That first sigh had consecrated
Me his own, and I had waited
On him from his infancy
In a constant liturgy.

3 Walking, speaking, in devotion,
Far to fields or forests stray'd,
I had watch'd his every motion,
And my Lord my pattern made :
More have angels ne'er desired,
Than on him, or far retired,
Or at home, awake, asleep,
Fix'd their wondering eyes to keep.

4 Tell me, little flock beloved,
Ye on whom shone Jesus' face,
What within your souls then moved,
When ye felt his kind embrace ?
O disciple, once most blessed,
As a bosom friend caressed,
Say could e'er into thy mind
Other objects entrance find !

5 Oft to prayer by night retreated ;
See him from all search withdrawn ;
Tearful eyes and sighs repeated
Witness'd still the morning dawn,
There, where he made intercession,
I had pour'd forth my confession,
And where for my sins he wept,
Praying, I the watch had kept.

6 Should I thus to thee have cleaved
'Midst thy poverty and woes,
On thee as my Lord believed,
Or perhaps have join'd thy foes ?
Ah ! thy mercy I had spurned :
But thyself my heart has turned ;
Now thou know'st, beneath, above,
Nought compared with thee I love.

78. T. 11.

SEE, my soul, God ever blest
In the flesh made manifest ;
Human nature he assumes,
He, to ransom sinners, comes.

2 He fulfill'd all righteousness,
Standing in the sinner's place ;
From the manger to the cross
All he did, he did for us :—

3 All our woes he did retrieve,
He expired that we might live:
By his stripes our wounds are heal'd,
By his blood our pardon's seal'd.

4 Lord, conform us to thy death,
Raise us to new life by faith;
Through thy resurrection's power
May we praise thee evermore.

5 Circumcise our sinful hearts;
Purify our inward parts:
Lord, destroy the carnal mind,
That in thee we peace may find.

6 In thy righteousness array'd
Let us triumph and be glad;
Let us walk with thee in white,
Let us see thy face in light.

79*. T. 14.

IMMANUEL'S meritorious tears
Assuage our every pain;
His bitter sufferings, cries & prayers
Our fav'rite theme remain.

2 When Jesus' suffering life we trace,
In every scene we find,
That he a man of sorrows was,
Though of unspotted mind.

3 All they who weeping now go forth
And bear the precious seed,
May in our Saviour's walk on earth
Pattern and comfort read.

4 Among the evils of the fall
Which soul and body grieve,
This the most dreadful is of all,
That sin to us doth cleave.

5 Whene'er the Holy Ghost displays
To our benighted hearts,
That we are wretched, vile and base,
And light to us imparts,—

[shame,

6 How do we blush with conscious
While tears of anguish flow;
And did we not the suffering Lamb,
The friend of sinners know,—

7 Despairing, we should never cease
To weep most bitter tears;
But faith in Jesus' saving grace
The mourning sinner cheers.

8 When we have that great bliss at-
To find, that in all need [tain'd
Christ is our counsellor and friend,
Then are we help'd indeed.

9 Oh! 'tis the greatest happiness,
When of his peace divine
We have a feeling, and he says,
Fear not, for thou art mine.

10 Our thankful tears then testify
That Jesus wept for us,
And we, possessing heavenly joy,
For him count all things loss.

11 Yet tears of grief at times bedew
Our cheeks while here we stay;
When we in heaven his face shall
He'll wipe all tears away. [view,

80. T. 14.

O MY dear Saviour, when thy cares,
Thy toils for me I read,
My eyes run o'er with grateful tears
And I bow down my head,

2 Thy suffering life I cannot trace
Or read thy sacred word,
But I'm o'ercome with thankfulness
To thee, my gracious Lord.

3 What am I, Lord, that thou so
Shouldst love and value me; [much
Vile dust I am, yet thou for such
Didst bear thy misery.

81. T. 22.

MY dear Redeemer, God and Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Set forth in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy
zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them
mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight
air
Witness'd the fervour of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; let me bear
More likeness of thine image here;
And at thy right hand me confess,
Arrayed in thy righteousness.

82. T. 79.

THE wise men from the East adored
The infant Jesus as their Lord,
Brought gifts to him their King:
Jesus, grant us thy light that we
The way may find, and unto thee
Our hearts, our all, a tribute bring.

[Lamb,

2 May Jesus Christ, the spotless
Who to the temple humbly came
The legal rites to pay,
Subdue our proud and stubborn will,
That we his precepts may fulfil,
Whate'er rebellious nature say.

83. T. 14.

SERVANT of all, to toil for man
Thou would'st not, Lord, refuse;
Thy majesty did not disdain
To be employ'd for us.

2 In all I think, or speak, or do,
Let me show forth thy praise;

Thy bright example still pursue
Through all my future days.

3 By faith thro' outward cares I go
From all distraction free:
My hands alone engaged below,
My spirit still with thee.

4 When thou my Saviour shalt ap-
Then gladly may I cry, [pear,
The work thou gavest me while here
Is done,—to thee I fly.

84.* T. 22.

WHEN we in spirit Jesus see,
Array'd in frail humanity,
As toiling, sleeping, or awake,
Abased we own, 'twas for our sake.

2 May all those blessings on us flow,
And in our lives their virtue show,
Which from the manger to the cross
Thou, Lord, hast merited for us.

V. THE SUFFERINGS AND DEATH OF JESUS CHRIST.

85. T. 114.

WHAT human mind can trace the
condescension
Of our Almighty Maker's love to
man? [scan;
No angel can the hidden mystery
Redeeming love is past our compre-
hension; [prove
Yet by the Spirit's teaching we can
From Jesus' agony that God is love.

2 Pursue, my soul, the sacred medi-
tation, [God;
And view the agonizing Lamb of
See him oppressed with the pon-
derous load
Of all thy sins, to purchase thy sal-
vation:
He riseth with a heart-affecting look,
And with his followers passeth Ce-
dron's brook.

3 My spirit now with solemn, deep
devotion
Doth follow Jesus to Gethsemane:
There he on my account doth weep
and pray,
O'ercome with horror at the bitter
potion;
Yet to his Father's will he is re-
sign'd: [mind.
Grant me, dear Jesus, thy obedient
4 I see my Saviour kneeling, groan-
ing, weeping;
He prostrates on the ground and
prays for me,
Yea, trembling, wrestleth in an
agony;
And while his sad disciples all are
sleeping,
His soul in grief, his eyes in tears
are drown'd,
His sweat as drops of blood falls to
the ground.

5 By all thy grief, thy tears and supplication,
Thy bloody sweat, thy bitter agony,
O grant that I may love thee ardently: [consolation:
Be thou, dear Lord, my life and
Whene'er temptation would my soul beset,
I'll pray to thee, and think of Olivet.

86. T. 79.

BEHOLD, how in Gethsemane
The incarnate God doth sweat for
Till drops of blood fall down; [thee,
For thee the Lord lies prostrate
there, [prayer,
Hear his thrice-utter'd mournful
Mark every dolorous sigh and groan.

2 I'm lost in wonder and amaze:
Here I'll abide, and melt, and gaze;
'Tis God's beloved Son:
How heavy is the weight he bears;
His soul is fill'd with grief and fears;
Lo, now the bitter cup comes on.

3 Lord, dost thou suffer thus for me?
Dost thou endure such misery,
To give me life and peace?
Then will I henceforth ne'er forget,
That thou didst on Mount Olivet
By pray'rs and tears gain my release.

87. T. 96.

OFTEN I call to mind the place
Gethsemane, to which the Lamb,
Who loved to be in loneliness,
With his disciples often came;
Where out of boundless love to me,
He wrestled in an agony.

2 There, overwhelm'd with grief, he said:
My soul is sorrowful to death;
And suffering freely in my stead,
He drank the bitter cup of wrath:
Now on his knees, then on his face,
He weeps, and sweats, and bleeds,
and prays.

3 So loved me the eternal God,
That he became the Son of man,
And took my sins' prodigious load;
My soul admire the gracious plan:
Thy stripes, thy guilt, and curse he
Believe and thankfully adore. [bore;

88.* T. 99.

[break:
MOST awful sight! my heart doth
Oh! it can ne'er my mind forsake,
Flow thou for me hast wept and pray-
Might I for thy soul's agony. [ed:
When wrestling with death bitterly,
Lord, as thy trophy be displayed.

89.* T. 36.

GOD in a garden suffers in our nature;
He faints who cheers and comforts
every creature;
An angel strengthens his Creator
yonder: Adore and wonder.

90.* T. 54.

GO, congregation, go and see
Thy Saviour in Gethsemane;
There is a scene which with amaze
Must strike thee: there astonish'd
gaze: Thy Maker prays.

91.* T. 185.

MY Redeemer, overwhelm'd with
Went to Olivet for me: [anguish,
There he kneels, his heart doth heave
and languish
In a bitter agony;
Fear and horror seize his soul and
senses, [mences:
For the hour of darkness now com-
Ah! how doth he weep and groan,
For rebellious man to atone.

2 How is Jesus' sacred soul oppressed
With our sins' prodigious load: [ed
Tho' an angel comforts the distress-
Weak and fainting Lamb of God,
Yet, what trembling seizeth him all
over, [age cover,
Tears, and sweat, and blood his vis-
And in drops fall to the ground,
While his heart in grief is drown'd.

3 Stripes and cruel mockeries he en-
dured,
Meek and patient, in our stead;
How are Jesus' gracious eyes ob-
scured:
View his wounded back and head;

He, whom thorns and scourges lacerated, [created;
Is the Lord, who all things hath
Ah! his sufferings, pain, and wo
Make my eyes with tears o'erflow.

4 See him bear his cross in deep affliction

On his sore and wounded back,
Led to Calvary for crucifixion,
Where his limbs they stretch and rack: [ter,

As a Lamb he's led unto the slaughter,
And his soul is poured out like wine;
Vinegar and gall he tastes, [ter;
While his suffering body wastes.

5 Now behold him weeping, bleeding, crying,

'Midst two thieves upon the cross:
Lo, he bows his sacred head, and,
Life eternal gains for us: [dying,
Lord, afford us all thy Spirit's unction,
[punction;

To consider this with heart's commotion
Might our words and actions prove
That we know thy dying love.

6 Our enraptured hearts shall ne'er be weary

On our dying Lord to gaze: [ry,
At his cross in faith we wish to tar-
There shall be our hiding-place;
May his dying look remain engraven
On our hearts; for pardon, life, and heaven

Our Redeemer then procured,
When he death for us endured.

7 Therefore all his agony & passion,
And his sin-atonement death
Shall remain thro' grace our faith's foundation,

While we draw our vital breath:
Thus shall neither honour, wealth,
nor pleasures, [sures;

Rob our souls of everlasting treasure
Jesus both by day and night
Shall remain our sole delight.

8 Could we tune our hearts and voices higher

Than man's most exalted lays,
Yet, till join'd to the celestial choir,
Cold would prove our warmest praise: [sion,

Jesus' love exceeds all comprehension;
But our love to him we scarce dare mention;

We may weep beneath his cross,
But he wept and bled for us.

9 O delightful theme, past all expression!

Thy Redeemer died for thee:
Ah! this prompts my deepest adoration,

When I hear, He died for me:
Might my thoughts, my words and whole behaviour, [Saviour;
Prove that I believe in Christ my
Yea, my love to Jesus show
His to me in all I do.

10 Lamb of God, thou shalt remain for ever

Of our songs the only theme:
For thy boundless love, thy grace and favour,

We will praise thy saving name:
That for our transgressions thou wast wounded, [sounded,
Shall by us in nobler strains be
When we, perfected in love,
Once shall join the Church above.

92.* T. 151.

THOU Source of my salvation,

Thou Conqueror of my death,
Who didst as my oblation
In torments yield thy breath;
Who barest the dreadful sentence
Due to man's cursed race,
To screen my soul from vengeance;
Accept my thanks and praise.

2 I'll go with thee, my Saviour,
Up to Mount Calvary;
And view with spirit's fervour
All thou hast done for me:
Thus with intense devotion
I follow thee each step,
While tender love's emotion
Makes heart and eyes to weep.

3 I see my Saviour languish
In sad Gethsemane,
Till through his pores in anguish
The blood ev'n forced its way:
The load which him oppresses,
I, I deserved to feel;
The bloody sweat of Jesus
Doth soul and body heal.

4 My Saviour was betrayed,
Reproach and sufferings met;
My sins the Lord conveyed
'Fore Pilate's judgment-seat;
These, these did him deliver
Into the foe's dire hand;
I should have felt for ever
The pang my God sustain'd.

5 Behold the man, he beareth
 God's wrath and curse for us :
 A crown of thorns he weareth,
 For us endures the cross :
 There, to complete his passion,
 His sorrows, pain, and wo,
 His blood for our salvation
 In copious streams doth flow.

6 Thou for thy foes entreatest ;
 Lord Jesus, who was I ?
 Thy friends thou not forgettest ;
 Turn, Lord, to me, thine eye :
 Thy mouth now grace declareth
 To the repenting thief ;
 My guilty soul this cheereth ;
 Of sinners I am chief.

7 Thou anxiously complainest,
 My God forsaketh me :
 I thirst, thou then exclaimest,
 Yet none refresheth thee :
 Thy passion being ended
 Thou criest, 'Tis finished :
 My spirit be commended
 To God :—'Twas finished.

8 My heart with love is glowing,
 I see my Saviour die ;
 His head I see him bowing,
 This brought me endless joy :
 He gave his soul an offering
 For sin, that I might live ;
 He saved me by his suffering,
 To him myself I give.

9 Thou God of my salvation,
 In whom I trust by faith,
 Who hast for my transgression
 Lain in the dust of death ;
 I place upon thy merit
 While here my confidence ;
 And will commend my spirit
 To thee, when I go hence.

10 Lord, grant me thy salvation
 And peace divine, I pray,
 While under tribulation
 On earth below I stay ;
 Till I shall stand before thee,
 And for redeeming grace,
 With all thy saints in glory,
 My hallelujah raise.

93.* T. 594.

WITH my sins' heavy load oppress-
 In spirit I my Saviour view, [ed,
 I see him mourning and distressed,
 While floods of tears his cheeks
 bedew :

To change my sorrow into gladness.
 His sweat was mix'd with blood, and
 he,

Fill'd with unutterable sadness,
 Trembled and agonized for me.

2 O'erwhelm'd with grief and rack'd
 with torment,
 He's pain'd in every weary limb ;
 They that should watch with him lie
 dormant,

An angel comes to comfort him :
 O how heart-piercingly he prayed,
 When he his Father did accost,
 To have the bitter cup delayed :
 Here is my soul in wonder lost.

3 I see his countenance defiled,
 His forehead spit on I behold ;
 I see him laugh'd at and reviled,
 Sharp-pointed thorns his head in-
 fold :

Thus to the multitude displayed,
 His back with cruel scourges torn,
 A reed he beareth, is arrayed
 In purple, and then hail'd in scorn.

[den,
 4 Fainting beneath the cross's bur-
 He enters on his dolorous road ;
 For us to purchase peace and pardon,
 Aforehand feels the curse of God :
 I see him now in sore affliction
 Ascend the brow of Calvary ;
 'Tis here I view his crucifixion,
 Thereby it was he saved me.

5 I see his hands and feet extended
 Upon the cross in keenest smart ;
 He bows his head, the conflict's
 ended :

I see the spear transfix his heart ;
 Thus closed he his bitter passion,
 Expiring on the accursed tree, [tion,
 Then horror seized the whole crea-
 But streams of grace came over me.

6 The thought of blood and water
 bursting [heart :
 From God, my rock, o'ercomes my
 I for that living flood am thirsting,
 O may it stream thro' every part !
 Lord, for thy love with adoration
 I'll thank and laud thee all my days
 Long as I live shall each pulsation
 And every breath declare thy praise.

7 This awful, blessed meditation
 Oft fills my soul with conscious
 shame, .

That Jesus died for my salvation,
 Who to his mercy had no claim :

How poor I am, how void of glory,
Thou, Lord, know'st best; but yet
when I [thee,
With all my ailments come before
My suit is granted presently.

8 Thou, Jesus, art my God and
Saviour,
Thee will I serve with all my power,
On thee I'll meditate for ever,
And for thy goodness thee adore:
Thy dying love hath captivated
My heart, and now my chief delight,
Until to heaven I am translated,
Is to enjoy thee day and night.

94. T. 167.

GREAT High-priest, we view thee
stooping,

With our names upon thy breast,
In the garden, groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors prest;
Angels saw, struck with amazement,
Their Creator suffer thus;
We are fill'd with deep abasement,
Since we know 'twas done for us.

2 Jesus, to thy garden lead us,
'To behold thy bloody sweat, [us,
Tho' thou from the curse hast freed
May we ne'er the cost forget:
Be thy groans and cries rehearsed
By thy Spirit in our ears,
Till we, viewing whom we pierced,
Melt 'fore thee in grateful tears.

3 On the cross thy body broken
Cancels every legal charge;
Pleading this authentic token,
Guilty souls are set at large,
All is finished, truth hath said it,
Doubt no more, believe your
Lord;
To frail reason give no credit,
You have his unerring word.

4 Lord, we fain would trust thee
solely,
'Twas for us thy blood was spilt;
Suffering Saviour, take us wholly,
Take and form us as thou wilt;
Thou hast borne the dreadful sen-
tence,
Pass'd on man's devoted race:
Grant us faith and true repentance,
They're thy gifts, thou God of
grace.

95. T. 243.

GO, follow the Saviour,
Consider his travail,
Adore him for ever,
Ye sinners, and marvel;
It is for you—he suffers so.

2 With tears interceding
Your load he sustaineth,
And sweating and bleeding
Your pardon he gaineth;
All who believe—he'll freely save.

3 He's mock'd and defamed,
'Midst scourging and torture;
By sinners is blamed,
And led to the slaughter;
While thorns disgrace—his royal
face.

4 Behold the Lord Jesus,
For you he is wounded,
He bleeds to release us;
His love is unbounded:
For evermore—his name adore.

5 When to the cross nailed
He hung on the mountain,
That we might be healed,
Blood, as from a fountain,
Flow'd from his wounds:—there
health abounds.

6 Our meek suffering Saviour
Pray'd for his oppressors,
And gained God's favour
For us vile transgressors;
He thus displays—his boundless
grace.

7 When he had prevailed,
And all was accomplish'd,
By prophets revealed,
He cried: "It is finish'd;"
Then bow'd his head—and join'd the
dead.

8 Accept for thy passion,
Most merciful Saviour,
Our deep adoration:
Remain thou for ever
Our highest good,—O Lamb of God.

96. T. 71.

HAIL, suffering Lamb of God,
Whose sweat was mix'd with blood
In Olivet's garden,

When thy prevailing prayers,
Join'd with strong cries and tears,
Procured our pardon.

2 Thy bitter agony
Upon my heart shall be
Deeply impressed;
O may I ne'er forget
The price, at which my debt
Hath been erased.

3 Thy countenance divine,
Round which sharp thorns did twine,
Thy dereliction,
Thy having borne our curse,
To us now proves a source
Of benediction.

4 'Tis finished, Jesus cries,
He bows his head and dies,
Our pardon's sealed.
All hail, in death tho' pale,
Victorious Lamb, all hail!
Thou hast prevailed.

5 Thy head bow'd down in death.
Thy last expiring breath,
Thy side thro'-pierced,
Thy wounds in hands and feet,
By us in accents sweet
Shall be rehearsed.

97*. T. 99.

I SMITE upon my guilty breast,
And stand myself the cause confess'd
Of all my Saviour hath sustained:
On Olivet and Golgotha
Deeply abased I gaze with awe;
There, there he bliss for me obtained.

2 O that my sins might find their
grave, [save,
There, where my Lord, my soul to
In sweat and blood lay agonizing:
I weep, and feel both joy and pain:
Saviour, till sight of thee I gain,
May I this scene be oft revising.

3 Behold, he sinks in death! 'Tis
done;
See drops of blood still trickling run,
From head and feet and hands extended: [head;
Mark that last groan! He bows his
The tortured soul at length has fled;
His heart-strings break, the conflict's
ended.

4 Look up, my soul, by faith and see,
His heart was pierced, was pierced
for thee!

Thence blood and water freely
streamed,
Blood, to atone for heinous sin,
Water, to wash the sinner clean:
Our debt is paid; we are redeemed.

5 Heart-piercing sight! He bleeds,
he dies,
For guilty man a sacrifice;
The earth the sacred trust receiveth;
Soon shall he rise triumphantly,
And then with shouts ascend on high
Where he to God for ever liveth.

98.* T. 124.

JESUS, till my latest breath,
May I ponder
On thy agony and death:
As thou yonder
Barest my sins' heavy load,
Suffering Saviour,
Me regard in favour.

2 Looking to Gethsemane,
In that Garden
Both the guilt of sin I see
And its pardon;
Mercy, truth, and righteousness,
Here combined,
Man's release have signed.

3 From the cross look down at me,
Blessed Saviour,
As at John complacently:
Grant that favour,
That I by thy dying love
Be inspired,
And with ardour fired.

4 In thy hands and feet I see
Tokens bloody
Of thy love to worthless me;
From thy body
Drops of blood successively
Now are streaming,
All with blessings teeming.

5 Jesus bows his head and dies;
Dark'ning heaven,
Lo, the sun his beam denies,
Rocks are riven;
While earth's pillars shake, I find
In his passion
Cause for exultation.

6 Blood and water from his side
Freely floweth:
Hence I'm fully certified,
My heart knoweth

That eternal life for me
Was acquired,
When my Lord expired.

7 Now to Joseph's tomb convey'd,
He's interred;
Be my members with him dead,
With him buried:
Here, here is my resting place,
Here with Mary
Weeping I will tarry.

8 Yea, I give my heart to thee,
Faithful Saviour:
Living, dying, I will be
'Thine for ever;
From the tomb I shall arise,
Freed from weakness,
In thy glorious likeness.

99.* T. 127.

O LAMB of God unspotted,
Our crucified Saviour,
Who hast to shame submitted
With patient, meek behaviour;
Thy bearing our transgression
Hath saved us from damnation;
Have mercy on us, O Jesus; O Jesus!

2 O Lamb of God unspotted, &c.
Own us to be thine, O Jesus! O
Jesus!

3 O Lamb of God unspotted, &c.
Leave thy peace with us, O Jesus!
O Jesus!

100.* T. 151.

O HEAD so full of bruises,
So full of pain and scorn,
'Midst other sore abuses
Mock'd with a crown of thorn;
O Head, ere now surrounded
With brightest majesty,
In death now bow'd and wounded;
Saluted be by me.

2 Thou countenance transcendent,
Thou life-creating Sun
To worlds on thee dependent,
Now bruised and spit upon;
How art thou grown so sallow;
How are those gracious eyes;
Whose radiance knew no fellow,
Clouded in cruel wise.

3 O Lord, what thee tormented
Was my sin's heavy load;

I had the debt augmented
Which thou didst pay in blood:
Here am I, blushing sinner,
On whom wrath ought to light;
O thou, my health's beginner,
Let thy grace cheer my sight.

4 Own me, Lord, my preserver,
My Shepherd, me receive;
I know thy love's strong fervour
By all thy pain and grief:
Thou richly hast supplied
My soul with heavenly food,
For which I've often sighed,
Thy holy flesh and blood.

5 I'll here with thee continue,
(Though poor, despise me not)
I'm one of thy retinue:
As were I on the spot,
When, earning my election,
Thy heart strings broke in death,
With shame and love's affection
I'll watch thy latest breath.

6 What heavenly consolation
Doth in my heart take place,
When I thy toil and passion
Can in some measure trace;
Ah! should I, while thus musing
On my Redeemer's cross,
Ev'n life itself be losing,
Great gain would be that loss.

7 I give thee thanks unfeigned,
O Jesus, friend in need,
For what thy soul sustained,
When thou for me didst bleed;
Grant me to lean unshaken
Upon thy faithfulness,
Until I hence am taken,
To see thee face to face.

8 Lord, at my dissolution
Do not from me depart:
Support, at the conclusion
Of life, my fainting heart;
And when I pine and languish,
Seized with death's agony,
Oh! by thy pain and anguish
Set me at liberty.

9 Lord, grant me thy protection,
Remind me of thy death
And glorious resurrection,
When I resign my breath;
Ah! then, though I be dying
'Midst sickness, grief, and pain,
I shall, on thee relying,
Eternal life obtain.

101.*

T. 36.

DEAR Jesus, wherein art thou to be
blamed,
Why is death's sentence against thee
proclaimed?

What is thy crime? of what art thou
accused, While thus abused?

2 I see thee scourged, plunged in a
sea of sorrows,

Beat in the face, thy back plough'd
with deep furrows,

Thy temples crown'd with thorns in
mockery hailed,

To the cross nailed.

3 Why was thy soul with pains of
hell surrounded?

Alas, my sins have thee, my Saviour,
wounded!

I should have waded thro' that sea of
anguish,

Which made thee languish.

4 There is no good at all in my
whole nature,

Sin hath diffused its shame thro'
every feature;

And death had been thro' everlasting
ages Its dreadful wages.

5 How highly wonderful is this pro-
ceeding;

The Shepherd for his wand'ring
sheep is bleeding;

The Master pays for servants' mis-
behaviour, That loving Saviour.

6 O boundless love, O love beyond
expression!

Constraining thee to choose such
bitter passion:

1 lived in the world and sin's enjoy-
ment, Thou bearest torment.

7 O greatest King, whose power is
unbounded,

How can thy mercy be aright ex-
pounded!

O mystery deep! the incarnate God
is sighing, For sinners dying.

8 Thy dying love all other love doth
swallow:

My mind to trace its limits is too
shallow:

For such compassion, and for love so
tender, What shall I render?

9 One thing I'll gladly do to give
thee pleasure,

No more to sin I'll yield in any
measure;

Lest it again seduce my mind and
senses To old offences.

10 But as my strength is far too weak
and feeble

To crucify my flesh and innate evil;
Lord, let thy Spirit graciously direct
me, From sin protect me.

11 Unto thy praise my all I'll gladly
venture,

Upon thy shame and cross I'll freely
enter;

Nor pain, nor death shall change my
resolution, Nor persecution.

12 Do not despise, I pray, my weak
endeavour,

To praise and love and serve thee
dearest Saviour:

Take soul and body, Lord as an ob-
lation For all thy passion.

13 When thou shalt give to me a
crown of glory,

When all is swallow'd up that's
transitory,

Then shall my voice be suited to the
matter, And praise thee better.

102*.

T. 79.

O WORLD, see thy Creator

Extended, like a traitor,

Upon the cross's tree:

Behold him, while expiring,

And for mankind acquiring

Thereby life, grace, and liberty.

2 Draw near, thou wilt discover,

How blood and sweat all over

His sacred body dyes;

Out of his heart most noble,

From inexhausted trouble, [sighs.

Sighs are successive following

3 Who hath thee thus abused,

Dear Lord, and so much bruised

Thy most majestic face?

Thou knewest no transgression,

From that contamination [race.

Free, which defiles the human

4 I, I and my transgressions,

Which by my own confessions

Exceed the sea-shore sands,

These, these have been the reason
Of thy whole bitter season, [bands.
Of all thy bruises, stripes and

5 The wrath upon thee poured,
I ought to have endured,
And borne the pangs of hell;
The bonds and scourges tearing,
Which thou, my God, wast bearing,
My soul, my soul deserved to feel.

6 I'll be with the beholders,
And see thee on thy shoulders
Bear my prodigious load:
Thou takest the curse-infliction,
Givest for it benediction; {God.
Thy death procures my peace with

7 As surety thou presentest
Thyself, to die consentest
For me in debt all o'er;
A crown of thorns thou wearest,
All scorn and pain thou bearest
With patience never known before.

8 Death's horrors thou endurest,
And my escape procurest;
Its sting I need not prove:
My curse and condemnation
Thou bear'st for my salvation;
O undeserved, boundless love!

9 The highest obligations,
Bind me through all life's stations,
To' express my thanks to thee:
Weak as I am and feeble,
As far as I am able,
I'll yield thee service willingly.

10 While here on earth I'm living,
I nothing have worth giving
To thee for all thy pain;
Yet shall thy passion ever,
Till soul and body sever, [main.
Deep in my heart engraved re-

11 Its fresh representation
Shall raise my admiration,
Where'er I turn or move;
I'll take it for a mirror
Of innocence for terror {love.
To guilt, but seal of truth and

12 How greatly man incenses
The Lord, by his offences;
God's holiness how stern;
How rigorous he chastises,
When he with wrath baptizes;
This from thy sufferings will I learn.

13 From thence I'll be taught truly
How to be pure and holy,
Resign'd, composed, and still;
How patiently to suffer,
When any to me offer
Rude acts of malice and ill-will.

14 I'll be my flesh denying,
And gladly crucifying
With Christ each sinful lust:
With all that thee displeases
I'll gladly part, O Jesus,
By help and strength which thou bestow'st.

15 Thy sighs and groans unnumber'd
And from thy heart encumber'd,
The countless tears forth press'd;
These shall, at my dismissal
To final rest's fruition,
Convey me to thy arms and breast.

103.* T. 165.

THOUSAND times by me be greet-
Jesus, who hast loved me, [ed,
And thyself to death submitted
For my treasons against thee:
Ah! how happy do I feel,
When 'fore thee I humbly kneel,
At the cross where thou expiredst,
And true life for me acquiredst.

2 Jesus, thee I view in spirit,
Cover'd o'er with blood & wounds:
Now salvation through thy merit
For my sin-sick soul abounds;
Oh! who can, thou Prince of peace,
Who didst thirst for our release,
Fully fathom all that's treasured
In thy love's design unmeasured.

3 Heal me, O my soul's Physician,
Wheresoe'er I'm sick or sad:
All the woes of my condition
By thy balm be now allay'd;
Heal the hurts which Adam wrought
Or which on myself I've brought;
If thy blood me only cover,
My distress will soon be over.

4 On my heart thy wounds for ever
Be inscribed indelibly,
That I ne'er forget, dear Saviour,
What thou hast endured for me:
Thou'rt indeed my highest good,
End of all solicitude;
Let me, at thy feet abased,
Be to taste thy friendship raised.

5 With the deepest adoration
Humbly at thy feet I lie;
And with ardent supplication
Unto thee for succour cry;
My petition kindly hear;
Say in answer to my prayer:
I will change thy grief and sadness
Into comfort, joy, and gladness.

6 Jesus, at my dissolution
Take my longing soul to thee;
Let thy wounds at the conclusion
Of this life my refuge be:
When in death I close mine eyes,
Let me wake in Paradise,
And in endless bliss and glory
With the saints in heaven adore thee.

104.* T. 168.

JESUS, source of my salvation,
Conqueror both of death and hell,
Thou who didst as my oblation,
Feel what I deserved to feel;
Through thy sufferings, death and
I eternal life inherit; [merit,
Thousand, thousand thanks to thee,
Dearest Lord, for ever be.

2 O how basely wast thou used,
Buffeted and spit upon,
Scourged, & torn, and sorely bruised,
Thou the heavenly Father's Son!
Me, poor sinner, to deliver
From the devil's power for ever;
Thousand, &c.

3 Lord, thy deep humiliation
Paid for my presumptuous pride;
I need fear no condemnation,
Since for sinners thou hast died:
Thou becamest a curse, dear Saviour,
To restore me to God's favour.
Thousand, &c.

4 Lord, I'll praise thee now and ever
Who for me wast crucified;
For thy agony, dear Saviour,
For thy wounds and pierced side,
For thy stooping under sentence
Of God's wrath and fiery vengeance,
For thy death and love divine,
Lord, I'll be for ever thine.

105.* T. 165.

CHRIST, thy wounds and bitter
passion, [tomb,
Bloody sweat, cross, death, and
Be my daily meditation,
Till I to thy presence come:

When a sinful thought would start,
Ready to seduce my heart,
Thy sore pain effectually
Me forbid with sin to dally.

2 Should my bosom with lewd pas-
Be inflamed, and burn with sin,
Let the thoughts of thine oblation
Quench that spreading fire within:
Would the tempter make his way
To my heart, Lord, grant I may
By thy wounds, thy pain & anguish,
All his vile intrusions vanquish.

3 Would the world with gay temp-
Draw me to its own broad way;
Let me think upon thy passion,
And the load which on thee lay:
Sure the sweat and precious blood
Of the dying Lamb of God
Can arm me on each occasion,
To oppose the infatuation.

4 Lord, in every sore oppression
Let thy wounds be my relief;
When I seek thy intercession,
Add new strength to my belief;
Ah! the feeling of thy peace
Sets my troubled heart at ease,
And affords a demonstration
Of thy love and my salvation.

5 All my hope and consolation,
Christ, is in thy bitter death;
At the hour of expiration,
Lord, receive my dying breath:
Most of all, when I go hence,
Let this be my confidence,
That thy deep humiliation
Hath procured my salvation.

106.* T. 126.

O LORD, when condemnation
And guilt afflict my soul,
Then let thy bitter passion
The rising storm control;
Remind me that thy sacred blood
Hath cancell'd my transgressions,
By paying what I owed.

2 O wonder, far exceeding
All human thought and sense!
Heaven's Sovereign was seen bleed-
To blot out my offence: [ing
The Prince of life gave up his breath.
For me, whose vile rebellion
Deserved an endless death.

3 Though sins exceed a mountain,
Or sands on ocean's shore,
The everlasting fountain
Of Jesus' blood hath power
To wash all sin and guilt away,
And save me from that terror
Which held me in dismay.

4 My heart, while here 'tis moving,
Shall beat with fervent praise
To thee, who art so loving
To the lost human race:
Thy dying words and agony
Shall be my meditation,
Till I am call'd to thee.

5 Lord, let thy bitter passion
Dwell always in my mind,
To raise an indignation
'Gainst sin of every kind;
That henceforth I may ne'er forget
The greatness of that ransom,
Which paid my endless debt.

6 All pains and tribulations,
Contempt and worldly spite,
Help me to bear with patience;
And always fix my sight
On that unerring rule of faith,
Thy blessed steps to follow,
Until my latest breath.

7 O may my life and labour
Express what thou hast done,
By love towards my neighbour,
By serving every one
Without self interest or disguise;
And may thy pure example
Be my best exercise.

8 When I give up my spirit
To thee, my Judge and God,
Oh! then apply the merit
Of thy atoning blood;
And let my faith its power display,
And rest upon thy promise
To save me in that day.

107.* T. 167.

O THE love wherewith I'm loved,
O the undeserved grace!
Thou, O Love! by mercy moved,
Takest upon thee my distress;
As a Lamb led to the slaughter
Goest to the cross's tree,
Seal'st thy love with blood & water,
Bear'st the world's iniquity.

2 Love, so strikingly displayed
In thy tears and bloody sweat:

Love, by sinful men betrayed,
Dragg'd before the judgment-seat:
Love, who for my soul's salvation
Willingly didst shed thy blood,
Thro' thy death and bitter passion
I am reconciled to God.

3 Love, who as my bleeding Saviour
Didst my heart in righteousness
Unto thee betroth for ever,
Ah! I thank thee for thy grace:
Love, who thus thyself engaged,
Let all misery which I feel
By thy sufferings be assuaged;
By thy stripes my sorrows heal.

4 Love, who hast for me endured
Death upon the accursed tree,
And eternal bliss procured,
Fill my soul with love to thee:
Lord, how hast thou captivated
My else cold and lifeless heart:
Let me, till to heaven translated,
Never more from thee depart.

108.* T. 216.

A LAMB went forth, and bare the
Of all the world together; [guilt
Most patiently his blood he spilt
To pay for every debtor;
He freely took sin's heavy load,
To reconcile us unto God;
All comfort he refused:
He underwent reproach and blame,
Death on the cross, with stripes and
shame,
And said, I freely choose it.

2 This Lamb is God omnipotent,
Of all things the Creator:
The Son who, by the Father sent,
Assumed our feeble nature:
O love no human tongue can tell,
O love divine, unsearchable!
God gave his well-beloved
To sufferings, death, and to the grave,
That he lost man thereby might
His mercy thus he proved. [save:

3 Jesus, I never can forget
The pangs thou hast sustained:
I'll thee, long as my pulse doth beat,
Adore with thanks unfeigned;
Yea, thou shalt be my heart's de-
light; [night,
Thou, when I sink in death's dark
Shalt be my consolation;

In life and death I will be thine,
And on thy faithfulness recline
With humble resignation.

4 My song in thy great loveliness
Both day and night shall centre;
Amidst all wants and feebleness
I'll on thy service venture;
My life's whole stream for thee shall
O may, by all I speak or do, [flow;
Thy holy name be praised,
And all that thou hast done for me,
Upon my heart indelibly
For ever be impressed.

5 Thou canst true comfort to me
In my life's every station; [yield
In combat thou dost prove my shield,
In grief my exultation;
In happy hours the source of joy;
And when all other meat doth cloy,
This manna shall support me;
In thirst thou shalt my well-spring
In solitude my company, [be,
At home and on a journey.

[tain,
6 What harm can I from death sus-
Since thou art my salvation?
From scorching heat thou art my
In pain my consolation; [screen,
When gloomy thoughts surround my
breast, [rest,
Thou, Lord, alone, canst give me
'Tis by thy power I conquer;
Thou art, when storms of trial blow
And toss my vessel to and fro,
My sure and steadfast anchor.

7 When I in heaven shall rest with
Thou God of my salvation, [thee,
Thy blood and righteousness shall be
My glorious decoration:
Thou on my head wilt place a crown,
Thou shalt I stand before the throne
Of thy dear heavenly Father,
Dress'd in salvation's robe, with thee
To live to all eternity
In bliss no tongue can utter.

109.* T. 9.

JESUS, I am richly bless'd
By thy bitter passion;
Oh! how is my soul refresh'd
In the meditation
On the pain and deep distress,
Which thou hast endured:
By thy death for me a place
Is in heaven procured.

2 Jesus, who hast once been dead,
Now for ever livest:
Thou in every time of need
Kindly me relievest,
And dost help to me afford:
Faithful Lord and Saviour,
Give me what thy death procured,
And I'm rich for ever.

3 Grant, O Christ thou Son of God!
Through thy bitter passion,
That we may, as thy reward,
Joy in thy salvation:
May we ever weigh the cause
Of thy death and suffering,
And a poor, but contrite heart
Bring as a thank-offering.

110.* T. 51.

WHEN Jesus hung upon the cross,
Expiring to retrieve our loss,
Bereft of consolation,
The dying words he spoke, deserve
Our serious meditation.

2 First for his foes he intercedes,
And with his Father for them pleads.
(His matchless goodness showing;)
He saith, Forgive them; they know
What they to me are doing. [not

3 Weigh next the pardon and relief
Bestow'd on the repenting thief,
The object of his favour:
To-day thou shalt in Paradise
Be with me, and for ever.

4 Observe the sympathy and care
Which he for John and Mary bare:
Behold thy son, O mother!
O John! thy mother there behold:
Thus, Christians, love each other.

5 Hark, how the meek and suffering
Lamb
Doth on the cross, I thirst, exclaim;
Such thirst the Lord sustained
For our salvation, but now he
Joy for his grief hath gained.

6 Next take to heart his anguish
great, [ous weight,
When, press'd beneath sin's ponder-
All comfort from him taken,
He cries aloud, My God, my God,
Why hast thou me forsaken?

7 'Tis finish'd, was the solemn word,
When for mankind our dying Lord

Had gain'd complete salvation ;
Ye mourning sinners, all rejoice
To hear this declaration.

8 The last, attention due demands :
O Father ! now into thy hands
I recommend my spirit :
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost
That we might life inherit.

9 All those who here enjoy by faith
The blessed fruits of Jesus' death,
True bliss in him possessing,
Find in his seven dying words
A treasure of rich blessing.

111. T. 168.

O BEHOLD your Saviour wounded,
Hanging on the accursed cross ;
None hath e'er the love expounded,
Our Redeemer show'd to us :
Hear him at his crucifixion
Pray for foes, 'midst keen affliction,
Them forgive, they do not know,
Heavenly Father, what they do.

2 At his cross's foot now tarry,
View his languid, marred face.
Mark his care for John and Mary ;
To the thief he offers grace :
Ah ! he thirsts with love unshaken ;
God, why hast thou me forsaken ?
And 'Tis finish'd, Jesus cries,
Yields his spirit, droops, and dies.

112.* T. 168.

SING with awe in strains melodious,
Sing with awe, behold the man ;
Yea repeat in tones harmonious,
Ah ! behold, behold the man !
On thy dying look, dear Saviour,
I will fix my eyes for ever ;
I am never tired to gaze
At thy lovely, bleeding face.

2 Oh ! this makes me think with
sighing,
I'm the cause : Behold the Man !
Then his love which I'm enjoying,
Comforts me : Behold the Man !
Ah ! that cruelly abused
Countenance, so marr'd and bruised,
Makes my eyes with tears o'erflow,
Till to him I've leave to go.

3 Wounded head, back plough'd with
furrows,
Visage marr'd : Behold the Man !

Eyes how dim, how full of sorrows.
Sunk with grief, Behold the Man !
Lamb of God, led to the slaughter,
Melted, poured out like water ;
Should not love my heart inflame,
Viewing thee, thou slaughter'd
Lamb.

113*. T. 217.

WHEN thou in death didst bow thy
head, [wonder :
All nature, Lord, was struck with
The opening graves gave up their
dead, [sunder :
Earth trembled, rocks were rent in
Then felt the powers of hell below
Their last irrevocable blow ;
Thy aim was then by right obtained,
To free the souls by Satan claimed ;
Now, thro' thy anguish and distress,
The captives find a full release.

2 Thou, who as our High-priest
above [est.
Still as the Lamb once slain appear-
And there the tokens of thy love
In thy once wounded body bearest :
This is thy most transcendent form
Which doth our hearts transport and
warm,
As thou upon the cross didst languish,
Extended there in keenest anguish,
Or, as thy body, pale and dead,
In the cold sepulchre was laid.

3 'Tis the most lovely attitude,
Wherein we can behold our Saviour,
When by the eye of faith he's view'd
With blood and bruises stain' all
over : [Head
That love, which urged our Lord and
To suffer freely in our stead,
Sinks deep into our hearts' recesses :
The blessed fruits of his distresses
We richly can enjoy by faith,
While meditating on his death.

4 Christ's agony, his death & blood,
Shall be our joy and consolation ;
The grace unmerited, bestow'd
On us our constant meditation ;
Fresh proofs of his fidelity
And tender care we daily see ;
He will continue still to feed us,
Till he at last will thither lead us,
Where all his glories shall be seen,
Without a veil to intervene.

114.* T. 594.

[sion
ONE view, Lord Jesus, of thy pas-
Will make the fainting spirit glad;
This yields us solid consolation,
When thy dear blood, so freely shed,
Pervades and heals both soul & body;
When thou dost give to us thy peace:
Ah! then our arms of faith are ready
Thy cross, O Jesus, to embrace.

2 No drop of blood thou deem'dst too
precious,

To shed for sinners vile like me;
O that thy fire of love, dear Jesus,
Inflamed my heart with love to thee:
May thy atoning death and passion,
Thy agony and bitter pain,
Until my final consummation,
Deep in my heart engraved remain.

3 O might I live in the enjoyment
Of all my Lord for me hath gain'd;
Might this be daily my employment,
To muse upon what he sustained:
O may his hands, whereon engraven
My poor and worthless name doth
stand,

Support me, till I in the haven
Of endless joy shall safely land.

115*. T. 14.

MY life-supplying element
Is Jesus' blood and death:
My soul is eagerly intent
To live therein by faith.

2 Lord Jesus, who is like to thee?
O might by night and day
My spirit upon Calvary,
That scene of suffering, stay.

3 How that blest moment I regard,
When thou didst bow thy head:
Oh! had my list'ning ear but heard
The groan that left thee dead.

4 How highly favour'd had I been,
Had I with John stood by,
And my beloved Saviour seen
In keenest anguish die.

5 Beholding with deep reverence
Thy side for me then pierced,
With what emotion had I thence
Seen blood and water burst.

6 It is as tho' my eyes now view'd
This heart-affecting sight,

And every scene depicted stood
'Fore me in clearest light.

7 O might thy dying love divine
Become to me more clear,
And smile in every smile of mine,
And flow in every tear.

8 When I depart, my latest breath
To thee, Lord, shall ascend,
As a thank-offering for thy death;
Thus, blest my race will end.

116.* T. 126.

WITH grateful heart's sensation
At Jesus' feet I fall;
Him with deep adoration
My Lord and God I call,
Since he sustained death for me,
Procuring my redemption
Upon the accursed tree.

2 His stripes, whereby I'm healed,
Are precious to my soul,
His blood is now revealed,
The balm to make me whole;
His cry: My God, my God, ah, why,
Why hast thou me forsaken?
To God now brings me nigh.

3 In holy contemplation
I day and night review
The theme of Christ's salvation,
And find it ever new!
My pulse shall to his honour beat,
And till his blest appearing,
Each breath his praise repeat.

4 Myself I now deliver
Into his faithful hand;
He will support me ever,
Till I before him stand;
Till then I never can forget,
That his atoning passion
Hath cancell'd all my debt.

117. T. 244.

THE slaughter'd Lamb, my Saviour,
Remains my sole delight,
My fav'rite theme for ever,
My object day and night;
The incense of his prayers,
His cries and bitter tears,
For me to God ascendeth;
My mournful cry he hears.

2 With God my habitation
Upon Mount Calvary,

I'll fix without cessation :
 Here it is good to be :
 Thus from my Saviour's death
 Deriving life by faith,
 Of heaven I have a foretaste,
 Until my latest breath.

118.* T. 151.

HERE am I blushing, weeping,
 A breeze of heavenly bliss
 From Jesus' cross perceiving,
 Rejoicing that I'm his;
 To him what shall I render,
 My grateful heart to show ?
 Did but my love more tender,
 More ardent for him glow.

2 I was defiled all over,
 Depraved and unclean ;
 His blood my guilt did cover,
 And wash'd my soul from sin ;
 The time I well remember
 When, fill'd with deepest awe,
 My name among the number
 In the Lamb's book I saw.

3 My Saviour's death and passion,
 His anguish, grief, and pain,
 Until my consummation
 My fav'rite theme remain ;
 Himself hath sanctified
 The grave, my resting place,
 And since for me he died,
 I shall lie down in peace.

119.* T. 168.

THOU hast cancell'd my transgres-
 Jesus, by thy precious blood ; [sion,
 May I find therein salvation,
 Happiness and peace with God ;
 And since thou for sinners suffering
 On the cross wast made an offering,
 From all sin deliver me,
 That I wholly thine may be.

2 All the pain thou hast endured,
 All thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
 Hands & feet, with nails thro' bored,
 The reproach which thou hast borne ;
 Thy back, ploughed with deep fur-
 rows,
 Cross and grave, and all thy sorrows,
 Thy blood-sweat and agony,
 O Lord Jesus, comfort me.

120. T. 36.

LAMB, for thy boundless love I
 praises offer,
 That love, which urged thee in my
 stead to suffer,
 While all the wrath which I should
 have endured,
 On thee was poured.

2 How highly is poor man by thee
 esteemed !
 Thou gavest thyself, that he might
 be redeemed ;
 Take soul and body, Lord, as an
 oblation
 For all thy passion.

3 Thou richly dost deserve, that each
 pulsation
 Thy praises should express without
 cessation,
 And that each drop of blood be hal-
 low'd ever
 To thee, my Saviour.

121.* T. 22.

ROUND Tabor heavenly glories
 shone,
 But what on Olivet was done,
 What signalized Mount Calvary,
 Calls forth my praise:—'twas done
 for me.

122. T. 582.

WAS ever grief like thine,
 Jesus, thou man of wo ?
 The visage and the form divine,
 Why was it marred so ?
 That man by thee restored,
 God's image might regain,
 And by the sorrows of his Lord
 In joys eternal reign.

123.* T. 14.

SEE, world, upon the shameful tree
 Thy Maker sinks in death :
 Cover'd with stripes and wounds for
 thee,
 Thy Saviour yields his breath.

2 Behold the streams of sacred blood,
Behold his pierced side; [flood,
What hath drawn forth this copious
And swell'd this flowing tide?

3 My sins, as num'rous as the sands
Upon the ocean's shore, [hands,
Have been the cruel, murderous
That wounded thee so sore.

4 Thy wondrous love to evidence
Thou wouldst my surety be:
Thyself wouldst pay my debt im-
Thereby to set me free. [mense,

5 Thou art destruction to the grave,
Death's enemy severe;
That each in bondage as its slave,
Might now be saved from fear.

6 My debt to thee, God, who art love,
Weak words can ne'er express;
I cannot here, if there above,
Return due thankfulness.

7 Grant me the grace while I am
Since I can nothing give, [here,
Thy sufferings in my heart to bear,
And by thy death to live.

124. T. 14.

BEHOLD the Saviour of the world,
Imbrued with sweat and gore,
Expiring on the accursed cross,
Where he our sorrows bore.

2 Compassion for man's fallen race
Brought down God's only Son,
To veil in flesh his radiant face,
And for our sins atone.

3 Who can to love his name forbear,
That of his sufferings hears,
And finds the ransom of his soul
Was blood as well as tears?

4 When earth and hell's malicious
Encompass'd thee around, [powers
Thy sacred blood, O Son of God!
Stream'd forth from every wound:

5 Till death's pale ensigns o'er thy
cheeks
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook thy dying eyes,
And life thy drooping head.

6 Joy for thy torments we receive,
Life in thy death have found;
For the reproaches of thy cross
Shall be with glory crown'd.

7 May we a grateful sense retain
Of thy redeeming love;
And live below like those that hope
To live with thee above,

125. T. 14.

ALAS, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote his sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness
And shut his glories in, [hide
When the Almighty Maker died,
An offering for my sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While Jesus' cross appears;
Dissolve, my heart, in thankfulness,
And melt, my eyes, in tears.

126. T. 22.

WHEN I by faith my Saviour see,
Expiring on the cross for me,
Satan and sin no more me move,
For I'm fill'd with Jesus, love.

2 His thorns and nails pierce thro'
my heart,

In every groan I bear a part; [eyes;
I view his wounds with streaming
But see, he bows his head and dies.

3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of
God, [blood,
Wounded, and dead, and bathed in
Behold his side, and venture near,
The well of endless life is here.

4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
Only the fountain-head above
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

5 O that I thus could always feel;
Lord, more and more thy love reveal;
Then my glad tongue shall loud pro-
claim
The grace and glory of thy name.

6 Thy name dispels my guilt and
fear, [ear;
Revives my heart and charms mine
Affords a balm for every wound,
And Satan trembles at the sound.

127. T. 14.

BEHOLD the loving Son of God
Stretch'd out upon the tree;
Behold him shed his precious blood
And die for you and me.

2 Why is his body rack'd with pains,
And wrung with keenest smart?
Why flows the blood from all his
veins,
Why torn with grief his heart?

3 All righteousness did he fulfil,
No sin did ever know;
He never thought nor acted ill;
Why was he wounded so?

4 Alas, we own with conscious
shame,
While we behold his cross,
Our sins have slain the guiltless
He suffer'd all for us. [Lamb,

5 But hence our confidence begins,
For we may boldly say,
That thus, by bearing all our sins,
He took them all away.

6 Our God is fully reconciled,
His justice satisfied;
Each sinner may become his child;
Since Jesus bled and died.

7 Come then, ye needy sinners,
If ye accept, he'll give; [come;
Oh! suffer him to lead you home;
Whoever will, may live.

128. T. 22.

THERE hangs the Saviour of man-
kind,
His visage marr'd, his head reclined,
His bleeding hands, his bleeding feet,
Declare his love divinely great.

2 His flesh is torn with whips and
nails,
His strength decays, his spirit fails,
His side is pierced, his heart is broke,
Our sins upon himself he took.

3 The thieves, expiring on each side,
Proclaim the crimes for which they
died: [done?
But what, dear Saviour, hast thou
Thou diedst for sin, but not thine
own.

4 Jesus, and didst thou bleed for me?
O great, O boundless mystery!

I bow my head in deep amaze,
And silently adore thy grace.

129. T. 582.

GO forth in spirit, go
To Calvary's holy mount;
See there thy Friend between two
thieves,
Suffering on thy account.

2 Fall at his cross's foot,
And say, My God and Lord,
Here let me dwell, and view those
wounds,
Which life for me procured.

3 Fix on that face thine eye:
Why dost thou backward shrink?
What a base rebel thou hast been
To Christ, thou now dost think.

4 Fear not; for this is he
Who always loves us first,
And with white robes of righteous-
Delights to deck the worst. [ness

5 Or art thou at a loss
What thou to him shalt say?
Be but sincere, and all thy case
Just as it is display.

6 His blood thy cause will plead,
Thy plaintive cry he'll hear,
Look with an eye of pity down,
And grant thee all thy prayer.

130. T. 14.

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee.

2 Hark how he groans, while nature
shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done, the precious ransom's
'Tis finish'd, Jesus cries; [paid;
Behold he bows his sacred head,
He bows his head, and dies.

4 Salvation thus did he obtain;
O mystery divine!
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine!

131. T. 22.

THE cross, the cross, O that's my gain,

Because on that the Lamb was slain;
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,
'Twas there my Saviour for me died.

2 The stony heart dissolves in tears
When to our view the cross appears;
Christ's dying love, when truly felt,
The vilest, hardest heart doth melt.

3 Here will I stay, and gaze awhile
Upon the friend of sinners vile:
Abased I view what I have done
To God's eternal, gracious Son.

4 Here I behold, as in a glass,
God's glory, with unveiled face,
And by beholding, I shall be
Made like to him who loved me.

5 Here is an ensign on a hill,
Come hither, sinners, look your fill;
To look aside is pain and loss;
I glory only in the cross.

6 Here doth the Lord of life proclaim
To all the world his saving name;
Repenting souls, in him believe;
Ye wounded, look on him and live.

7 No flaming sword doth guard the place, [grace:
The cross of Christ proclaims free
All pilgrims who would heaven win,
By Jesus' cross must enter in.

132. T. 96.

O LOVE divine, what hast thou [done;
Th' incarnate God hath died for me,
The Father's co-eternal Son
Bore all my sins upon the tree;
Th' incarnate God for me hath died;
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace; [die,
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood ap-
plied:
My Lord, my Love is crucified:—

3 Is crucified for me and you,
To bring us rebels back to God;
Believe, believe the record true,
Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood;

Pardon for all flows from his side,
My Lord, my Love is crucified.

4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream,
All things for him account but loss,
And all give up our hearts to him:
O may we nothing know beside
The Lamb of God as crucified.

133. T. 11.

LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away,
While upon the cross I see
Jesus bleed and die for me.

2 That dear blood for sinners spilt,
Shows my sin in all its guilt:
Ah! my soul, he bore thy load;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3 Hark, his dying word: Forgive,
Father, let the sinner live;
Sinner, wipe thy tear away,
I thy ransom freely pay.

4 While I hear this grace reveal'd,
And obtain my pardon seal'd,
All my soft affections move,
Waken'd by the force of love.

5 Farewell, world, thy gold is dross,
Now I see the blood-stain'd cross;
Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee.

6 He hath dearly bought my soul:
Lord, accept and claim the whole;
To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

134. T. 583.

I KNEEL in spirit at my Saviour's
cross, [foes;
Where he in blood expired for his
With deepest reverence humbly I
adore [bore.
My dying Lord, who all my sorrows

2 I, sinful worm, with awe before
him bow, [tery view:
While I the deep unfathom'd mys-
Poor man must highly valued be in-
deed, [was paid.
For whom so great a ransom price

3 This blessed truth I firmly will
maintain, [slain:
That my Creator for my sins was

May this constrain me gladly to obey
And love the Lord, who took my sins
away.

135. T. 166.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride:
Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
In aught beside my ransom price;
All the vain things which charm'd
me most
For Christ I freely sacrifice.

2 Behold the dying Lamb of God,
And say, was grief like his e'er
known? [blood,
See from his wounds in streams of
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
What can I offer that's not thine?
My thanks, O Lord, how short they
Love so amazing, so divine, [fall!
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

136. T. 184.

FOR our transgressions thou wast
wounded,
Oursins, O Lord, on thee were laid;
Thy sufferings, O what love un-
bounded!
For guilty man the debt have paid:
With humble thanks we now adore
thee,
Thy cross our glory shall remain;
Yet oft ashamed we weep before
thee,
That we by sin the Lord have slain.

137. T. 232.

BEHOLD, my soul, the Lamb of
God, [blood,
Baptised with tears and sweat and
Spent, comfortless, forsaken:
See, how he bows his head and dies,
While to the world the sun denies
His light, and rocks are shaken:
My dear Redeemer, let thy death
Subdue my heart, confirm my faith:
Teach me thy dying love to know,
And in return with love to glow:
Thy love divine
My heart incline,
Lord, to be thine,
Till I in death my soul resign.

138.* T. 151.

THY blood, so dear and precious,
Love made thee shed for me:
O may I now, dear Jesus,
Love thee most fervently:
May the divine impression
Of thy atoning death,
And all thy bitter passion
Ne'er leave me while I've breath.

139.* T. 588.

'TIS finish'd now,
Salvation's finish'd now;
Redeemed sinners, bow,
Adore, and wonder,
That earth and heaven's Founder
Now sinks in death. †

2 Look up and see,
By faith look up and see,
His heart was pierced for thee;
The rock of ages,
Whose stream thy thirst assuages,
Was rent for thee. †

3 The precious flood
Of water and of blood,
Of sin atoning blood,
Now freely floweth
On him who Jesus knoweth
As Lord and God. †

4 We are redeem'd,
Redeem'd to endless bliss,
Our souls rejoice at this;
With hearts enlarged
We see our debt discharged,
Our ransom paid. †

5 O sing again,
Sing still in higher strain
Unto the Lamb once slain;
Bring for salvation
Praise, thanks, and adoration,
Hallelujah. †

140. T. 14.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with
blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that
Lose all their guilty stains. [flood

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day:
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave. (tongue

5 Lord, I believe, thou hast prepared,
Unworthy tho' I be,
For me a blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me.

6 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless
years,
And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

141. T. 240.

ALL hail, thou Lamb of God,
Bearing sin's ponderous load:
Thanks for thy agony,
Thy bloody sweat for me,
Thy sufferings willingly;
All hail, 'midst pain and scorn,
Spit upon, crown'd with thorn,
And by the scourges torn;
All hail, in purple clad:
Sinners, sinners,
Ah! behold the man!
Sinners, sinners,
Ah! behold the man!

2 Bearing the cross's weight
Thou mountest Calvary's height:
I, weeping, follow thee,
For all is done for me,
For me, thine enemy:
All hail, as in my stead,
Thou, a sin offering made,
In torments bow'st thy head:
Thanks for thy pierced side:
Sinners, sinners,
All ye who pass by,
Hearken, hearken,
Mark his dying cry.

3 'Tis finish'd, Jesus cries,
He bows his head and dies:
The veil is rent in twain,
Burst is the captive's chain,
Man is restored again:
All hail, in death though pale,
Victorious Lamb, all hail,
Then did thine arm prevail:
O glorious sacrifice!

Ever, ever
To thy promised word
Faithful, faithful
Saviour, God, and Lord.

142. T. 136.

I WEEP for joy
And tender love's emotion,
When I Christ's sufferings trace with
deep devotion,
From Olivet
To Calvary's bloody brow:
When him, with scoffing multitudes
surrounded,
I view from head to foot for my
transgressions wounded,
Ah! then it is my blest employ
To weep for joy.

2 He died for me,
For me became an offering;
My sin-sick soul he healeth by his
His precious blood, [suffering,
For my redemption shed,
An open fountain is for my trans-
gression; [of salvation,
I in his sacred wounds, those pledges
Discover my election free;
He died for me.

143.* T. 185.

UNTO Jesus' cross I'm now retiring,
There my Saviour's pierced feet,
(Dying love a grateful sense inspir-
ing,)
Bathed in tears I humbly greet;
Might I never lose this blest impres-
sion,
But in spirit fix my happy station
On those heights so dear to me,
Golgotha, Gethsemane.

2 Might thy dying love dear suffer-
ing Saviour,
Which subdued my stubborn heart,
Me constrain, and rule my whole be-
haviour,
Till I from this world depart:
Thus my mortal body I shall nourish,
And as thine with holy reverence
Earnestly intent to bear [cherish,
More of thy blest image here.

[divested,
3 With a mind, from earthly cares
Let me dwell by day and night,

Where the body of my Saviour rest.
Here I find supreme delight; [ed:
Here 'tis good for me with pardon'd
Mary

At his sepulchre in faith to tarry:
Thus in blessed fellowship
With my Lord I wake and sleep.

144.* T. 208.

HAPPY meditation

On my Saviour's passion,

On his death and grave;

It can't be expressed

What a feeling blessed

At such times I have,

When I Christ in Spirit view,

In his suffering scenes revising

My Lord agonizing.

2 All the pains and sorrows

He endured for us;

All the tears he shed,

When he in the garden,

Bearing our sins' burden,

In soul's anguish pray'd;

Yea, each scene of suffering love

Raises in me an emotion

Of intense devotion.

3 Lamb of God, thus dearest

Thou to me appearest;

O might I each breath

Spend, while here I'm living,

In praise and thanksgiving

For thy wounds and death;

Till I, for thy dying love,

Shall with all the saints in glory

Praise, thank, and adore thee.

145. T. 581.

MET around the sacred tomb,
Friends of Jesus, why those tears?
'Midst this sad sepulchral gloom
Shall your faith give way to tears?
He will soon, e'en as he said,
Rise triumphant from the dead.

2 Hidden from all ages past
Was the cross's mystery,
Doubts awhile a veil had cast
O'er that first dear family:
Till they saw him, and believed,
And as Lord and God received.

3 Now with tears of love and joy
We remember all his pain,
Sighs, and groans, and dying cry;
For the Lamb for us was slain,

And from death our souls to save,
Once for us lay in the grave.

4 Hither, sinners, all repair,
And with Jesus Christ be dead;
All are safe from Satan's snare,
Who to Jesus' tomb have fled;
Here the weary and oppress'd
Find a never-ending rest.

5 Wounded Saviour, full of grace,
Hast thou suffered thus for me;
Ah! I hide my blushing face;
How have I requited thee?
Should not I with ardour burn
Some love's token to return?

6 But alas, the spark how small;
Scarcely seen at all to glow;
Lord, thou know'st how short I fall,
And my growth in grace how slow;
Yet, when to thy cross I fly,
Soon all strange affections die.

7 In thy death is all my trust,
I have thee my refuge made;
And when once, consign'd to dust,
In the tomb my body's laid,
Then with saved souls above
I will praise thy dying love.

8 But while here I'm left behind,
Burden'd with infirmity,
May I help and comfort find,
Visiting Gethsemane,
Calvary, and Joseph's tomb,
Till my sabbath's also come.

146. T. 114.

NOW haste, my soul, with awe and
deep devotion
To Joseph's tomb, thy Saviour to
behold, [cold:
Laid in the dust, his body pale and
Ah! in thy stead he drank death's
bitter potion: [and slain,
He as a Lamb was wounded, bruised,
For thee eternal happiness to gain.

2 For worthless me, (O godlike con-
descension!) [sphere,
The Maker of creation's boundless
Whom all celestial hosts as Lord re-
vere, [comprehension,
Whose power divine is past their
Became a man, my guilty soul to
save, [grave.
And rests from labour in the silent

3 Here is the place where weary
souls may tarry:
Tho' near the dead, death can no
power assume, (tomb:
For life, eternal life rests in this
Come then, my pardon'd soul, with
humble Mary (sleep;
Behold thy wearied Master sweetly
Admire his matchless love, adore,
and weep.

4 I view in thee, thou wan and
mangled body.

My Lord, Redeemer, Priest, and
Sacrifice, (est price:
The Bread of Life, the Pearl of great
My soul's Beloved, the Fairest, white
and ruddy,
The promised Seed, the Lord our
righteousness,
The long-predicted Lamb, and Prince
of peace.

5 Here will I stay, engaged in con-
templation

On my Redeemer's agony and death;
This shall increase and fix my wa-
vering faith (tion;
In thee, the finisher of my salva-
Yea, in my soul and body mortify
The sins which did my Jesus crucify.

6 Thou Lord of life, fix thou my soul
and senses (heart:

On thee, the dearest object of my
That, when from this vain world I
shall depart, (commences,
And when the awful scene of death
I may resign my spirit unto thee,
And in thy presence live eternally.

7 Meanwhile I'll love and thank
without cessation

Thee, my Redeemer, who my soul
hast bought, (mercy sought:
And me, a wandering sheep, in
Accept my tears, my prayer and
adoration:

To thee my life, my all I now resign
In life and death; O keep me ever
thine.

147. T. 208.

NOW will I like Mary
My best spices carry
To my Saviour's tomb;
I'll behold his body
Mangled, pale, and bloody;
Now my sabbath's come:

But alas,—what spices has
My poor heart, save tears and crying,
Heart-felt throbs and sighing.

2 Lo, methinks his body,
There stretch'd out already,
Lifeless I behold:

Yes, I view him yonder,
And astonish'd ponder
O'er him dead and cold:

Deep and wide,—I see his side,
Livid wounds on every member
I see without number.

3 Back, the scourges ploughed:
Side, whence blood-streams flowed;
Hands, and feet, and head;
Lips, o'er which death hover'd,
Now with paleness cover'd;
Cheeks, whose colour's fled;
Bruised face,—still full of grace:
On this scene I gaze ashamed,
Weep whene'er 'tis named.

4 Lamb of God, my Saviour,
Thou shalt be for ever

My most fav'rite theme:
And for thy atonement
Might I every moment
Praise thy saving name:
Constantly,—thy passion be,
Till my final consummation,
My heart's meditation.

148.* T. 45.

O DEEPEST grief,—which the re-
Of mankind has procured! (lief
God's beloved and only Son
In a tomb was buried.

2 Ye sons of men,—this doleful plan
Was laid by your transgression;
What Christ suffer'd for your guilt
Is beyond expression.

(blood,
3 The Lamb of God—has shed his
Which flow'd upon the mountain;
This for all iniquity
Is an open fountain.

4 O Prince of peace,—thou Source of
And Author of salvation, (grace,
Thy unbounded love demands
Humble adoration.

5 How blest he is,—who weigheth
That God became his Saviour, (this,
To bestow eternal life
Upon him for ever.

O Jesus blest,—my heart's true
Be thou my soul's desire, (rest,
Till I too can in my tomb
From this world retire.

149. T. 119.

SLAUGHTER'D Lamb, :||:
My Redeemer, while I view
Thee by faith, I'm lost in wonder;
Grateful tears my cheeks bedew:
Blessed Saviour, when I ponder
On the cause of all thy grief and
smart, Melts my heart, :||:

2 Holy Lord, :||:
By the body given to death,
Mortify my sinful nature
Till I yield my dying breath:
Ah! protect thy feeble creature,
Grant that I, by nothing drawn
aside, Thine abide. :||:

150. T. 598.

BELOVED, white and ruddy,
Of thousands none so fair;
I with thy wounded body
No beauty can compare:
Here to thy care consigned
Within thy tomb enshrined,
Might but my body lie;
To thee my soul would fly.

2 But while on earth I tarry,
Wrapt in this mortal vest,
Within thy sanctuary
My troubled soul finds rest:
Admit no strange affections,
But 'midst all imperfections,
Might in my looks be seen,
That I with God have been.

3 In this sepulchral Eden
The tree of life I've found,
Here is my treasure hidden,
I tread on hallow'd ground:
Ye sick, ye faint and weary,
Howe'er your ailments vary,
Creep hither, and make sure
Of a most perfect cure.

4 Here lies in death's embraces
My Bridegroom, Lord, and God;
With awe my soul retraces
The bloody dolorous road,
That leads to this last station;
Here in sweet meditation
I'll dwell by day and night,
Till faith is changed to sight.

151. T. 45.

WEEP, Zion, weep,
In death's deep sleep
Your King his head has bowed:
Closed are those lips, whence late
Truth and mercy flowed.

2 In strains of wo
Our songs shall flow,
What love is here displayed;
See God's dear and only Son,
To a tomb conveyed.

3 Yet, O rejoice
With heart and voice,
Soon will he rise most glorious:
And at the right hand of God
Seat himself victorious.

152. T. 167.

O WHAT love is here displayed!
See the Father's only Son
To the silent tomb conveyed;
Ah, my soul, what hast thou done!
Yet, while I my sins bewailing,
Own that they his blood have spilt,
May that blood, for me prevailing,
Wash away my sin and guilt.

2 Here my sabbath is completed,
Here my soul enjoys sweet peace;
At the feet of Jesus seated,
Here I taste true happiness;
I adore my paschal offering,
I adore God's counsel deep,
I adore my Jesus suffering,
And while I adore him, weep.

153.* T. 185.

WHEN I visit Jesus' grave in spirit,
It is never done in vain; (merit
Since 'tis only from his death and
I can life and strength obtain:
Jesus' cross, his last hours in his pas-
sion, 'piration,
Jesus' stripes, his wounds and ex-
Jesus' body and his blood
Shall remain my highest good.

154. T. 205.

RESTING in the silent grave,
Spent with torments, pangs & cries,

See the Lord God, strong to save;
Him whose thunders shake the skies:
'Twas for me he groan'd, he bled,
And was number'd with the dead:
Sacred body, with amaze
Thankfully on thee I gaze.

155. T. 11.

GO, my soul, go every day
To the tomb where Jesus lay;
Be my members with him dead,
Be his sepulchre my bed.

2 Boldest foes dare never come
Near my Saviour's sacred tomb;
Evil never can molest
Those who near his body rest.

156.* T. 519.

MOST holy Lord and God,
Holy, almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou eternal God;
Grant that we may never
Lose the comforts from thy death:
Have mercy, O Lord.

2 Most holy Lord and God,
Holy, Almighty God,
Holy and most merciful Saviour;
Thou eternal God;
Bless thy congregation
Through thy sufferings, death, and
Have mercy, O Lord. (blood:)

VI. THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST FROM THE GRAVE.

157.* T. 132.

CHRIST Jesus was to death abased
Because of our transgression;
But now for us, by being raised,
Hath gain'd life and salvation:
'Tis this should prompt us to rejoice
To praise the Lord with heart and
In singing hallelujah. (voice,

2 By none of all the human race
Could death and hell be foiled;
Sin render'd all men weak and base,
All ruined were and spoiled;
Death having enter'd by the fall,
Bore sway and was entail'd on all;
All sinners are by nature.

3 But Jesus Christ, the Son of God,
In love and great compassion,
To free us from sin's galling load,
Appear'd in human fashion:
He hath destroy'd sin's power and
claim, (name;
And left death nothing but the
Its sting can't hurt believers.

4 How great and wondrous was the
strife,
Life was by death assailed;
But Jesus Christ, the Prince of life,
O'er sin and death prevailed;

He triumph'd over them in death,
And we are conquerors too by faith
In Christ our risen Saviour.

5 He is the blessed Paschal Lamb,
By God himself appointed:
The prophets all aloud proclaim
That he is the Anointed:
If on our hearts his blood appear,
We're freed from death's enslaving
Subdued is that destroyer. (fear,

6 This is the day the Lord hath made
To lively hopes to raise us:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad
And join to sing his praises;
For Christ, our everlasting light,
Dispels the clouds of sin's dark night
And all the powers of darkness.

7 The bread of life we eat in faith,
Is Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Who conquer'd Satan, sin, and death,
And liveth now and ever:
Our souls desire no other food,
But our Redeemer's flesh and blood,
Which gives us life eternal.

158.* T. 590.

SING Hallelujah, Christ doth live,
And peace on earth restore;

Come, ransom'd souls, and glory give,
Sing, worship and adore:
With grateful hearts to him we pay
Our thanks in humble wise:
Who aught unto our charge can lay?
'Tis God that justifies.

2 Who can condemn, since Christ
And ever lives to God? (was dead
Now our whole debt is fully paid,
He saves us by his blood: (heaven
The ransom'd hos's in earth and
Thro' countless choirs proclaim:
He hath redeem'd us, praise be given
To God and to the Lamb.

3 God rais'd him up, when he for all
Had freely tasted death,
And thus redeem'd us from the fall;
On this we ground our faith:
For God thereby his sacrifice
Declared, unto his praise,
An all-sufficient ransom-price
For Adam's fallen race.

4 The God of peace to guilty man
Doth pard'ning grace afford,
Since from the dead he brought again
Our Shepherd, Head and Lord;
That Shepherd who so freely shed
His blood for sinners poor;
Who died, but now is risen indeed,
And lives for evermore.

5 The God of mercies let us praise,
Who saveth fallen men,
That by his power which Christ did
He us begets again (raise,
Unto a lively confidence,
That we for Jesus' sake
Shall of that blest inheritance,
Reserved for us, partake.

6 His resurrection's power divine,
By grace on us bestow'd,
Renews us, that we, dead to sin,
May live alone to God:
Thus we, supported by his might,
From strength to strength proceed;
And, walking in his truth and light,
Praise him in word and deed.

7 In all we do, constrain'd by love,
We'll joy to him afford,
And to God's will obedient prove
Thro' Jesus Christ our Lord:
Sing Hallelujah and adore
On earth the Lamb once slain,
Till we in heaven shall evermore
Exalt his name, Amen.

159.

T. 590.

BELIEVING souls, rejoice and sing,
Your risen Saviour see,
And say, O death, where is thy sting?
O grave, thy victory?

He died your guilty souls to save;
And, dying, conquer'd death;
Was buried in the gloomy grave,
But re-assumed his breath.

2 Rejoice, your conquering Saviour
He lives to die no more; (lives,
And life eternal freely gives,
Since he our sorrows bore,
To all who their lost state bewail;
For Jesus' precious blood
Doth for each contrite soul prevail
Before the throne of God.

3 Sing praises to our risen Lord;
Life, immortality,
And lasting bliss are now restored
For all; for you and me:
Believe the wondrous deed, my soul,
Adore his saving name;
Rejoice, ye saints, from pole to pole
His love and power proclaim.

4 The Prince of life reclin'd his head
Expiring on the cross;
But now the Lord is risen indeed,
Is risen and lives for us:
Rejoice, and in the dust adore
The Lamb for sinners slain;
He liveth now and evermore,
For evermore to reign.

160.

T. 50.

REJOICE, O church, the Saviour's
bride,

All grief and mourning lay aside:
With cheerful hearts and voices sing
The resurrection of our King.

Hallelujah.

2 He, having triumph'd over death,
Now re-assumes his vital breath:
The angels wait with watchful eyes,
And joy to see their God arise.

Hallelujah.

3 Our gracious Saviour, Head, and
Lord, (word;
Hath well perform'd his promised
And now would have his church re-
joice;

He loves to hear her cheerful voice.

Hallelujah.

4 Let us then with the heavenly
throng

Now join in that eternal song:

Salvation to our God and King,

Whose death did our redemption
bring. Hallelujah.

5 Blessing and praise we give to thee,
That thou from death hast set us
free;

Thy resurrection from the grave
Proves clearly thou hast power to
save. Hallelujah.

6 Thy blood shall wash our gar-
ments white,

Then we with all the saints in light
Shall joyful meet our Lord and head;
We know for us thy blood was shed.

Hallelujah.

7 Astonish'd, at thy footstool low,
With humble gratitude we bow:
Our words can never fully tell

What in our thankful hearts we feel.
Hallelujah.

161. T. 595.

CHRISTIANS, dismiss your fear;

Let hope and joy succeed,

The joyful news with gladness hear,

The Lord is risen indeed:

The promise is fulfill'd

In Christ our only head;

Justice with Mercy's reconciled;

He lives who once was dead.

2 The Lord is risen again,

Who on the cross did bleed;

He lives to die no more, Amen;

The Lord is risen indeed:

He truly tasted death

For wretched fallen men;

In bitter pangs resign'd his breath;

But now is risen again.

3 He hath himself the keys

Of death, the grave, and hell;

His is the victory and praise,

And he rules all things well:

Death now no more I dread,

But cheerful close mine eyes;

Death is a sleep, the grave a bed;

With Jesus I shall rise.

162. T. 11.

GLORY unto Jesus be.

From the curse he set us free;

All our guilt on him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.

2 All his glorious work is done;

God's well-pleased in his Son;

For he raised him from the dead;

Christ now reigns the church's head.

3 His redeem'd his praise show forth

Saints above and saints on earth;

Angels sing around the throne,

Thou art worthy, thou alone.

4 Ye who love him, cease to mourn,

He will certainly return;

All his saints with him shall reign;

Come, Lord Jesus, come: Amen.

163. T. 79.

JESUS, who died the world to save,
Revives, and rises from the grave,

By his almighty power;

From sin and death he sets us free,

He captive leads captivity,

He lives again, to die no more.

2 Children of God, look up and see

Your Saviour clothed with majesty

Triumphant from the tomb:

Cease, cease to grieve, cast off your
fears, [pares,

In heaven your mansions he pre-

And soon will come to take you
home.

3 His church is still his joy & crown,

He looks with love and pity down

On her he did redeem: [knows,

The members of his church he

He shares their joys and feels their

woes, [him.

And they shall ever reign with

164.* T. 22.

REJOICE, the Lord in triumph
reigns, [chains,

Breaks death and hell's infernal

Resumes his life and majesty;

Praise him to all eternity.

2 Behold the great accuser cast;

The hour of darkness now is past,

No right to us can Satan claim,

If we believe in Jesus' name.

165. T. 14.

ON this glad day a brighter scene

Of glory was display'd,

By God, the eternal Word, than
The universe was made. [when

2 He riseth, who mankind hath
bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak the world from
'Tis greater to redeem. [nought,

166*. T. 132.

CHRIST, being risen from the tomb,
To Mary show'd his favour,
And kindly called her by name:
She, when she saw her Saviour,
Directly turn'd about in haste,
His feet with heart-felt joy embraced
And hail'd her risen Master.

2 His holy name for ever be
Adored, bless'd, and praised,
That he hath such invariably
To taste his friendship raised,
As Mary Magdalen and me,
Who nought can boast, but know
that he

Hath pardon'd our transgressions.

3 How happy feels a contrite heart
Enjoying Christ's salvation:
Those who have chosen Mary's part
And fav'rite occupation,
Find in our Saviour, day and night,
A source of comfort and delight;
'Tis this makes life important.

4 He pardon'd me, like Magdalen;
I love him, my Preserver;
I love him, but (it gives me pain)
I love not with such fervour:
When Jesus I shall once behold,
I then shall feel as she of old,
When he to her appeared.

167.* T. 185.

HAIL, all hail, victorious Lord and
Saviour, [death;
Thou hast burst the bonds of
Grant us, as to Mary, that great fa-
vour

To embrace thy feet in faith:
Thou hast in our stead the curse en-
dured,
And for us eternal life procured;
Joyful, we with one accord
Hail thee as our risen Lord.

2 O thou matchless source of conso-
lation,
Scarce thy resting moments end,
When a heart-enlivening salutation
To thy children thou dost send:
We would share thy dear disciples'
feeling, [ing:
As before their risen Master kneel-
Thus shall we, with all our heart,
Witness what a friend thou art.

168. T. 205.

JESUS, who is always near
To assuage his children's grief,
Unto Thomas did appear,
To remove his unbelief:
Come, he said, my nail prints view,
And my side, the spear pierced thro':
Bold in faith he then avow'd:
Christ, thou art my Lord, my God.

2 I would go from pole to pole
To behold my risen Lord;
But content thyself, my soul,
Listen to thy Saviour's word:
They who me by faith receive,
Without seeing who believe,
Trust my word and thereon rest,
They abundantly are blest.

VII. THE ASCENSION OF CHRIST.

169. T. 14.

THE Lord ascendeth up on high,
Deck'd with resplendent wounds;
While shouts of victory rend the sky
And heaven with joy resounds.

2 Eternal gates their leaves unfold,
Receive the conquering King,
The angels strike their harps of gold
And saints triumphant sing.
3 Sinners, rejoice; he died for you,
For you prepares a place;

His Spirit sends, you to endow
With every gift and grace.

4 His blood, which did for you atone,
For your salvation pleads;
And, seated on his Father's throne,
He reigns and intercedes.

170.* T. 83.

SURELY God is present here;

Since the Lord with grace and fa-
To my spirit doth appear, [your,
As my Jesus, as my Saviour;
For the Holy Trinity
Is to us in Jesus nigh.

2 O might all my wishes tend
Unto Christ without cessation,
He's my best and nearest friend,
Full of grace, truth, and salvation;
1. when he is present, feel
Happiness no tongue can tell.

3 Holy awe pervades my heart,
When I see my great Creator
Of man's nature taking part,
That he, as my Mediator,
Might lay down his life for me,
And from death might set me free

4 In the grave for me he lay,
Then arose with power and glori-
Grace triumphant to display, [ous,
Proving over death victorious;
And for forty days was seen
By his followers, God with men.

5 When the Lord's disciples saw
Jesus, gloriously array'd,
From their longing sight withdraw,
In a cloud to heaven conveyed;
Sure, alternate grief and joy [ploy.
Did their hearts and thoughts em-

6 He ascended up on high,
Glorious and with honour crown-
Clothed in godlike majesty, [ed:
And at God's right hand enthroned,
He doth still as man appear,
Pleading for poor sinners there.

7 God be prais'd, they who are his,
In this present dispensation
Nought essential ever miss,
Since they share in his salvation;
Tho' unseen, he's nigh to all
Who in truth upon him call.

8 O when will the time draw near,
That he who to heaven ascended,
Will in majesty appear,
By the heavenly hosts attended?

But we're silent;—to believe
Is our lot, while here we live.

171.* T. 58.

YE, the Lord's redeemed,
Holy, beloved,
Who as new creatures are in Christ
approved,

Look heaven-ward:

2 That he who ascended
For our salvation,
May give you of his grace a sweet
sensation, Tho' still unseen.

3 Countenance majestic,
Yet kind and gracious,
Of our once suffering, now exalted
Jesus, We gaze at thee.

4 Hark, the Father welcomes
His Son beloved:
Come thou, whose powerful arm vic-
torious proved,
Come to my throne:—

5 Sit thou at my right hand,
Till for thy passion
Thy foes shall at thy footstool with
prostration Confess thee Lord.

6 To the Father's glory,
With awe before him,
The countless heavenly hosts fall
down, adore him,
And homage pay.

7 While on earth we tarry,
His death and passion
We will show forth, and our sancti-
fication From him derive.

8 With his ransom'd people
Each day that passes,
Shall be devoted unto solemn praises
For Jesus' death.

9 Lamb of God most holy,
Praise, honour, blessing
Be given to God thro' thee by all
possessing Thy saving grace.

10 Everlasting praises
And adoration
To him, who bath himself by Jesus'
passion To us made known.

11 Holy, holy, holy!
In earth and heaven,
To God and to the Lamb be glory
given By all that breathe.

172.* T. 146.

GO up with shouts of praise,
Go up, High-p iest, to heaven,
Who hast the ransom'd race
Upon thy heart engraven:
Though seated on thy throne,
Thou deign'st to hear our pray'r;
Nor art ashamed to own
That we thy brethren are.

173.* T. 26.

O COMFORT, words can ne'er ex-
press,
That, by the angelic hosts attended,
Our gracious Lord to heaven as-
cended,
There to prepare for us a place.

174. T. 79.

WHEN thou, dear Saviour, didst
ascend,
My hosts, thy Father said, attend,
And worship ye the Son:
With loud acclaims of joy they gazed
And cheerful hallelujahs raised,
Adoring humbly at thy throne.

2 Can we thy triumphs e'er forget?
Shall we not worship at thy feet,
For all thy griefs and pain?
Yes, we will join the angelic throng,
In singing that eternal song, slain.
Worthy the Lamb, for he was

(at rest

3 The assembly, which with thee
Appears in spotless garments drest,
Bows down and humbly sings;
We too thy saving name will bless,
And thee our gracious Lord confess.
The Lord of lords and King of
kings.

175.* T. 132.

RAISE your devotion, mortal
tongues;

Be your exalted Saviour (songs,
The theme of your triumphant
Extol his name or ever: (strings,
Lo, angels strike their loudest
For heaven and all created things
Must sound Immanuel's praises.

2 Ye mourning souls, look upward
For Christ is now preparing (too,
At God's right-hand a place for you,
Shake off all thoughts despairing:
Thence he, your gracious Lord, will
come

To fetch your longing spirits home,
And crown your love and labour.

3 Since he o'er heaven bears sove-
reign sway,

By all its powers attended,
And has more graces to display
Than can be comprehended;
Fear not, for he his blessing pours
On such meek, humble breasts as
The objects of his favour. (yours,

176. T. 22.

TO thee, our Lord, all praise be
given,

For thy ascending up to heaven:
Support us while on earth we stay,
And kindly hear us when we pray.

2 Tho' seated on thy Father's throne
Thou ne'er wilt cease thy flock to
own,

But always in their midst appear,
When in thy name assembled here.

3 For us to heav'n thou didst ascend
To plead our cause, and to attend
To all our wants, yea, to prepare
A place for us, thy bliss to share.

4 At parting from thy little fold,
Thy second advent was foretold;
Therefore we wait with eagerness,
Lord Jesus, to behold thy face.

177. T. 590.

WE sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,
Who sitt'st upon the throne:
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
Who worthy art alone:
Thy sacred, bruised body bore
Our sins upon the tree;
And now thou livest evermore;
O may we live to thee.

2 Poor sinners, sing the Lamb that
died;

(What theme can sound so sweet!)
His drooping head, his streaming
side,
His pierced hands and feet:

With all that scene of suffering love,
Which faith presents to view;
For now he reigns and lives above,
Yea, lives and reigns for you.

3 Was ever grace, Lord, rich as thine,
Can aught so great be named?
What pow'rful beams of love divine
Thy tender heart inflamed:
Ye angels, praise his glorious name
Who loved and conquer'd thus;
And we will likewise laud the Lamb
For he was slain for us.

178.* T. 58.

THE man of sorrows, whose most
precious blood
Pleads now our cause before the
throne of God,
Is in glory seated, and with compas-
sion
Beholds, both far and near, each
congregation

With looks of love.

179. T. 595.

JESUS who died, is now
Seated upon his throne:
The angels who before him bow,
His just dominion own.

2 The unworthiest of his friends
Upon his heart he bears;
He ever to their cause attends,
For them a place prepares.

3 Blest Saviour, condescend
My advocate to be:
I could not have a better friend
To plead with God for me.

180. T. 14.

JESUS, our High-priest & our head,
Who bear'st our flesh and blood,
And always interced'st for us
Before the throne of God:—

2 We know thou never canst forget
Us, thy weak members here:
Yea, when we suffer in the least,
Thou part with us wilt bear.

3 Thou with great tenderness art
touch'd
At what thy children feel;
When by temptation we are press'd
Thou know'st well what we ail.

4 Thou hast a tender sympathy
With every grief and pain;
For when thou wast a man on earth
Thou didst the same sustain.

5 And tho' in heaven exalted now,
Yet thou to us art near; (wants,
Know'st all our weaknesses and
And list'nest to our prayer.

6 What shall we say for this thy love
But 'fore thee prostrate lie,
And thank thee that thou wast a
To all eternity. (man,

181. T. 14.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-priest above;
His heart is fill'd with tenderness,
His bowels yearn with love.

2 In all our griefs he takes a share,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations are
For he hath felt the same.

3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking
But raise it to a flame; (flax,
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

6 He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face; (plead,
Give him, my soul, thy cause to
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

VIII. GOD, AS CREATOR AND PRESERVER OF THE WORLD.

182.* T. 166.

O GOD, thou bottomless abyss,
Thee mortal tongue cannot define,
Or speak thy godlike properties,
Thy holy heights, thy depths divine:
Thou'rt an unfathomable sea;
Of universal nature Lord:
Such knowledge is not found in me,
Frail worm, thy glories to record.

2 Thee would I view and duly praise,
Did not mere weakness me surround;
Thy nature's everlasting rays
My senses and my soul confound:
All sprung from thine omnipotence
Which mind conceives, or eye hath
seen;
No single atom comes by chance:
Wert thou not, nothing e'er had
been.

3 All things with thee are possible,
Thy will in heav'n and earth is done;
Thy wisdom's depths who can re-
veal,
Or who thy mind hath fully known?
No limits thee can circumscribe,
Thy kingdom every where extends;
None can thy greatness e'er describe
For thy dominion never ends.

4 Thou stretchest to infinity,
The highest heavens are thy seat,
Thy glorious name, thy majesty
No seraph can conceive or mete:
Thou art as Lord by all adored,
For every knee to thee must bend;
Who thus have knelt and grace im-
plored,
Have found thee an almighty friend.

5 Counsel and deed are one with
thee,
And justice in thy court presides:
Perfection's thine without degree,
And love thy character abides;
Thy mercy, faithfulness, and grace,
Each morning unto us are new,
And every day brings fresh displays
Of thy protecting care to view.

6 Ah! who can render thee just
praise? (combined;
Who? tho' his heart and tongue
No temple is thy dwelling place,
Thy worship cannot be confined:
By building shrines where thou shalt
dwell,
Thy proper aim is ne'er attain'd;
To such thou dost thy love reveal
As humbly on thy word depend.

(mand
7 Service, not gifts, thou dost de-
From man, this shall his profit be:
Salvation, life, flow from thy hand,
But no increase accrues to thee;
Thy hand rewards, tho' all is thine:
Thy fire in wrath consumes thy foes,
While in its genial warmth and
shine (pose.
Thy friends with heavenly joy re-

8 The seraphim with sweetest tone
Express the glory of thy sway,
The elders, kneeling at thy throne,
Serve thee, and deepest homage pay:
Like them, before thy majesty,
With humble awe I sink ashamed;
Thou art in truth, O Lord, most high,
All that is great and holy named.

183. T. 14.

ALMIGHTY God, thou sovereign
'Fore thee we prostrate fall, (Lord,
In heaven and on earth adored,
As the great cause of all.

2 Thou canst not by our eyes be
Thou art a Spirit pure, (seen,
Who from etern ty hast been,
And always shalt endure.

3 Present alike in every place,
Thy Godhead we adore;
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Thou dwellest evermore.

4 In wisdom infinite thou art,
Thine eye doth all things see,
And every thought of every heart
Is fully known to thee.

5 What e'er thou wilt, thou, Lord,
 canst do
 Here and in heaven above;
 But chiefly we rejoice to know
 Almighty God is love.

6 Thou lovest whate'er thy hands
 have made;
 Thy goodness we rehearse,
 In shining characters display'd
 Throughout the universe.

(wait

7 With longing eyes thy creatures
 On thee for daily food; (meat,
 Thy liberal hand provides them
 And fills their mouths with good.

8 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
 My God, my heavenly King:
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In sounds harmonious sing.

(race

9 Creatures with all their endless
 Thy power and praise proclaim;
 May we who taste thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless thy name.

184.* T. 22.

MONARCH of all, with humble fear
 To thee heaven's hosts their voices
 raise; (share:
 Ev'n earth and dust thy bounties
 Let earth & dust attempt thy praise.

2 Before thy face, O Lord most high,
 Sinks all created glory down:
 Yet be not wroth with me, that I,
 Vile worm, draw near thy awful
 throne.

3 Of all thou the beginning art,
 Of all things thou alone the end:
 On thee still fix my wavering heart,
 To thee let all my actions tend.

4 Thou, Lord, art light; thy native
 ray
 No shade, no variation knows;
 To my dark soul thy light display,
 The brightness of thy face disclose.

5 Thou, Lord, art love: from thee
 pure love

Flows forth in unexhausted streams;
 Let me its quick'ning virtue prove,
 O fill my heart with sacred flames!

6 Thou, Lord, art good, and thou
 alone:

With eager hope, with warm desire,

Thee may I still my portion own,
 To thee in every thought aspire;—

7 So shall my every power to thee
 In love and endless praises rise:
 Yea, body, soul, and spirit be
 Thy ever living sacrifice.

8 Lord God Almighty, ceaseless
 praise (given;
 In heaven, thy throne, to thee is
 Here, as in heaven, thy name we
 bless, (heaven.
 For where thy presence shines is

185. T. 22.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
 Mercy and truth are all his ways;
 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
 The King of kings with glory crown.

(sky,

2 He built the earth, he spread the
 And fix'd the starry lights on high;
 He fills the sun with morning-light,
 He bids the moon direct the night.

3 He sent his Son with power to save
 From guilt, from darkness and the
 grave:

Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 Thro' this vain world he guides
 our feet,
 And leads us to his heavenly seat;
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When this vain world shall be no
 more.

186. T. 166.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines;
 Thy truth shall break through every
 cloud

That veils on earth thy wise designs;
 For ever firm thy justice stands,
 As mountains their foundations
 keep:

Great are the wonders of thy hands;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

2 Thy providence is kind and large,
 Both man & beast thy bounty share;
 The whole creation is thy charge,
 But man is thy peculiar care:
 My God, how excellent thy grace,
 Whence all our hope and comfort
 springs,

The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

3 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast:
Thence mercy, like a river flows,
And we the living water taste:
Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from thy presence, gracious
Lord,

And in thy light divine we see
The glories promised in thy word.

187. T. 22.

LORD, I contemplate with delight
Thy various works both day & night:
What glory shines thro' every part,
What boundless power, what wondrous art.

2 All things in beauteous form ap-
By thy Almighty Fiat rear'd; (pear'd
At last thou from the dust didst raise
Thine image, Man, unto thy praise.

188.* T. 214.

I WILL sing to my Creator,
Unto God I'll render praise,
Who by every thing in nature
Magnifies his tender grace:
Nought but loving condescension
Still inclines his faithful heart
To support and take their part,
Who pursue his blest intention:
All things to their period tend,
But his mercy hath no end.

2 Yea, his Son his heart paternal
Freely did give up for me,
Me to save from death eternal,
And from endless misery:
Depth of love past comprehension,
Whence can my weak spirit fetch
Thoughts profound enough to reach
This unfathom'd condescension:
All things, &c.

3 His good Spirit's blest instruction
In his word to me is given,
Whose unerring manuduction
Leads me in the way to heaven:
He endows my soul and spirit
With the light of living faith,
To o'ercome sin, world, and death,
And escape the hell I merit:
All things, &c.

4 My soul's welfare he advances,
For my body he doth care:
Aid and comfort he dispenses,
When I call on him by prayer:
When my nat'ral strength is shrink-
In the time of utmost need, (ing,
He, my God, draws nigh with
speed,

And recovers me from sinking:
All things, &c.

5 As a hen is used to gather
Her young brood beneath her
wings.

So hath God, my heavenly Father,
Kept me safe from hurtful things;
Had my God withdrawn his favour,
Had not his protecting grace
Saved me in each trying case,
I should have been helped never:
All things, &c.

6 Since nor end, nor bounds nor
measure

In God's mercies can be found,
Heart and hands I lift with pleasure,
As a child in duty bound:

Humbly I request the favour:
Grant me grace both day and night
Thee to love with all my might,
Till I change this infant savour
For that state of bliss above,
Perfect praise and endless love.

189. T. 14.

IN thee I live, and move, and am;
Thou number'st all my days:
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew thy praise.

2 From thee I am, thro' thee I am,
And for thee I must be:
'Twere better for me not to live,
Than not to live to thee.

3 Naked I came into this world,
And nothing with me brought;
And nothing have I here deserved:
Yet I have lacked nought.

4 I do not praise my lab'ring hand,
My lab'ring head, or chance;
Thy providence, most gracious God,
Is my inheritance.

5 Thy bounty gives me bread with
A table free from strife (peace,
Thy blessing is the staff of bread,
Which is the staff of life.

6 The daily favours of my God
I cannot sing at large;
Yet humbly can I make this boast,
I am the Almighty's charge.

7 Lord, in the day thou art about
The paths wherein I tread:
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

8 O let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosannas to thy majesty,
And praise our heavenly King.

190.* T. 590.

LORD when thou saidst, So let it be,
The heav'ns were spread & shone,
And this whole earth stood gloriously;
Thou spak'st, and it was done;
The whole creation still records
Unto this very day,
That thou art God, the Lord of lords;
Thee all things must obey.

191.* T. 151.

COMMIT thou every grievance
Into his faithful hands,
To his sure care and guidance,
Who heaven and earth commands:
For he, the cloud's director,
Whom winds and seas obey,
Will be thy kind protector,
And will prepare thy way.

2 Rely on God, thy Saviour,
So shalt thou safe go on;
Build on his grace and favour,
So shall thy work be done:
Thou canst make no advances
By self-consuming care;
But he his help dispenses,
When call'd upon by prayer.

3 Thy faithfulness eternal,
O Father, certainly
What's good or detrimental
Doth for thy children see:
Thee all things serve in nature,
According to thy will;
Thou, as the great Creator,
Thy counsel dost fulfil.

4 My soul, then with assurance
Hope still, be not dismay'd;
He will from each incumbrance
Again lift up thy head;

Beyond thy wish extended
His goodness will appear,
When he hath fully ended
What caused thy needless fear.

192.* T. 106.

HE that confides in his Creator,
Depending on him all his days,
Shall be preserved in fire and water,
And saved in many dangerous
ways:
He that makes God his staff and stay,
Builds not on sand that glides away.

2 What gain'st thou by thy anxious
caring?
What causes thee to pine away?
Thy rest and health thou art im-
pairing (day:
By sighs and groans from day to
Thou art but adding grief to grief,
Instead of getting sure relief.

3 O could we be resign'd and quiet,
And rest in God's good providence,
Who oft prescribes us wholesome
diet,
By methods cross to flesh and
sense:
To him who chose us for his own,
Our wants and cares are fully known.

4 He knows the hours for joy and
gladness,
The proper time and proper place;
Are we but faithful 'midst our sad-
ness, (praise:
Seek not our own, but seek his
He'll come before we are aware,
And dissipate our grief and care.

5 God can this hour with every dainty
The poor man's table amply spread,
And strip the rich of all his plenty,
And send him out to beg his bread;
God can do wonders, if he please,
Humble the one, the other raise.

6 Do thou with faith discharge thy
station, (praise;
Keep God's commands, live to his
Rely on him for preservation,
On whom the whole creation stays:
The man that's truly wise and just,
Makes God, and God alone, his trust.

193.

T. 14.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words with equal
warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart,
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints & cries
Thy mercy lent an ear, (learn't
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slippery paths of
youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

7 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and
It gently clear'd my way, (deaths
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice
More to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast
thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Ten thousand thousand precious
My daily thanks employ; (gifts
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

10 Thro' every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue:
And after death, in heaven with thee,
The glorious theme renew.

11 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

194.

T. 14.

LONG ere the lofty skies were
Jehovah fill'd his throne; (spread,
Ere man was form'd, or angels made,
The Maker lived alone.

2 His boundless years can ne'er de-
crease,
But still maintain their prime;
ETERNITY's his dwelling-place,
And EVER is his time.

3 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.

195.*

T. 106.

WELL art thou leading, Guide su-
preme,
Thy people on their pilgrimage:
Thy paths may strange and devious
seem (pests rage,
But yet are straight:—should tem-
Amid the desolating blast,
Thy calming voice is heard at last.

2 Thy wisdom scatters, Lord most
high, (bine;
What human prudence would com-
Thy power upraises to the sky,
What some in fetters would confine:
Man, reading not thy perfect will,
Walketh in some vain shadow still.

3 Thy thoughts are high, and soar
above
The vanities which all admire:
No eloquence thine ear can move,
Thy impulse must the tongue inspire:
The Pharisees thou passest by
While mercy waits the sinner's cry.

4 We magnify thy grace, pure love
Doth thy paternal heart excite;
Thy pillar doth before us move,
To dwell with us is thy delight:
Thou watchest o'er us day by day,
And lead'st us in the narrow way.

5 Thou can'st discern our ignorance,
Thou know'st how very weak we are;
Our actions prove our impotence,
Thine—wondrous power and faithful
care: (sheep
Though to the world unknown, thy
Thou in thy fold dost safely keep.

62 GOD, THE CREATOR AND PRESERVER.

6 Sometimes thy rod may seem severe,

Again thy love thou dost display;
Thy gentle chastisement is near,
When we are prone to go astray:
Soon as we mourning seek thy face,
Thou bid'st our wayward wand'rings
cease.

7 Shed wisdom's ray, that I discern
Nature from grace, thy light from
mine:

That no strange fire within me burn,
Which I might vainly think divine;
Thou source of life, how blest is he
Who in thy light the light can see.

196.* T. 595.

GIVE to the winds thy fears,
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy
God shall lift up thy head; (tears,
Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

2 He every where hath way,
And all things serve his might,
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light:
When he makes bare his arm,
What shall his work withstand?
When he his people's cause defends
Who, who shall stay his hand?

3 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose and to command, (own
With wonder fill'd thou then shalt
How wise, how strong his hand;
Thou comprehend'st him not,
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne,
He ruleth all things well.

4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee,
O lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee!
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly thy truth declare,
And publish with our latest breath
Thy love and guardian care.

197. T. 151.

CHILDREN of God lack nothing,
His promise bears them thro';
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spread'n heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens,
Will give his children bread.

2 Tho' vine, nor fig tree neither,
Their wonted fruit should bear;
Tho' all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there:
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

198. T. 581.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleaseth thee.

2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive:
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love.

IX. THE FATHER, SON, AND HOLY GHOST.

199.* T. 132.

TO God on high all glory be,
And thanks that he's so gracious,
That hence to all eternity
No evil should oppress us:
His word declares good will to men,
On earth is peace restored again
Thro' Jesus Christ our Saviour.

2 We humbly thee adore and praise
And laud for thy great glory:
Father, thy kingdom lasts always,
Not fail, nor transitory;
Thy power is endless as thy praise
Thou speak'st, the universe obeys;
In such a Lord we're happy.

3 O Jesus Christ, thou Son beloved
Of thy celestial Father,
By whom all enmity's removed,
And all the lost find succour;
Thou Lamb once slain, our God and
Lord,
To needy prayers thine ear afford,
And on us all have mercy.

4 O Comforter, God Holy Ghost,
Thou source of consolation,
From Satan's power thou wilt, we
trust,
Protect Christ's congregation;
His everlasting truth assert,
All evil graciously avert,
Lead us to life eternal.

200.* T. 97.

MOST holy, blessed Trinity,
God, praised to all eternity,
Lord over all, whose power did
frame [same:
The world, and still upholds the
All things thou reconcilest unto thee;
With awe we now adore thy ma-
jesty.

2 Father of Jesus, Lord of all,
Thee we our God and Father call,
Since Jesus made us by his blood
Children and blessed heirs of God;
Eternal praise and thanks are due to
thee,
From Christ's redeemed, blood-
bought property.

3 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Who didst the human race regain,
And claim'st it as thy property;
Worthy art thou eternally;
For all we are & have, is thine alone,
Ah! take and keep us evermore
thine own.

4 O Holy Ghost, to thee we raise
With joyful hearts our thanks and
praise,
For leading us to Christ by faith
And glorifying Jesus' death;
O grant that we may all in him
abide, [bride.
That he may glory in a faithful

5 We all say, Amen, deeply bow'd
In presence of the Triune God,
By whom in Christ we're fore-
ordain'd
To happiness that knows no end;
With grateful hearts we thank and
praise the Lord:
His saving name for ever be adored.

201. T. 68.

HOLY Trinity,
We confess with joy,
That our life and whole salvation
Flow from God's blest incarnation.
And his death for us
On the shameful cross.

2 Had we angel's tongues
With seraphic songs,
Bowing hearts and knees before thee,
Triune God, we would adore thee,
In the highest strain,
For the Lamb once slain.

202.* T. 230.

TO the Father thanks and praises,
Whose love in Christ to life us raises,
And comforts us in all distress;
Glory, thanks, and adoration,
Be given to Christ without cessation,
Whose presence yields us joy and
The Spirit magnify, [peace;
Who doth to us apply
Jesus' merit;

Our God revere,
He's present here,
Come, worship him with filial fear.

2 Father of the congregation,
O what abundant consolation
We in thy gracious counsel find,
Which by Christ was manifested;
His coming in the flesh attested
Thy tender love to all mankind;
Thy name we magnify
To all eternity;
For thy mercies
Unbounded are;
Thy love and care
Exceed our utmost wish and prayer.

3 Lord our matchless Friend and
Brother, [other
Thy praises from each day to the
I'll sing while I have breath in me:
God, as man to us related,
The grateful sense thou hast created
To praise excites me powerfully;
Rise, joyful spirit, rise,
Exalt his sacrifice,
Hallelujah,
In highest strain
To the Lamb slain;
Let heaven and earth reply, Amen.

4 Holy Spirit, we adore thee,
And to thy name give praise and
For graciously directing us [glory,
To seek pardon, peace, and favour
With God, thro' Jesus Christ our
Saviour.
From whom alone salvation flows;
O fill us with his love,
So that our walk may prove
To his honour;
And grant that we
Continually
May to thy voice obedient be.

203.* T. 155.

TO the Father thanks are due,
For he gave his Son Christ Jesus,
To release us,
And with gifts abundantly
Doth supply,
From the fulness of his treasure.
Those whom he regards with plea-
As the Saviour's property. [sure,

2 Angels, principalities,
Thrones, and powers in heavenly
Worship Jesus [places
As the author of their frame;

We with them
Praise him for his incarnation,
Human life, and bitter passion,
And adore his saving name.

3 Praise the Spirit's mighty work,
For he proves himself most glorious
And victorious,
And o'er all who him obey,
Bears the sway:
Doth he not from Christ's salvation
Truth dispense and consolation,
And to bliss direct the way?

204. T. 39.

O FATHER of mercy, be ever
adored; [our Lord
Thy love was displayed in sending
To ransom and bless us: thy good-
ness we praise
For sending in Jesus salvation by
grace.

2 Most merciful Saviour, who deign-
edst to die, [to buy;
Our curse to remove, and our pardon
Accept our thanksgiving, almighty to
save, [lieve.
Who openest heaven to all that be-

3 O Spirit of wisdom, of love, and
of power,
We prove thy blest influence, thy
grace we adore:
Whose inward revealing applies our
Lord's blood, [God.
Attesting and sealing us children of

205. T. 206.

O FATHER, hear ::
Our humble prayer;
Us kindly own
As children, :: since thy Son,
Whom thou, that we might live, ::
Didst give,
So freely died,—and satisfied
For Adam's race, ::
Proclaiming truth and grace. ::

2 Most gracious Lord, ::
Eternal Word,
Who flesh wast made,
Our Saviour, :: friend and head:
Thou holy Lamb of God, ::
Thy blood,—thy pain and death
Preserve in faith
Thy church while here, ::
Till we 'fore thee appear. ::

3 Dear Comforter, :||
 Receive our prayer,
 Instruct us, Lord,
 That we :|| may know thy word,
 And thus in love and peace :||
 Increase.—O grant that we
 May, taught by thee,
 Count all thing loss :||
 Save Jesus and his cross. :||

206. T. 14.

OUR heavenly Father, source of love,
 To thee our hearts we raise:
 Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
 And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Lord Jesus, thine we wish to be,
 Our sacrifice receive;
 Made, and preserved, and saved by
 To thee ourselves we give. [thee,

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's
 Shed in our hearts abroad: [love
 So shall we ever live, and move,
 And be with Christ in God.

4 Honour to the almighty Three,
 And everlasting One;
 All glory to the Father be,
 The Spirit, and the Son.

207.* T. 58.

GLORY to the Father,
 Who in Christ Jesus
 Doth as dear children own and richly
 bless us,

World without end.

2 Glory unto Jesus,
 The man of sorrows,
 Who suffer'd, died, rose, and revived
 for us,

That we might live.

3 Glory and obedience
 To the Holy Spirit,
 Who glorifies Christ Jesus, and his
 merit To us applies.

4 Lamb of God, once wounded
 For our salvation,
 Let all who breathe, proclaim thy
 bitter passion For evermore.

208.* T. 58.

THAT our Lord's views with us may
 be attain'd,
 We now commend ourselves, with
 faith unfeign'd,
 To the Father's blessing, to the Son's
 favour,
 The holy Spirit's guidance now and
 ever; Hear us, O Lord.

209. T. 167.

MAY the grace of Christ our Sa-
 viour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above:
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other in the Lord;
 And possess in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

210. T. 590.

FATHER of angels and of men,
 Saviour, who us hast bought,
 Spirit, by whom we're born again,
 And sanctified, and taught;
 Thy glory, holy Three in One,
 Thy people's song shall be,
 Long as the wheels of time shall run,
 And through eternity.

211. T. 166.

[veals,
 THAT peace which God alone re-
 And by his word of grace imparts,
 Which only the believer feels,
 Direct, and keep, & cheer our hearts:
 And may the holy Three in One,
 The Father, Word, and Comforter,
 Pour an abundant blessing down
 On every soul assembled here.

212.* T. 185.

WITH thy presence, Lord, our Head
 and Saviour,
 Bless us all, we humbly pray;
 Our dear heavenly Father's love and
 favour
 Be our comfort every day;

May the Holy Ghost in each proceed-
ing [leading;
Favour us with his most gracious
Thus we shall be truly blest,
Both in labour and in rest.

213. T. 14

TILL God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Fill with dismay my mind:—

2 But when Immanuel's face ap-
My hope, my joy begins; [pears,
His name forbids my slavish fears,
His grace removes my sins.

214.* T. 185.

THE Lord bless and keep thee in his
favour,

As his chosen property;
The Lord make his face shine on
thee ever,

And be gracious unto thee;
The Lord lift his countenance most
gracious

Upon thee, and be to thee propitious,
And his peace on thee bestow:
Amen, Amen, be it so.

215. T 595.

YE angels round the throne
And men that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

216.* T. 22.

WITH grateful hearts we humbly
Our heavenly Father for his grace,
Our Saviour who for sinners bled,
The Holy Ghost by whom we're led.

2 O righteous Father, how divine
Thy grace and mercy! praise be
thine, [love
Since thou our souls with cords of
Hast drawn to thy dear Son above.

3 Jehovah Jesus, unto God,
Thou, with thine own most precious
blood,
Hast reconciled the world; to thee,
For so great love, all glory be.

4 God Holy Ghost, blest Comforter,
With solemn praise we thee revere.
Since we, by thee convinced and
taught, [brought.
Are to the blood of sprinkling

217. T. 22.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ,
The love of God so highly prized,
The Holy Ghost's communion be
With all of us most sensibly.

218.* T. 132.

NOW sing thou happy church of
His favour'd congregation, [God,
Redeem'd with Jesus' precious blood
From every tribe and nation:
Most holy, blessed Trinity,
For the Lamb slain all praise to thee
Both now and ever. Amen.

X. OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

219. T. 22.

OUR heavenly Father is not known
To us, but in the Son alone;
His mercy, love, and boundless grace
We see display'd in Jesus' face.

2 O God, how dreadful was thy name
Until the God-man Jesus came;
We cannot love nor honour thee,
Unless the Son hath made us free.

3 O love, no human tongue can tell!
O love divine, unsearchable!
The Father gave his only Son
For guilty sinners to atone.

4 Can any ill distress my heart,
Since God with his own Son did
part?
What'er I want can't be denied,
Since Christ for me was crucified.

220. T. 14.

BEHOLD what love the Father hath
On guilty men bestow'd,
That we, who children are of wrath,
Should children be of God.

2 O how beyond expression great
His love in Christ doth shine!
'Tis like himself, the eternal God,
Past knowledge, all divine.

3 Behold, for fallen, guilty man
The Lord of glory dies;
Lays down his life us to redeem,
A precious sacrifice.

4 Now doth our Lord, the Son of
Who for us lived and died, [God,
See of the travail of his soul,
And is well satisfied.

5 Peace and good-will are now to
Most gloriously display'd, [man
And life eternal we obtain
From God, in Christ our Head.

6 O let us then repeat the theme,
Which always sounds above;
And ever sing with joyful hearts
The wonders of his love.

221*. T. 22.

THOU hast the world so greatly
loved,
Father, that thou by mercy moved
Didst give thy well-beloved Son,
By death for all our sins to atone.

2 That he all who in him believe,
Might in thy family receive.
His sacrifice so great, so dear,
Thou all-sufficient didst declare.

3 As children we are own'd by thee,
Since Christ our brother deign'd to
be;
We feel thy kind paternal heart
To us who have in him a part.

4 The whole salvation of thy Son,
And all his merits make our own;
Yea, grant us richly, for his sake,
Of heavenly blessings to partake.

5 Thou art our Father and our God,
Since Christ assumed our flesh and
blood;
Therefore in thee our trust we place,
And give thee never-ceasing praise.

222.* T. 90.

DEAR heavenly Father, we adore,
And thank thee for the dreadful pain
Thy Son, when he our sorrows bore,
For our redemption did sustain;
O grant that we may all our days
Live to exalt redeeming grace.

223.* T. 58.

O SANCTIFY us by thy truth we
pray,
Christ's glorious brightness in our
hearts display:
We to thy protection ourselves sur-
render,
With filial confidence and love most
tender, O Lord our God.

224. T. 341.

THEE, O my God and King,
My Father, thee I sing,
Hear well-pleased the joyous sound,
Praise from earth and heaven re-
ceive:

Lost, I now in Christ am found,
Dead, by faith in Christ I live.

2 Father, behold thy Son,
In Christ I am thine own:
Stranger long to thee and rest,
See, the prodigal is come:
Open wide thy arms and breast,
Take the weary wanderer home.

3 Thine eye observed from far,
Thy pity view'd me near:
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see,
Me thy mercy ran to find.
Empty, poor, and void of thee,
Hungry, sick, and faint, and blind.

4 Thou on my neck didst fall,
Thy kiss forgave me all:
Still the gracious words I hear,
Words that made the Saviour mine,
Haste, for him the robe prepare,
His be righteousness divine.

225.* T. 58.

LORD God, Abba Father,
The whole creation
With us unites in prayer and ado-
ration, To thy great name.

2 Unto thee we render
Eternal praises,
For having manifested in Christ
Jesus Thy love to us.

226.* T. 132.

WHEN Christ, who saved us by his
blood,
His followers call'd together,
His farewell was, I go to God,
To mine, and to your Father;
Therefore, believing in the Son,
With filial love we humbly own
Thee, God, our God and Father.

227. T. 14.

FATHER of all, almighty Lord,
Our Father and our God,
Since Jesus Christ, th' eternal Word,
Assumed our flesh and blood.

2 Let all with love and filial fear
Thy sacred name adore;
O may thy kingdom soon appear,
And spread the world all o'er.

3 Help us thy pleasure to fulfil,
As done by heavenly powers;
Accomplish in us all thy will,
And let that will be ours.

4 Our souls and bodies feed, we pray,
With food which thou seest best;
We ask our portion for the day,
And leave to thee the rest.

5 Let mercy pardon all our crimes,
Which justice must condemn;
As some have wrong'd us many
And we would pardon them. [times

6 Let not temptation us befall,
While here our race we run;
But rescue and defend us all
From sin and the evil one.

7 Thine is the kingdom, thine the
O'er angels and o'er men; [power
The glory too for evermore
Is thine; Amen, Amen.

228.* T. 90.

BE of good cheer in all your wants,
And steadfast on God's word rely,
He who the greatest favours grants,
The smallest never will deny:
If God could give his Son for us,
What can he then to us refuse?

229.* T. 106.

DRAW me, O Father, to the Son,
That he may draw me unto thee;
Thy Spirit render me his own,
And rule without control in me;
Shed in my heart thy love abroad,
And keep me in thy peace, O God.

230.* T. 79.

REJOICE, my soul, God cares for
Trust to his word assuredly, [thee,
However things may go, [sake,
Thy heavenly Father, for Christ's
Of thy concerns will notice take,
And mercy freely to thee show.

2 My griefs and cares to thee well
known,
My God, I cast on thee alone,
In thee is all my trust;
Since thou dost govern, I'll be still,
Into thy hands resign my will,
And thank thee prostrate in the
dust.

3 I confidently do believe,
Me, thy poor child, thou wilt not
For thou my Father art: [leave,
Fill thou my soul with love & faith,
Thus I am rich in life and death,
And from thy love nought shall
me part.

231. T. 166.

OUR Father, who in heaven art,
Hallow'd be thy most blessed name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done
Always in heaven & earth the same;
Give us this day our daily bread;
Forgive our sins, as we forgive;
Into temptation do not lead,
But full release from evil give.

232.* T. 125.

OUR Father, great and glorious,
On heaven's exalted throne,
Thy kingdom prove victorious,
That Jesus Christ, thy Son,
May, for his death and passion,
From every tongue and nation,
Receive a rich reward.

XI. JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD.

233. T. 22.

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise ascend to his abode:
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger
Almighty Ruler of the sky, [laid,
As when the six days' work he made
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well-pleased he
hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-placed hopes with joy I see,
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
To worship him who died for me.

234.* T. 68.

O ETERNAL Word,
Jesus Christ, our Lord!

While the hosts of heaven adore thee
We with awe fall down before thee,
And with rapture raise
Songs of love and praise.

2 God and man indeed,
Comfort in all need,
Thou becamest a man of sorrows,
To gain life eternal for us,
By thy precious blood,
Jesus, man and God.

235. T. 22.

BEFORE the heavens were
stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting was the Word;
With God he was, the Word was God
And must divinely be adored.

2 By his own power were all things
made;
By him supported all things stand;

He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
The eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth, how full of grace
Was Christ, in whom the Godhead
shone.

4 Archangels left their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

236.* T. 172.

THY majesty how vast it is,
And how immense the glory,
Which thou, O Jesus, dost possess;
Both heaven and earth adore thee:
The numberless heavenly hosts laud
thy name, [ent;

Thy glory and might are transcend-
Ten thousands of angels thy praises
proclaim,
Upon thee gladly dependent.

2 The Father's equal, God the Son,
With him thou ever reignest;
Thou art partaker of his throne,
And all things thou sustainest:
Both angels and men view their
Maker as man,

With joy that is past all expression:
O happy, unspeakably happy who
Find in him life and salvation. [can

3 This mystery every throne and
Admires with adoration; [power
The angelic choirs for evermore
Extol his incarnation:

The angels and elders before him fall
down, [ing;
With accents melodious him praise-
Unto the Lamb slain, and to him on
the throne,

They render glory unceasing.

[strain
4 The church on earth in humble
Exalteth Christ our Saviour;
She sings, The Lamb for us was slain,
Our foe is cast for ever;
For Christ hath redeem'd us by his
precious blood
Out of every nation and kindred,

And made us thereby kings and
priests unto God,
To him thanksgiving be render'd.

5 When Christ in majesty shall come
With all his bright attendance,
On every man pronounce a doom,
An awful, final sentence:
Then shall all his enemies quaking
with dread, [cover;
Wish mountains and rocks them to
The ransom'd with gladness will lift
up their head,
And live with Jesus for ever.

237. T. 14.

O THE delights, the heavenly joys,
The glories of the place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest
Of his o'erflowing grace. [beams
2 Sweet majesty and awful love
Sit smiling on his brow,
And all the glorious ranks above
At humble distance bow.
3 Princes to his imperial name
Bend their bright sceptres down:
Dominions, thrones, and powers re-
To see him wear the crown. [joice
4 Upon that dear majestic head
That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories shine
And circle it around.
5 This is the man, the exalted man,
Whom we unseen adore;
But when our eyes shall see his face,
Our hearts shall love him more.

238. T. 341.

WORTHY, O Lord art thou,
That every knee should bow,
Every tongue to thee confess;
Universal nature join,
Strong and mighty thee to bless,
Gracious, merciful, benign.
2 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
Dominions, thrones, and powers:
Source of power he rules alone:
Veil your faces, prostrate fall,
Cast your crowns before his throne,
Hail the Cause, the Lord of all.
3 Justice and truth maintain
Thy everlasting reign;

One with thine almighty Sire,
Partner of an equal throne,
King of kings, let all conspire
Gratefully thy sway to own.

4 Jesus, thou art my King,
To me thy succour bring:
Christ the mighty One art thou,
Help for all on thee is laid:
This thy promise claim I now,
Send me down the promised aid.

5 Triumph and reign in me,
And spread thy victory:
Sin, and death, and hell control,
Pride, and self, and every foe;
All subdue, thro' all my soul
Conquering and to conquer go.

239.* T. 97.

THOU reign'st above on heaven's
throne,
The Father's equal, God the Son;
The Holy Ghost to us displays
Thy majesty and boundless grace,
And in the Scriptures clearly doth
explain,
That thou, Lord, madest and re-
deem'dst man.
2 With awe and reverence 'fore thee
And at thy name we bow the knee,
As all in earth and heaven join
To extol thy majesty divine, [call
And thee, to God the Father's glory,
The great Jehovah, mighty Lord of
all.

240. T. 595.

PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name;
His praises should employ each
And every heart inflame. [tongue
2 He laid his glory by,
And dreadful pains endured,
That rebels, such as you and I,
From wrath might be secured.
3 Upon the cross he died,
Our debt of sin to pay;
The blood and water from his side
Wash guilt and sin away.
4 And now he pleading stands
For us before the throne,
And answers all the law demands,
With what himself hath done.

5 He sees us willing slaves
To sin, and Satan's power;
But with an outstretch'd arm he
In his appointed hour. [saves,

6 The Holy Ghost he sends
Our stubborn souls to move,
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.

7 The love of sin departs,
The life of grace takes place,
Soon as his voice invites our hearts
To rise and seek his face.

8 The world and Satan rage,
But he their power controls;
His wisdom, love, and truth engage
Protection for our souls.

9 Tho' press'd, we need not yield,
But shall prevail at length:
For Jesus is our sun and shield,
Our righteousness and strength.

10 Assured that Christ our King
Will put our foes to flight,
We on the field of battle sing,
And triumph while we fight.

241. T. 595.

JESUS, my Lord, my God,
The God supreme thou art,
The Lord of hosts, whose precious
Is sprinkled on my heart. [blood

2 Jehovah is thy name;
And thro' thy blood applied,
Convinced and certified I am,
There is no God beside.

3 Soon as the Spirit shows
That precious blood of thine,
The happy, pardon'd sinner knows
It is the blood divine.

4 Yea, only he who feels,
My Saviour for me died,
Is certain that the Godhead dwells
In Jesus crucified.

242. T. 14.

ALL glory to the Saviour's name,
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye saints in glory, who with joy
Have left this earthly ball,

Your most triumphant songs employ,
Extol the Lord of all.

3 Children of God, who walk by
Ye ransom'd from the fall, [faith,
Show forth your dear Redeemer's
Confess him Lord of all. [death,

4 Let every tribe, and every tongue
That hear the Saviour's call,
Unite in one harmonious song,
And hail him Lord of all.

243. T. 595.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David, and of God, [down,
Who brought the news of pardon
And seal'd it with his blood.

2 To Christ, the anointed King,
Be endless blessings given;
Let the whole earth his glory sing
Who made our peace with heaven.

244. T. 96.

JESUS, thou source of calm repose,
Thy like, nor man, nor angel knows,
Fairest among ten thousand fair;
E'en those, whom death's sad fetters
bound, [round,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd
Find light and life if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the light divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course be-
gan: [come,
Thou, when the appointed time was
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But God with God, wast man with
man.

3 The world, death, sin, oppose in
vain;
Thou by thy dying death hast slain;
My great deliverer and my God,
Against thee vain is Satan's rage,
In vain doth hell its powers engage,
Nought can withstand thy con-
quering blood.

[will,
4 Lord, who thine own and Father's
Which is but one, camest to fulfil,
To thy dread sceptre will I bow;
With duteous rev'rence at thy feet
Like humble Mary, lo, I sit:
Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth
now.

5 Renew thine image, Lord, in me;
Lowly and gentle may I be; [dear;
No charms but these to thee are
No anger may'st thou ever find,
No pride in my unruffled mind,
But faith and heaven-born peace
be there.

6 A patient, a victorious mind,
That, life and all things cast behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call;
A heart that no desire can move,
But still to adore, believe, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my life, my all.

245.* T. 68.

JESUS, who with thee
Can compared be?
Source of rest and consolation,
Life, and light, and full salvation:
Son of God, with thee
None compared can be.

2 Life, thou diedst for me,
From all misery
And distress me to deliver,
And from death to save for ever:
I am by thy blood
Reconciled to God.

3 Highest King and Priest,
Prophet, Lord, and Christ,
Thy dear sceptre is embraced
By me at thy feet abased;
I choose Mary's seat
At thy holy feet.

4 Nigh to thee draw me,
Give me faith on thee
To depend, and daily bolder
Cast all misery on thy shoulder,
Which I feel in me;
Draw me nigh to thee.

5 Grant me steadiness,
Lord, to run my race,
Following thee with love most ten-
So that Satan may not hinder [der,
Me by craft or force;
Further thou my course.

6 By thy Spirit's light
Me instruct aright,
That I watch and pray with fervour,
Trusting thee, my soul's preserver:
Love unfeign'd, O Lord,
Unto me afford.

7 Give me courage good,
That my wealth and blood

I for thee could spend, my Saviour,
Hating world and sin for ever;
Since for me, my God,
Thou didst shed thy blood.

8 When I hence depart,
Strengthen thou my heart,
And into thy realms convey me,
In thy righteousness array me,
That at thy right hand
Joyful I may stand.

246. T. 341.

O DAY-SPRING from on high,
In mercy hear my cry!
See the travail of thy soul,
Saviour, and be satisfied;
Rule in me without control,
May I ever thine abide.

2 Jesus, who art the Tree
Of immortality,
Feed this tender branch of thine;
By thy influence I shall thrive:
Thou, the true, the heavenly Vine,
Grafted into thee I live.

3 Of life the Fountain thou;
I know, I feel it now:
Faint and dead no more I droop;
Thou revivest me, thy supplies,
Every moment springing up,
Unto life eternal rise.

4 Thou the good Shepherd art;
From thee I'll never part:
Thou, my keeper and my guide,
Watch me still with tender care;
Gently lead me by thy side,
Kindly in thy bosom bear.

5 Thou art my daily Bread,
O Christ, thou art my Head;
Countless benefits on me,
As thy body's member flow;
Nourish'd I and fed by thee,
Up to thee in all things grow.

6 Prophet, to me reveal
Thy Father's perfect will:
Never mortal spake like thee;
Lord, may I by thee be taught,
May I listen eagerly
To thy words with comfort fraught.

7 High priest, on thee I call,
Thy blood atoned for all:
Thou dost still in heaven above
As the Lamb once slain appear;
There remember me in love,
Plead for me a sinner there.

3 Jesus, thou art my King,
Praises to thee I sing:
Kept by thy almighty hand,
Saviour, who shall pluck me
thence?
Faith supports, by faith I stand,
By the faith thou dost dispense.

247. T. 249.

WE bow before thy throne,
Jesus, :||: and thee alone
Our God and Saviour own;
While pilgrims here on earth we are
We to thy courts will oft repair,
To offer prayer and praise:
O God of Grace,
Thy saving name we bless.

2 Again we raise the strain,
Worthy :||: the Lamb once slain
For evermore to reign: [more,
Thee, Christ, God bless'd for ever-
Our lips confess, our hearts adore:
Honour and majesty
Be given to thee,
Now and eternally.

248. T. 22.

COME, worship at Immanuel's feet;
Behold in him what wonders meet:
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

2 Christ is the Head; each member
lives,
And owns the vital power he gives;
The saints below, and saints above,
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.

3 He is the Vine; his heavenly root
Supplies each branch with life and
O may a lasting union join [fruit:
My soul, as branch, to Christ the
Vine!

4 He is the Rock; how firm he
proves;
The Rock of ages never moves:
But the sweet streams, that from
him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

5 He is the Sun of righteousness,
Diffusing light, and joy, and peace:
What healing in his beams appears,
To chase our clouds and dry our
tears!

6 Yet faintly to us mortals here
His glory, grace, and worth appear:
His beauties we shall clearly trace
When we behold him face to face.

249.* T. 58.

OUR gracious God be praised ever-
more,
That Jesus Christ, who all our sor-
rows bore,
To our hearts so clearly is mani-
fested,
That with conviction 'tis by us at-
tested That he is God.

2 O blessed truth, which with deep
awe is heard, [vered:
Truth, worthy evermore to be re-
To the man Christ Jesus a name is
given
Above all names; all knees in earth
and heaven
'Fore him must bow.

3 Of this great truth we boldly wit-
ness bear,
And to mankind this doctrine will
declare,
That he, who to save us assumed
our nature,
And suffer'd on the cross, is the
Creator Of heaven and earth.

250.* T. 125.

THOU Maker of each creature,
The Father's arm and might,
Thou rulest o'er all nature,
In thine own name and right:
May we in every station
Enjoy thy great salvation,
And simply follow thee.

2 Lord, let us be increasing
In love and knowledge too;
That we, on thee believing,
In spirit serve thee so,
As in our hearts to savour
Thy matchless grace and favour,
And always for thee thirst.

3 O shed abroad, Lord Jesus,
Thy love in us, we pray;
And let its influence gracious
Our thoughts and actions sway:
Thus in the path proceeding,
To life eternal leading,
We shall thy word obey.

251.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, praise to thee be given,
 Creator both of earth and heaven,
 Who wast from everlasting Lord,
 And art as God and man adored.

2 Praise be to thee in Christendom,
 Who wast, who art, and art to come;
 Thy lauds shall dwell upon our
 tongues,
 All saints and angels join our songs.

3 Thy incarnation claims our praise,
 We thank thee for thy boundless
 grace:
 We love thee since thou man wast
 made,
 And hast as man our ransom paid.

4 Receive our thanks, O Lamb of
 God,
 Who hast redeem'd us by thy blood;
 Might all mankind thy name adore
 For thy atonement evermore.

XII. THE HOLY GHOST, HIS GIFTS AND OPERATIONS.

252.* T. 203.

COME, Holy Ghost, come, Lord our
 God,
 And shed thy heavenly gifts abroad
 On us, and unto every heart
 True faith and fervent love impart:
 O Lord, who by thy heavenly light
 Hast call'd thy church from sinful
 night,
 Out of all nations, tribes and places;
 To thee we render thanks & praises:
 Hallelujah.

2 Thou Light divine, most gracious
 Revive us by thy holy word, [Lord,
 And teach thy flock in truth to call
 On God, the Father of us all:
 From all strange doctrines us pre-
 serve,
 No other master may we serve,
 But Christ who is our only Saviour:
 In him we will confide for ever:
 Hallelujah.

3 O Holy Ghost, kind Comforter,
 Help us with watchfulness & prayer
 'Midst various trials thee to obey,
 And never from the truth to stray:
 O Lord, by thy almighty grace,
 Prepare us so to run our race,
 That we by thine illumination
 May gain heaven's glorious habita-
 tion:
 Hallelujah

253.* T. 58.

GOD Holy Ghost, in mercy us pre-
 serve, [swerve;
 That we from Jesus' doctrine never
 Guide us, till, to finish our race per-
 mitted,
 To Jesus' presence we shall be ad-
 mitted: Have mercy, Lord.

2 O grant us thy divine, thy saving
 light,
 That we may understand Christ's
 mind aright,
 That we may in Jesus abide for ever,
 Who gain'd a place in heaven for
 each believer:
 Have mercy, Lord.

3 Thou source of love, God Holy
 Ghost, inspire [fire:
 Our lifeless souls with love's celestial
 May we, as Christ's members, be
 join'd together
 In unity, and truly love each other:
 Have mercy, Lord.

4 O thou our highest comfort in all
 need,
 Grant that we neither shame nor
 death may dread;
 Should we even suffer hard persecu-
 tion,
 O give us grace to stand without
 confusion: Have mercy, Lord.

254.*

T. 22.

GOD, Holy Ghost, how gloriously
In Christ's redeemed property
Is thy almighty power display'd:
The same that earth and heaven
made.

2 When thou thy unction dost impart,
And breathe new life into the heart;
When thy all-penetrating light
Dispels the thickest gloom of night:

3 When thou dost Christ reveal to us,
And guide our eyes unto his cross;
Thy power divine both far and near
In countless wonders doth appear.

255.*

T. 4.

O SPIRIT of Grace,
Thy kindness we praise,
In showing to us
That life and salvation proceed from
Christ's cross.

2 In darkness we stray'd,
Until we were led
By thee to believe,
That Jesus, our Saviour, will sinners
receive.

3 Our hearts thou didst cheer,
Dispelling all fear;
We humbly could claim
Salvation and pardon in Jesus' dear
name.

4 Grant us to obey
Thy teachings, we pray,
O Spirit of love,
And thankful to thee for thy mercies
to prove.

5 We wish to afford
To Jesus our Lord,
For his bitter pain,
Joy, honour, and glory, 'midst his
chosen train.

6 O therefore impart
Thyself to each heart,
That thus we may show,
In our whole behaviour, that Jesus
we know.

7 Grant us to increase
In knowledge and grace,
Rejoicing by faith
In Jesus' atonement, wrought out by
his death.

256.*

T. 9.

HOLY Ghost, thou God and Lord
Of thy congregation,
We to thee with one accord
Pay our adoration.

2 For thy teaching, heavenly Guide,
O accept our praises;
Have we thee, we're well supplied
With good gifts and graces.

3 Thou explainest unto us
Jesus' incarnation,
And how he upon the cross
Purchased our salvation.

4 Thou fill'st with the gospel-light
Every land and nation,
Aid'st thy witnesses with might
Under tribulation.

5 Us to Jesus thou hast brought;
O preserve us ever
In the faith which thou hast wrought
Thro' thy grace and favour.

6 With maternal faithfulness
Lead his ransom'd people,
And to please him give them grace;
Bear them up when feeble.

7 Daily Jesus' flock thanks thee
For thy kind tuition;
O may we obedient be,
Thro' thy benediction.

8 Grant, that we may never lose,
Till our dying moment,
The rich comfort, which to us
Flows from Christ's atonement.

9 For, our heavenly Father's love,
Jesus' great compassion,
And thy patience ever prove
Our strong consolation.

10 Amen, Lord God, Holy Ghost,
Endless thanks and praises
Gives to thee the ransom'd host,
In the name of Jesus.

257.

T. 14.

COME, blessed Spirit, gracious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of thy word
And break each heart of stone.

2 Give us ourselves and Christ to
In this our gracious day; [know,

Repentance unto life bestow,
Christ's pardoning love display.

- 3 Convince us first of unbelief,
And freely then release;
Fill every soul with sacred grief,
And then with sacred peace.
- 4 Show us our poverty, relieve
And then enrich the poor;
The knowledge of our sickness give
The knowledge of our cure.
- 5 A blessed sense of guilt impart,
And then remove the load;
Trouble, then lead the troubled heart
To Christ's atoning blood.

258. T. 14.

- O HOLY Ghost, eternal God,
Descending from above, [blood,
Thou fill'st the soul, thro' Jesus'
With faith, and hope, and love.
- 2 Thou comfortest the heavy heart,
By sin and grief oppress'd;
Thou to the dead dost life impart,
And to the weary, rest.
 - 3 Thy sweet communion charms the
soul,
And gives true peace and joy;
Which Satan's power can ne'er con-
Nor all his wiles destroy. [trol,
 - 4 Let no false comfort lift us up
To confidence that's vain;
Nor let their faith and courage droop,
Who love the Lamb once slain.
 - 5 Breathe comfort, where distress
abounds,
O make our conscience clean;
And heal, with balm from Jesus'
wounds,
The festering sores of sin.
 - 6 Vanquish our lusts, our pride re-
move,
Take out the heart of stone:
Show us the Father's boundless love,
The merits of the Son.
 - 7 The Father sent his Son to die;
The willing Son obey'd:
The witness Thou, to ratify
The purchase Christ hath made.

259. T. 595.

COME, holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;

Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

- 2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-ceasing love.
- 3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our stubborn hearts reveal
The hidden love of God.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new-create the whole.
- 5 If thou, O Comforter,
Thine influence withdraw,
What easy victims soon we fall
To conscience and the law!
- 6 No longer burns our love;
Our faith and courage fail;
Our sin revives, and death and hell
Our feeble souls assail.
- 7 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free:
Then shall we know, and praise, and
love
The Father, Son, and Thee.

260.* T. 58.

- GOD holy Spirit, be for ever blest,
That thou to us Christ's death dost
manifest,
And of him the fountain, whence
flows salvation,
Dost so distinctly give us informa-
tion, And light impart.
- 3 What of the Father and the Son
we know, [owe:
To thy divine instruction all we
Thro' thy operations we are assured
That Jesus Christ, who death for us
endured, Is Lord and God.
 - 3 Thanks for revealing to us the
Lamb slain,
And that his blood would have been
shed in vain,
Had to sanctify us aught else availed
And could our souls have otherwise
been healed
Than by his stripes.

- 4 Christ's meritorious sufferings are
the sum [tendom;
And sole foundation of true Chris-

We enjoy thro' mercy those comforts
blessed,
Of which, thro' thee, believers are
possessed, While here on earth.

5 The blood of Christ alone can joy
impart,
Can heal, revive, and cheer the con-
trite heart;
Therefore show still clearer to us his
merit,
And lead us daily more, God holy
Spirit, Into all truth.

6 Have patience with us sinners
every day, [pray;
Forgive us all our trespasses, we
O instruct and warn us without ces-
sation;
And with thy peace, thy love, and
consolation, Fill all our hearts.

7 Of Christ we'll gladly testify each
hour,
Until his kingdom shall appear with
power;
Then will all see clearly, how thou
hast trained
God's children, when they once shall
have attained
To bliss complete.

8 Blest Comforter, vouchsafe us all
the grace,
To yield thee joy for thy great faith-
fulness,
And thy love and patience; from sin
protect us,
And in the narrow way to life direct
us, Thou heavenly Guide.

261.*

T. 58.

THOU Comforter and Guide of Jesus'
train, [dain,
Who dost thyself his ministers or-
Look on us in mercy, grant us thy
favour,
Our souls and bodies we devote for
ever O Lord to thee.

2 Where'er we look around, both far
and near,
The power and glory of the Lord ap-
pear,
And such flocks of Jesus are multi-
plying,
Who only wish to live, themselves
denying, Unto his praise.

3 O thou life-giving Stream, the
earth o'erflow,
Whatever would obstruct thy course
break through: [petition,
O most gracious Spirit, hear our
Teach all to turn to Jesus with con-
trition, That they may live.

4 We pray thee fill us all with Jesus'
love, [prove:
That we may in his service faithful
Teach us to esteem it the greatest
favour,
With humble, contrite hearts to
serve our Saviour
Till we shall rest.

5 Unto Christ's congregation in each
place
Grant 'midst all trials, comfort, peace
and grace:
O may all believers in every station
Rejoice in Jesus and in his salva-
tion, God Holy Ghost.

262.

T. 341.

THOU promised Comforter,
Fruit of the Saviour's prayer,
Thee the world cannot receive,
Thee they neither know nor see,
Dead is all the life they live,
Dark their light while void of thee.

2 Yet I enjoy thy grace,
'Thro' Christ my righteousness:
Mine the gifts thou dost impart,
Mine the unction from above;
Pardon written on my heart,
Light, and life, and joy and love.

3 Thee I exalt to feel,
Thou in my heart dost dwell;
There thou bear'st thy witness true,
Shed'st the love of God abroad:
I, in Christ, a creature new,
I, ev'n I, am born of God.
4 Thy gifts, blest Comforter,
I glory to declare;
Sweetly sure of grace I am,
Pardon to my soul applied,
Interest in the spotless Lamb;
Dead for all, for me he died.

5 Thou art thyself the seal;
I more than pardon feel:
Peace, unutterable peace,
Joy, that ages ne'er can move,
Faith's assurance, hope's increase,
All the confidence of love.

6 Pledge of the promise given,
My antepast of heaven,
Earnest thou of joys divine,
Joys divine on me bestow'd;
Heaven and Christ and all is mine,
I'm through thee an heir of God.

7 Thou art my inward guide,
I ask no help beside;
Holy Ghost, on thee I call,
Weak as helpless infancy;
Weak I am, yet cannot fall,
Stay'd by faith, and led by thee.

263. T. 595.

SPIRIT of truth, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
Make thou to us Christ's Godhead
Apply his precious blood: [known,
His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see,
Jesus who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry with joy unspeakable,
Thou art my Lord, my God.

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb!
Spirit of faith, descend and show
The virtue of his name;
The grace which all may find,
The saving power impart;
O testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

264. T. 14

COME, holy Spirit, on us breathe
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle our love, confirm our faith,
Warm these cold hearts of ours.

2 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness in my heart,
That I am born of God.

3 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come:
O lead us, that we may above
Obtain our lasting home.

265. T. 79.

BREATHE on these bones so dry
and dead,
God Holy Ghost, thy influence shed
In all our hearts abroad:
Point out the place where grace
abounds;
Direct us to the bleeding wounds
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.

2 Convince us that the Lamb was
slain
For us, and to our minds explain
The mystery of the cross:
To know, and to be found in him,
Let us our highest gain esteem;
And for it count all things but
loss.

266. T. 14.

COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God,
Proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son;
Thou God of peace and love.

2 Thou art the only Comforter
In all our soul's distress;
Thou showest us our unbelief,
And Christ's redeeming grace.

3 Thou dost thy sanctifying gifts
Unto the church impart;
Writest God's holy, precious law
On each believer's heart.

4 Thy holy unction power affords
The gospel to proclaim:
By thee enabled, we set forth
Salvation in Christ's name.

5 Assist and strengthen us, O Lord,
Thou know'st we all are frail;
Grant, neither Satan, world, nor
flesh,
May o'er Christ's flock prevail.

6 Cause all disharmony and strife
In Christendom to cease;
And give to all the flocks of Christ
Love, union, truth, and peace.

267.* T. 22.

O COMFORTER, God Holy Ghost,
Thou heavenly gifts on us bestow'st;
The pledge of our salvation art,
And bear'st thy witness in our heart.

2 The sheep of Jesus which were lost,
Thou callest, teaching them to trust,
For help, forgiveness, peace & grace
In him, the Lord our righteousness:—

3 Thy unction freely dost impart
To every poor and contrite heart,
Which Jesus as the Saviour knows
From whom alone salvation flows.

4 The feeble souls thou dost sustain,
Anointest all the witness train;
Keepst believers in the faith,
And art their guide in life and death

5 Who can thy operations trace,
Thy kindness, patience, truth, and grace,
Which on God's children thou bestow'st,
O Comforter, God Holy Ghost.

268. T. 583.

O HOLY Ghost, on this great day
inspire [tal fire:
Our souls, we pray, with pentecost—
Breathe thou upon us with thy heavenly wind,
That it refresh and purify our mind.

2 Kindle within us and preserve that fire,
Which will with holy love our breast inspire,
And with an active zeal our soul inflame
To do thy will, and glorify thy name.

3 Endow us richly with thy gifts and grace,
To fit us for the duties of our place;
So open thou our lips, our hearts so raise,
That both our hearts and lips may give thee praise.

4 As in thy temple keep thou residence [from thence,
Within our soul, and never part
Until we're fitted & prepared by thee
Life to exchange for immortality.

269.* T. 230.

[est
THOU great Teacher, who instruct-
Christ's flock, and us to bliss con-
ductest,

Who noblest gifts to grant didst deign
To the apostles, thine anointed,
By thee for that great work appointed

To teach, reprove, and comfort men,
And freely offer grace
Unto the Gentile race;

Lord, have mercy:
Grant us to be
Immoveably
Fix'd on their ground, upheld by thee.

270.* T. 22.

TO thee, God Holy Ghost, we pray,
Who lead'st us in the gospel-way,
Those precious gifts on us bestow,
Which from our Saviour's merits flow.

2 Thou heavenly Teacher, thee we praise
For thy instruction, power, & grace,
To love the Father, who doth own
Us as his children in the Son.

3 Thee of ourselves we could not know,
Till thou, O Lord, didst clearly show
The sin of unbelief to us,
Of enmity to Jesus' cross.

4 When this we felt to be our case,
Then Jesus' blood and righteousness
Unto our hearts thou didst reveal,
Imparting thus thy pardoning seal.

5 Most gracious Comforter we pray,
O lead us further every day;
Thy unction to us all impart,
Preserve and sanctify each heart.

6 Till we in heaven shall take our
Instruct us often to repeat, [seat,
Abba, our Father, and to be
With Christ in union constantly.

271. T. 90.

O THAT the Comforter would come
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me a transient home,
And keep possession of my breast;
Yea, make my soul his blest abode,
The temple of the in-dwelling God.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire Attest that I am born again; (fire, Come, and baptize me, Lord, with Nor let thy former gifts be vain; Grant me a sense that I'm forgiven, A pledge that I'm an heir of heaven.	3 Grant me the indisputable seal, That ascertains the kingdom mine; That pow'rful stamp I long to feel, The signature of love divine: O shed it in my heart abroad, Fullness of love, of heaven, of God.
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XIII. GOD'S CALL OF GRACE TO THE UNCONVERTED SINNER.

272.* T. 583.

TEACH us, O Lord, the cross's mystery,

And grant us docile hearts to learn
of thee; (man,
Thou art as full of love to fallen
As when for our redemption thou
wast slain.

2 I thirst, thou didst upon the cross
exclaim, (the same,
And on thy throne thy thirst is still
That all may taste thy pardoning
grace and love,
And ev'n thine enemies thy mercy
prove.

3 Thou hast no pleasure in the sinner's death, (faith;
But callest him to come and live by
Thou sendest messengers of peace
abroad,
Beseeching men, Be reconciled to
God:—

4 Believe, thou mourning sinner,
that for thee (tree;
Thy Saviour suffered on the cross's
Thereby he triumphed over sin and
hell,
And gain'd for thee a right in heaven
to dwell.—

5 Tho' then unborn, tho' not in person there, (share;
Yet in that act of grace thou hast a
Pardon of sin was then for thee procured,
When Jesus death for every man endured.—

6 For all who flee from Sinai's fiery
wrath,
And look to Calvary's sacrifice by
faith,

The Judge supreme, to whom all
power is given,
Ordaineth pardon, happiness, and
heaven.—

7 Just as thou art, to Jesus come,
and live; (ceive;
Repenting sinners Jesus will receive
Be thou e'er so corrupt and stain'd
with sin,
Fear not, his precious blood can
wash thee clean.

8 Who finds that sin hath quite
o'erspread his soul,
That his own efforts ne'er can make
him whole,
Helpless at Jesus' feet resolves to lie,
God's word declares, that sinner shall
not die:—

9 Tho' he was dead before, behold,
he lives;
The Saviour quickens whom the
Father gives;
Henceforth must sin lie vanquish'd
at his feet;
Thro' faith in Jesus he shall victory
meet.

10 How pleasing 'tis a new-born soul
to view, (new:
How doth its happiness our own redemption
Might all the power of Christ's
atonement prove,
And know the virtue of his dying
love.

273.* T. 217.

MY Saviour sinners doth receive,
Whom, with sin's galling load oppressed,
Nor man nor angel can relieve,
Who have no hope to be redressed;

Who loathe the world and all its ways, (grace;
Dread wrath divine and mourn for
On whom the law pronounceth sentence, (science;
Condemn'd to hell in their own con-
Such wretched sinners find reprieve,
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

2 The fondest mother cannot have
Towards her darling such affection
As Jesus show'd, vile man to save;
His love exceedeth our conception:
He left his throne and blest abode,
To bear the sinner's heavy load;
And since he thro' his death and
suffering
Hath made an all-sufficient offering,
Our debt is paid. and we may live;
For Jesus sinners doth receive.

3 Now is his sympathising heart
A refuge for the most distressed;
He freely pardon will impart;
By him their debt is quite erased:
His blood, like the ocean without
ground,
Their sins hath swallow'd up and
drown'd;
The Holy Ghost to them is given,
Who leads them in the path to hea-
ven, (lieve,
And prompts them always to be-
That Jesus sinners doth receive.

4 They by the Father are esteem'd,
When thus presented by our Sa-
viour;
Heal'd by his wounds, from sin re-
deem'd, (favour;
They prove the Father's love and
He owns them as his sons and heirs,
And all he hath their own declares;
Eternal life they now inherit,
Procured for them by Jesus' merit;
He dwells in them, in him they live,
Since Jesus sinners doth receive.

5 Might all his loving heart but see,
And know his bowels of compassion
To sinners straying carelessly,
Or such as mourning seek salvation:
Him, when on earth 'midst sinners
trace;
Zaccheus tastes his saving grace;
He comforts Magd'len in affliction,
Regards her tears & deep conviction,
Her sins, tho' many, he forgives;
My Saviour sinners poor receives.

6 Behold how he with Peter dealt;
Tho' deep his fall, he show'd him
favour:
Not only when on earth he dwelt
Was he a sin-forgiving Saviour;
No, he is still the very same,
Just, good, and merciful his name;
As he was in humiliation,
So is he still in exaltation:
Repenting souls, you may believe,
Our Saviour sinners doth receive.

7 Come, sinners, come, tho' vile and
base;
Returning prodigals he meeteth;
He freely offers them his grace,
Them with a pardoning kiss he
greeteth: (way?
Why wilt thou stand in thy own
Why wilfully be Satan's prey?
Wilt thou sin's drudge remain for
ever,
Tho' he appeared thee to deliver?
Do not delay, sin's service leave,
Since Jesus sinners will receive.

8 Come ye that heavy laden are,
Come, weary, void of self-assistance;
Tho' doubting, ready to despair,
Come but to him without resistance:
Behold his heart with love replete,
Full of desire the worst to meet;
Long hath he sought for you tho'
wretched, (ed:
You to embrace his arms outstretch-
O come to him, believe, and live!
My Saviour sinners doth receive.

9 Object not, I'm a wretch too base,
Too oft his goodness I have slighted,
Too often spurned at his grace,
I, who was generously invited:
Is your repentance now sincere?
Your sorrow genuine? do not fear;
His pow'r and mercy are unbounded,
None, trusting him, was e'er con-
founded: (lieve;
He saves whom none else can re-
My Saviour sinners doth receive.

10 Think not, 'tis time enough, nor
say, (sure,
God who is gracious beyond mea-
Shuts not the door of grace to-day;
I'll first enjoy some carnal pleasure:
No, God forbid! if you are wise,
Grace offer'd now, do not despise:
Who slights to-day the invitation
May ever miss of his salvation:
Come now to Jesus, come and live;
To-day he sinners doth receive.

11 Draw me, a sinner, unto thee,
Thou sinner's Friend, thou gracious
Saviour;

Grant I and all may ardently
Desire thy pardon, grace and favour:
And when temptations would assail,
Let thine Almighty grace prevail:
May none who feel sin's condemna-

tion,
Neglect thy generous invitation;
But all experience and believe
That Jesus sinners doth receive.

274.* T. 205.

SINNERS, come, the Saviour see,
Hands, feet, side, & temples view;
See him bleeding on the tree:

See, his heart is pierced for you;
View awhile, then haste away,
Find a thousand more, and say,
Come, ye sinners, come with me,
View him bleeding on the tree.

2 Who would still such mercy
grieve?

Sinners, hear instruction mild;
Doubt no more, but now believe,
Each become a little child;
Artful doubts and reasonings be
Nail'd with Jesus to the tree;
Mourning souls who simple are,
Surely shall the blessing share.

3 Through his poverty the poor
May eternal riches gain:
Open'd is heaven's mercy-door;
None that come need come in vain:
Here now freely take who will,
Each poor sinner take his fill;
Rich in grace hereby commence,
Blush no more for indigence.

4 They who search their hearts with
care,
And the blame their own confess,
In the Lamb's redemption share,
To his wounds have free access:
They who deem'd themselves the
Of all sinners, and receive (chief
Full forgiveness, peace, and rest,
Pardoning grace can relish best.

5 Cover'd with a holy shame,
Pardon'd sinners they remain:
Yet their freedom they proclaim,
Their adoption they maintain:
Soon as we are taught to cease
Trusting in our righteousness,

Ceases the tormenting strife,
All within is peace and life.

275. T. 585.

COME, ye sinners, poor & wretched
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able, ::
He is willing; doubt no more.

2 Ho, ye needy, come and welcome!
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief, and true repentance,
Every grace that brings us nigh,
Without money, ::
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost, and ruin'd by the fall;
If ye tarry till ye're better,
Ye will never come at all;
Not the righteous, ::
Sinners Jesus came to call.

4 Let not conscience make you
linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you; ::
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo, your Maker prostrate lies:
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry before he dies,
It is finish'd; ::
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo, the incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus ::
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints & angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah, ::
Sinners here may sing the same.

276. T. 591.

SINNER, hear thy Saviour's call.
He now is passing by;

He hath seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry:
He hath pardon to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears;
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipe away thy tears.

2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case?
He will not pronounce thy doom,
Nor frown thee from his face;
Wilt thou fear Immanuel?
Wilt thou dread the Lamb of God,
Who, to save thy soul from hell,
Hath shed his precious blood?

3 Think how on the cross he hung,
Pierced with a thousand wounds:
Hark, from each as with a tongue
The voice of pardon sounds;
See from all his open'd veins
Blood of wondrous virtue flow,
Shed to wash away thy stains,
And ransom thee from wo.

4 Though his majesty be great,
His mercy is no less;
Though he thy transgressions hate,
He feels for thy distress:
By himself the Lord hath sworn,
He delights not in thy death:
But invites thee to return,
That thou may'st live by faith.

5 Raise thy downcast eyes and see
What throngs his throne surround,
These, tho' sinners once like thee,
Have full salvation found:
Yield not then to unbelief,
While he saith, There yet is room;
Though of sinners thou art chief,
Since Jesus calls thee, come.

277. T. 22.

COME, sinners, to the gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest;
Not one of you need stay behind:
His gospel calleth to mankind.

2 Attend, the gospel-trumpet sounds,
Calls sinners from earth's farthest
bounds;
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye wanderers, who are seeking rest;
The poor, the maim'd, the halt, the
blind,
With Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 The message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

5 His love is mighty to compel;
His conquering love consent to feel:
Yield to his love's almighty power,
And strive against your God no
more.

6 See him set forth before your eyes,
A precious bleeding sacrifice;
His offer'd benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

7 This is the time, no more delay;
This is the acceptable day:
Come in this moment at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

278. T. 22.

SINNERS, obey the gospel-word,
Haste to the supper of the Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day;
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning son;
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his pierced
hands.

3 Ready the Spirit to impart
Grace to subdue the stubborn heart,
To shed Christ's love in you abroad,
And witness you are born of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate:
All heaven is ready to resound,
The dead's alive, the lost is found.

5 Come, sinners, to your gracious
Lord,
Incline your ear; and hear his word;
His offer'd grace with joy receive,
Hear, sinners, and your souls shall
live.

279. T. 22.

HO! every one that thirsts, draw
nigh,

'Tis God invites man's fallen race;
Salvation without money buy,
Buy wine, and milk, & gospel-grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come;
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
God's grace in Christ is free for all.

3 Ye heavy-laden, sin-sick souls,
See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls
From Jesus, made a sacrifice.

4 Nothing you in exchange need
give;

Leave all you are and have behind;
Thankful the gift of God receive,
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

5 In search of empty joys below,
Ye toil with unavailing strife:
Whither, ah! whither would ye go?
Christ hath the words of endless life.

6 To you he calls, My goodness
My promises for all are free: [prove,
O taste my everlasting love,
And let your souls delight in me.

280. T. 205.

SINNERS, hear the joyful news,
God, your Maker, is your friend:
Think not, that his wrath pursues,
That his curses you attend:
As I live, Jehovah saith,
I do not desire your death;
Rather, rather would I see
Each poor sinner turn to me.

2 O then turn to him and live,
Turn to him with all your wo;
He is ready to forgive,
Ready blessings to bestow:
Outstretch'd see his arms of love,
Haste his tender heart to prove;
Haste, ye sinners, you will find
Jesus casteth none behind.

281. T. 106.

YE sinners, in the gospel trace
The friend and Saviour of mankind;
Not one of all the apostate race,
But may in him salvation find:
His thoughts, his words and actions
prove,
His life and death—that God is love.

2 Behold the Lamb of God, who bears
The sins of all the world away:
A servant's form he meekly wears,
He dwells within a house of clay:
His glory through a veil is seen,
And God with God is man with men.

3 Behold our God incarnate stands,
And calls his wandering creatures
home;

He all day long spreads out his hands;
Come, weary souls, to Jesus come:
Tho' ye be e'er so much oppress'd,
Believe, and he will give you rest.

4 Ah! do not of his goodness doubt,
His saving grace for all is free,
He saith, I ne'er will cast him out
Who as a sinner comes to me;
I can to none myself deny:
Come, sinners, come; why will you
dieu?

282. T. 151.

SINNERS, would ye be healed?
Then come to Jesus Christ;
In him is grace revealed,
Come only undisguised;
Come poor and miserable,
Draw nigh just as you are;
You'll find, that he is able
Your losses to repair.

2 His wounds are open fountains
To wash you white all o'er,
Yea, were your sins like mountains,
Or sands on ocean's shore:
Believe in the atonement
By Christ's all-saving blood:
Do not delay one moment,
Come to the Lamb of God.

283. T. 90.

WHERE shall my wand'ring soul
begin,
While I to heavenly songs aspire?
A slave redeem'd from death and sin,
A brand pluck'd from eternal fire;
How shall I due thanksgivings raise,
And sound my great Deliverer's
praise.

2 O how shall I thy goodness tell,
Saviour, which thou hast shown to
me?
That I a child of wrath and hell,
A happy child of God should be;
Should know, should feel my sins
forgiven,
And that I am an heir of heaven.

3 Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots and publicans, believe;
He spreads his arms to embrace you
Repenting sinners he'll receive: [all
No need of him the righteous have
He came the lost to seek and save.

4 Come, O my fellow sinners, come,
Groaning beneath sin's ponderous
weight;

He calls you now, invites you home,
Come quickly, ere it be too late:
Though foes protest, and friends re-
pine,
He died for crimes like yours and
mine.

5 For you the healing current flow'd
From the Redeemer's wounded side;
Languish'd for you th' eternal God,
For you the Prince of glory died:
Believe, your sins shall be forgiven;
Only believe, and yours is heaven.

284.* T. 582.

COME to me, saith the Lord,
All ye who are oppress'd,
Weary and heavy laden souls,
And I will give you rest.

2 Whoe'er to me will come,
And the offer'd grace receive,
Him I in no wise will cast out,
He shall be mine and live.

285.* T. 97.

SINNERS, your Maker is your
friend,
He calls you, to his call attend;
Sure as I live, to you he saith,
I ne'er desire the sinner's death,

But that repenting he may turn to
me, [thee.
And live for ever: Lord we come to

286. T. 11.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Praise ye Jesus' saving name;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face;
As to heaven ye onward move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears;
Jesus will your guilt remove,
Prompted by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas, who long have been
Willing slaves of death and sin;
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin oppress'd,
Welcome all to Jesus Christ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 He subdued the infernal powers;
His tremendous foes and ours
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

7 Sing, ye ransom'd to his praise,
Tune your songs to grateful lays;
Mortals, join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

XIV. REPENTANCE UNTO LIFE.

287*. T. 132.

LORD Jesus Christ, my sovereign
good,

Thou fountain of salvation,
Behold how sin's most dreadful load
Fills me with condemnation:
My sins indeed are numberless;
O Lord, regard my deep distress,
Relieve my guilty conscience.

2 In pity look upon my need,
Remove thou my oppression:

Since thou hast suffer'd in my stead,
And paid for my transgression,
Let me not yield to dark despair,
Nor live in constant dread and fear
Of death and condemnation.

3 When I review my mis-spent days,
I feel a heavy burden;
Reflecting on my trespasses,
I scarce could hope for pardon,
But should be hopeless and forlorn,
Uncertain where for help to turn,
If I had not thy promise.

4 But thy reviving gospel-word,
Which leads me to salvation,
Doth joy unspeakable afford,
And lasting consolation :
This tells me, thou wilt not disdain
A broken heart, replete with pain,
That turns to thee, O Jesus.

5 Me, heavy-laden sinner, hear,
To thee I make confession ;
To my complaints now lend an ear,
Regard my supplication :
My longing is, O wash me clean
From every spot and stain of sin,
Like David and Manasseh.

6 Lord, I approach thy mercy-seat,
And pray thee to forgive me ;
With contrite heart I thee entreat,
Show pity and receive me ;
Cast all my sins and trespasses
Into the ocean of thy grace,
And them no more remember.

7 Oh! for thy name's sake, let me
prove
Thy mercy, gracious Saviour :
The yoke which galls me, soon re-
store me to thy favour : [move,
Thy love shed in my heart abroad,
That I may live to thee my God,
And yield thee true obedience.

8 Thy joyful Spirit gives me power,
Thy stripes heal my diseases ;
Apply thy blood at my last hour
To save me, dearest Jesus :
Then to thy promised rest me bring,
That with the ransom I may sing
Thy praise above for ever.

288.* T. 75.

O WHITHER shall I flee,
Depress'd with misery ?
Who is it that can ease me,
And from my sins release me ?
Man's help I vain have proved,
Sin's load remains unmoved.

2 O Jesus, source of grace,
I seek thy loving face,
Upon thy invitation,
With deep humiliation ;
O let thy blood me cover,
And wash my soul all over.

3 I, thy unworthy child,
Corrupt throughout and spoil'd,
Beseech thee to relieve me,
And graciously forgive me

My sins, which have abounded,
And my poor soul confounded.

4 Through thy atoning blood,
That precious healing flood,
Purge off all sin and sadness,
And fill my heart with gladness ;
Lord, hear thou my confession,
And blot out my transgression.

5 Thou shalt my comfort be,
Since thou hast died for me :
I am by thee acquitted
Of all I e'er committed ;
My sins by thee were carried,
And in thy tomb interred.

6 I know my poverty ;
But ne'ertheless for me
Are all good gifts procured,
Since Jesus hath endured :
Thus strengthen'd, I may banish
All fears ; my foes must vanish.

7 Christ, thy atoning blood,
The sinner's highest good,
Is powerful to deliver,
And free the soul for ever
From all claim of the devil,
And cleanse us from all evil.

8 Lord Jesus Christ, in thee
I trust eternally :
I know I shall not perish,
But in thy kingdom flourish ;
Since thou hast death sustained,
Life is for me obtained.

9 Lord, strengthen thou my heart :
To me such grace impart,
That nought, which may await me,
From thee may separate me ;
Let me with thee, my Saviour,
United be for ever.

289.* T. 132.

OUT of the deep I cry to thee,
My God, with heart's contrition ;
Bow down thine ear in grace to me,
And hear thou my petition ;
For if in judgment thou wilt try
Man's sin and great iniquity,
Ah! who can stand before thee ?

2 To gain remission of our sin,
No work of ours availeth :
We're helpless, guilty, and unclean,
Unless God's grace prevaileth ;
We're 'midst our fairest actions lost,
And none 'fore him of aught can
We live alone thro' mercy. [boast ;

3 Therefore my hope is in God's
 grace,
 And not in my own merit;
 On him my confidence I place,
 Instructed by his Spirit:
 His precious word hath promis'd me
 He will my joy and comfort be;
 Thereon is my reliance.

4 Though sin with us doth much
 abound.

Yet grace still more aboundeth;
 Sufficient help in Christ is found,
 Where sin most deeply woundeth:
 He the good Shepherd is indeed,
 Who his lost sheep doth seek and
 With tender love and pity. [lead

290.* T. 14.

O LORD, afford a sinner light,
 In darkness still I stray;
 Star of the soul, appear in sight,
 And show the narrow way.

2 That way is holy, Christians true
 Alone may walk therein,
 Who thro' thy powerful grace subdue
 The world, the flesh, and sin.

3 Cold is my love, hence sin doth
 reign,
 And grief corrodes my heart;
 With things, whose only fruit is
 I'm not inclined to part. [pain,

4 Resolve, my stubborn heart, and
 To Jesus Christ alone: [cleave
 Would I all other objects leave,
 The work at once were done.

5 Vile worm, shouldst thou refuse to
 Devoted unto him, [be
 Who died upon the cross for thee,
 And did thy soul redeem?

6 Redeeming Lord, O be thou mine,
 My Saviour, Sun, and Shield,
 Thy blood and death have made me
 To thee myself I yield. [thine,

7 Mould me as clay, and fashion me
 A vessel to thy praise,
 Adorn'd with righteousness by thee,
 And sanctified through grace:—

8 So shall I walk the narrow way,
 By thee, my Day-star led:
 And love divine, thy heavenly ray,
 Shall o'er my path be shed.

291. T. 14.

THE Lord first empties whom he
 fills,
 Casts down whom he would raise;
 He quickens, when the letter kills,
 Exalting thus his praise.

2 All fears and terrors, when he
 At once must disappear; [smiles,
 The bruised and wounded heart he
 heals,
 And feeds with heavenly cheer.

3 When he applies his healing blood
 Unto a sin-sick soul, [good,
 This balsam, powerful, precious,
 Ne'er fails to make it whole.

4 He freely laid his majesty
 And all his glory by,
 That our wants through his poverty
 He richly might supply.

5 He's full of grace and truth indeed,
 Of peace, of life and light;
 To all, that helpless sinners need,
 He gives thy soul a right.

6 Tho' heaven's his throne, he came
 from thence
 To seek and save the lost;
 Whate'er might be the vast expense
 His love would bear the cost.

7 On us he spent his life and blood,
 Our losses to retrieve: [good
 Mankind's redemption now holds
 For sinners who believe.

292. T. 96.

THE Lord descended from above,
 Our loss of Eden to retrieve;
 O God of mercy, grace, and love,
 If all the world in thee may live,
 In me a quickening spirit be,
 And witness thou hast died for me.

2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
 By all thy pain and agony,
 Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and
 shame,
 Thy cross and passion on the tree,
 Thy meritorious death, I pray,
 Take all, take all my sins away.

3 I'll be like Magd'len at thy feet,
 And humbly bathe them with my
 tears;

The history of thy love repeat
In every mourning sinner's ears;
That all may hear the joyful sound,
That I, ev'n I, have mercy found.

293. T. 14.

IN thee, O Christ, is all my hope,
My comfort 's all in thee;
Since I'm assured thy mercy's nigh,
And that thou stand'st by me.

2 Me, nor the saints on earth can
help,
Nor angels near thy throne:
To thee I run, thy help to find,
In thee I trust alone.

3 I feel the load of sin so vast,
It sinks me to the grave:
But let thy blood wash out my sins,
Since me thou cam'st to save.

4 Clothed in thy righteousness di-
O may I see thy face, [vine,
Receive the promise from above,
That I'm restored by grace.

5 On me, thy helpless worm, O Lord,
A living faith bestow;
That I thy mercy, truth, and love,
May by experience know.

294. T. 205.

LONG I strove my God to love,
Long I strove his laws to keep,
Fain would fix my thoughts above,
Faintly hoped I was his sheep;
But my striving all proved vain,
Still I found my heart in pain;
Yet ne'er all my vileness saw,
'Till declared accursed by law.

2 When with sense of guilt oppress'd
All my soul was sunk in fear,
Pain and anguish fill'd my breast;
Then did Jesus Christ appear;
Not with vengeance in his eyes,
No, but as a sacrifice
Acceptable unto God;
Glorious offering, precious blood!

3 He was offer'd on the tree,
Jesus, the unspotted Lamb;
Worthy truth, great mystery!
By his blood salvation came,
By his stripes my wounds are heal'd,
By his death God's love reveal'd;

We, once strangers far from God,
Are brought nigh by Jesus' blood.

295. T. 581.

SAVIOUR of thy chosen race,
View me from thy heavenly throne;
Give the sweet relenting grace,
Soften thou this heart of stone;
Stone to flesh, O God, convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.

2 By thy Spirit, me reprove,
All my inmost sins reveal;
Sins against thy light and love
Let me see, and let me feel;
Sins, that crucified my God,
Sins, for which he shed his blood.

3 Jesus, seek thy wandering sheep,
Make me restless to return;
Bid me look on thee and weep,
Bitterly as Peter mourn;
Till I can, by grace restored,
Say, thou know'st I love thee, Lord.

4 Might I in thy sight appear,
As the publican, distress'd;
Stand, not daring to draw near,
Smite on my unworthy breast:
Utter the poor sinner's plea,
God, be merciful to me.

5 Ah, remember me for good,
Passing thro' this mortal vale:
Show me thy atoning blood,
When my strength and courage fail;
Let me oft in spirit see
Jesus, crucified for me.

296. T. 582.

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint?
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come,
Ah, why should I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stray.

2 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let my Saviour take
Possession of my heart?
Some cursed thing unknown
Must surely lurk within,
Some idol, which I will not own,
Some secret bosom-sin.

3 Jesus, the hinderance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
Yea, let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee;
Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy trying power display;
Into its darkest corners shine,
And take the veil away.

4 I now believe; in thee
Compassion reigns alone:
According to my faith, to me
O let it, Lord, be done!
In me is all the bar,
Which thou wouldst fain remove:
Remove it, then shall I declare,
That thou, O God, art love.

297. T. 582.

O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean?
How can I venture to draw nigh
With such a load of sin?
And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didst
For such a wretch as I. [bleed

2 That blood which thou hast spilt,
That grace which is thine own,
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone:
Low at thy feet I bow,
Oh! pity and forgive;
Here will I lie, and wait till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live.

298. T. 14.

THE mist before my eyes removed,
With wonder struck I see,
Dear Lord, the black, the numerous
crimes,
By which I've grieved thee.

2 These were the unrelenting foes
Which made thee groan and cry;
Caused thee to shed thy precious
And bow thy head and die. [blood,

3 Thy love hath thaw'd my frozen
heart,
And caused my tears to flow;
I now abhor that monster, Sin,
And find he is my foe.

4 I trust my guilt was done away
By my incarnate God,

Who felt, to atone for man's offence,
The sin-avenging rod.

299. T. 11.

HEAR, O Jesus, my complaints,
Known to thee are all my wants;
Self-convicted, self-abhorr'd,
I approach thee, dearest Lord.

2 Known to thee, whose eyes are
I thy love and pity claim; [flame,
With an eye of love look down;
Help me, Lord, O help me soon.

3 Break, O break this heart of stone;
Form it for thy use alone;
Bid each vanity depart,
Build thy temple in my heart.

4 This be my support in need,
That thou didst so freely bleed:
All my joys and hopes arise
From thy bleeding sacrifice.

5 This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am sick,
Gives me courage when I faint,
Well supplies my every want.

6 Saviour, to my heart be near,
Exercise thy shepherd-care;
Guard my weakness by thy grace,
Fill my soul with heavenly peace.

300.* T. 205.

OH, how great, how rich, how free,
Is the grace which Christ bestows!
Only cast your misery
At the foot of Jesus' cross;
Weeping at the throne of grace,
Lie, and never quit the place,
Never till your suit's obtained,
Never till the blessing's gain'd.

301. T. 16.

NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can to us afford relief;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else assuage our grief;—

2 Nothing else can ease our burden:
Jesus' precious blood alone
Can produce a sense of pardon,
And dissolve a heart of stone.

302.* T. 66.

BE not dismayed in time of need,
Thy Saviour knows thy irksome
situation;
His heart is mild, with pity fill'd,
Can't see thy grief without commise-
ration.

2 To Christ draw nigh, for help ap-
ply, [gladness;
He will pour out on thee the oil of
He feels and knows thy griefs & woes,
Will turn to joy and comfort all thy
sadness.

303. T. 151.

O GOD of all compassion,
Attend thy suppliant's cry,
And grant me thy salvation,
Or I must faint and die:
A sinner, but relenting,
O'erwhelm'd with deepest grief,
Falls at thy feet, repenting,
O grant him quick relief.

2 Blest Jesus, gracious Saviour,
Great Lord of all above,
Extend to me thy favour,
The gift of pardoning love:
While strength and spirits languish,
And feeble hopes decay;
Save, save my soul from anguish,
And wash my guilt away.

304. T. 79.

OUT of the deep I cried
To thee, my God, and sighed:
Hear thou my voice, O Lord!

Regard my supplication;
I wait for thy salvation.
My hope and trust are in thy word.
2 To thee I make confession;
If thou shouldst mark transgression,
Ah, who could guiltless stand?
But mercy interceding,
My Saviour's ransom pleading
For me, I'm saved by thy com-
mand.

305.* T. 36.

LORD Jesus Christ, if thou wert not
my Saviour,
We're not thy blood still pleading in
my favour,
Where should I, poorest among all
the needy, Find succour ready?
2 What should I do, a sinner vile
and wretched,
Were not thy arms of love to me
outstretched?
But thou my refuge art, my consol-
ation, And whole salvation.

306. T. 36.

WITH deeply humbled hearts, we
make confessions,
Lord, of our sins and manifold trans-
gressions;
But thou art merciful, and grace un-
measured In thee is treasured.
2 Before thy cross we bow with self-
conviction,
Bewail our sins, implore thy bene-
diction;
O grant forgiveness and a confirma-
tion Of our salvation.

X V. FAITH.

307. T. 167.

ERE we know our lost condition,
Ere we feel our inbred wo,
And exclaim with deep contrition,
To be saved, what must I do?
Nought can yield true consolation,
Vain is all our righteousness:
Faith alone in Christ's oblation
Gives the conscience rest and
peace.

2 Living faith, with clearest vision,
Sees the Lamb upon the throne,
And in him a full provision,
Righteousness and peace our own;
Then our days are marked with
blessing, [glow;
Then our hearts with rapture
Streams of comfort, rich, unceasing,
From the wounds of Jesus flow.

308. T. 167.

AS the serpent, raised by Moses,
Heal'd the fiery serpent's bite,
Jesus thus himself discloses

To the wounded sinner's sight:
Hear his gracious invitation:
I have life and peace to give;
I have wrought out full salvation,
Sinner, look to me and live.

2 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee,
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
Give us all the eye of faith:
From the law's condemning sentence
To thy mercy we appeal;
Thou alone canst give repentance,
Thou alone our souls canst heal.

309.* T. 121.

THE Lamb of God was slain,
Salvation to obtain;

No sinner needs to die:
Those only who disdain
His grace, in ruin lie.
Since they will not flee
To the treasury
Of his mercy free.

2 His people now confess
With joy unto his praise:
Though we by one man fell,
By whose unrighteousness
We all are sinners still:
Yet through the Lamb slain,
Through his toil and pain,
We true life obtain.

310.* T. 22.

IN holy writ it is avow'd,
That Christ was Israel's covenant-
The church's everlasting head, (God,
God of the living and the dead.

2 All things were made by Christ the
Word,
By Christ was man to life restored;
The prophets, strong in faith and
bold,
His coming in the flesh foretold.

3 No wonder therefore that we read,
Abram to see his day was glad;
Isaiah too his glory saw,
And spoke of him with joy and awe.

4 'Tis sure that by his bitter pain
He for mankind did life obtain,
Did for his church on earth atone,
And for the ransom'd round the
throne.

5 We love the Lamb of God who
died:
Whoever seeketh aught beside,
Belongs not to our company;
Christ is our all eternally.

6 Our theme within the church shall
be (agony;
Christ's wounds, his griefs and
Our theme, when to the world we
call,
His blood the ransom paid for all.

311. T. 22.

FAITH comes by hearing God's re-
cord

Concerning Jesus Christ the Lord;
The happy means, which heaven
hath bless'd,
To bring us to the gospel rest.

2 The joyful sound is news of grace,
Redemption of a fallen race,
Thro' Jesus' righteousness divine,
Which bright from faith to faith
doth shine.

3 The promise of immortal bliss
We have in Christ our righteousness;
(bought,
By death our righteousness he
Faith pleads that right, but buys it
not.

4 True faith receives the offer'd good
And promise seal'd with Jesus blood;
Faith gives no title to the bliss,
But takes the Saviour's righteous-
ness.

5 In the Redeemer as my head
The covenant is established:
In him the promises are Yea,
In him Amen, and not in me.

312. T. 106.

FROM life and grace, (this we are
bold

Before an erring world to assert,)
Nothing one moment doth withhold
A man but his unwilling heart:
In our dear Lord there's no delay,
Fix'd is his will, and plain his way.

2 Should any one of serious frame,
That long hath seem'd to seek his
face,

His tedious tasks and trials name,
Preparatory steps of grace: (not,
We say, No, Christ requires them
And this fine web a false heart
wrought.

3 Should any think he's so hemm'd in
With sin, as to be past relief,
Alas, he knows not, that the sin
Which binds his soul, is unbelief:
If to the cross we lift our eye,
Then sin and Satan soon must fly.

4 Ready our Saviour is indeed
His glorious work in all to do:
To every one it must be said,
Thou hadst been happy long ago,
Hadst thou in faith cast all thy care
On Jesus Christ who heareth prayer.

313.

T. 14.

MISTAKEN souls that dream of
heaven,

And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust.

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and
By a celestial power; (hell,
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

5 True faith obeys its author's will,
As well as trusts his grace;
A pardoning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.

6 When from the curse he sets us
free,
He makes our nature clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

7 His Spirit purifies the heart,
And seals our peace with God;
True holiness nought can impart
But Jesus' cleansing blood.

314.*

T. 37.

THOUGH every child of God
Is a new creature,
Yet do we feel the load
Of sinful nature;
Which, if by faith we cleave
To Christ our Saviour,
Can, though it cause us grief,
Condemn us never.

2 He's merciful and kind
Past all expression;
If we are but inclined
To make confession
Of all our sinfulness,
His great compassion
Prompts him to grant us peace,
And consolation.

3 He grants us for our tears
His oil of gladness;
Delivers, heals, and cheers,
Dispels our sadness:
Yea, though our bodies die,
His resurrection
Proves, they shall certainly,
Rise to perfection.

4 My portion is the Lord,
I seek his favour,
And in his name and word
Confide for ever:
Nought in the world to me
Can yield such pleasure,
As to be found in thee,
O Christ, my Treasure.

5 Therefore I'll humbly cleave
To my Creator,
Who, that my soul might live,
Assumed my nature;
Redeem'd me by his blood
And bitter passion:
Thanks to the Lamb of God
For my salvation.

315.*

T. 106.

NOW I have found the ground,
wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
Ev'n Christ, who to atone for sin
Was as a spotless victim slain,
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled
away.

2 O Lord, thy everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasseth far;
Thou show'st paternal tenderness
Thy arms of love still open are,
'Thy heart o'er sinners can't but
break

Whether thy grace they slight or
take.

3 God in man's death takes no de-
light;

Each soul may grace and life obtain
In him, who left his glory bright.
Took flesh, and died, and rose again:
And now he knocks times number-
less

At our heart's door, and offers grace.

4 O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation now I'm free;
Since Jesus' blood, through earth and
skies,

Mercy, free boundless mercy, cries.

5 By faith I plunge into this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when sin assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

6 Though waves and storms go o'er
my head,

Though strength, and health, and
friends be gone;

Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,
Tho' every comfort be withdrawn;
Steadfast on this my soul relies,
Jesus, thy mercy never dies.

7 Fix'd on this ground may I re-
main,

Tho' my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt
away:

Mercy's full power I then shall
prove,

Loved with an everlasting love.

316. T. 14.

HAIL, Alpha and Omega, hail,
Thou author of our faith,
Thou finisher of all our hopes,
The truth, the life, the path.

2 Hail, First and Last, thou great
I AM,

In whom we live and move:
Increase our little spark of faith,
And fill our hearts with love.

3 O let that faith which thou hast
taught,

Be treasured in our breast;
The evidence of unseen joys,
The substance of our rest.

4 Then shall we go from strength to
strength,

From grace to greater grace;
From each degree of faith to more,
Till we behold thy face.

317. T. 22.

BY various maxims, forms, and
rules,

That pass for wisdom in the schools,
I strove my passion to restrain;
But all my efforts proved in vain.

2 But since my Saviour I have
known,

My rules are all reduced to one;
To keep my Lord by faith in view,
This strength supplies, and motives
too.

3 I see him lead a suffering life,
Patient amidst reproach and strife;
And from his pattern courage take
To bear and suffer for his sake.

4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,
And by the sight from guilt am
freed;

This sight destroys the life of sin,
And quickens heavenly life within.

5 To look to Jesus as he rose,
Confirms my faith, disarms my foes;
Satan I shame and overcome,
By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6 Exalted on his glorious throne,
I see him make my cause his own;
Then all my anxious cares subside,
For Jesus lives, and will provide.

7 I see him look with pity down,
And hold in view the conqueror's
crown;

If press'd with griefs and cares
My soul revives, nor asks for more.

8 By faith I see the hour at hand,
When in his presence I shall stand;

Then it will be my endless bliss,
To see him where and as he is.

318.* T. 22.

WHEN shall I gain the glorious
dress,

Prepared to clothe my nakedness?
I need it, Lord, without that vest
I cannot be a wedding-guest.

2 When thus I cried in deep distress,
Christ clothed me with his righteousness;
And now, thank God, the work is
I put my Lord and Saviour on.

3 When Christ our life shall once
appear,
It will be manifest and clear,
That his atoning blood from sin
Hath wash'd and kept our garments
clean.

319.* T. 11.

LAMB of God, who thee receive,
Who in thee desire to live,
Cry by day and night to thee,
As thou art, so let us be.

2 Fix, O fix our wavering mind,
To thy cross us firmly bind;
Gladly now we would be clean;
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4 Sinners who in thee believe,
Everlasting life receive;
They with joy behold thy face,
Triumph in thy pardoning grace.

5 Life deriving from thy death,
They proceed from faith to faith,
Walk the new, the living way,
Leading to eternal day.

6 Blest are they who follow thee,
While this light of life they see;
Filled with thy sacred love,
They thy quick'ning power prove.

7 Praise on earth to thee be given,
Never-ceasing praise in heaven;
Boundless wisdom, power divine,
Love unspeakable are thine.

320. T. 14.

HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord.

3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
Lord I believe, with tears he cried,
O help mine unbelief.

4 She too, who touch'd thee in the
And healing virtue stole, (press,
Was answer'd, Daughter, go in
peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

5 Conceal'd amidst the gathering
throng, (eyes,
She would have shunn'd thine
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Strong were her doubts likewise.

6 Like her, with hopes and fears we
come,
To touch thee if we may;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

321.* T. 184.

O JESUS, 'fore whose radiation
The seraphim must cover'd stand,
When, in their awful ministration,
They wait for thy supreme com-
mand: (sighted,
How can this body's eye, dim-
Which by sin's gloomy misery
And earthly shadows is benighted,
Endure thy glorious light to see.

2 Yet let by faith my penetration
Reach ev'n within the sanctuary;
Thy mercy be my consolation,
May this uphold and strengthen me:
Reach unto me thy sceptre gracious
Who low, like Esther, 'fore thee
bow;
Say, I will be to thee propitious,
And loving kindness to thee show.

3 O Jesus, show thy great compas-
sion
Unto the soul that pants for thee;

Hear thou my humble supplication,
My God, be merciful to me !
I know thou art with pity filled
To sinners who thy mercy crave ;
My pardon by thy blood is sealed,
I know 'twas shed my soul to save.

4 I recommend myself for ever
To thee, with filial confidence ;
I pray, O Lord, regard in favour
My tears and humble penitence ;
I thro' thy death am justified,
No condemnation is in me ;
I shall remain to thee allied,
Since I am reconciled to thee.

5 O let thy Spirit still attend me,
Nor from my soul withdraw his
light ;

Protect and graciously defend me,
And order all my steps aright :
That I may without variation,
By humbly walking in thy ways,
Suit to thy will my conversation,
While here I run my mortal race.

6 Jesus, above all else I'll love thee ;
My heart, tho' worthless, be thine
own :

Could infinite compassion move thee
To leave for me thy heavenly throne ?
Then let my heart be dedicated
To thee : fix there thy residence,
Till I shall be to heaven translated,
In joy to see thy countenance.

7 Lord, while my faith to thee as-
cendeth,
O may thy grace descend to me :
Thou art my joy which never endeth,
O fill my heart with love to thee !
I will adore and love thee longer,
Than while my heart its throbs re-
peats ;

The flame of love shall break forth
stronger,
When here my pulse no longer beats.

322.* T. 123.

THE language of true faith
Is this : Lord, my Redeemer,
Oh ! by thy blood and death,
Be thou my help and shield,
To thee myself I yield ;

I'm thine, and thine will be
To all eternity.

2 Do what thou wilt with me,
If I am but prepared,
A vessel fit for thee,
To live unto thy praise,
Clothed in thy righteousness ;
By grace thus sanctified,
I shall in thee abide.

323. T. 14.

THOU Friend of sinners hear my
And grant me my request, (cry.
May I in thy atonement find
My everlasting rest.

2 May I no more resist thy love,
No more thy Spirit grieve,
But as a little child become,
And simply thee believe.

3 Faith is thy gift, thou slaughter'd
Lamb,
Gain'd by thy death for me,
Therefore the privilege I claim,
A child of God to be.

4 Impress this truth upon my breast,
'That thou for me hast died,
That I in thee with confidence
For ever may abide.

324. T. 96.

I TO my God am reconciled,
With joy his pard'ning voice I hear,
He owns me his adopted child,
His love forbids all anxious fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Abba, Abba Father, cry.

325.* T. 184.

WHEN rising winds and rain de-
scending,
A near approaching storm declare,
With trembling speed their wings
extending,
The birds to hollow trees repair ;
Thus I, in faith, by sin oppressed,
My refuge take, O Christ, to thee ;
Thy wounds, my hiding-place most
blessed,
From every evil shelter me.

XVI. THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

326.* T. 97.

JESUS, our glorious head and chief,
 Dear object of our hearts' belief,
 O let us in thy nail-prints see
 Our pardon and election free;
 And, while we view by faith thy
 pierced side,
 Call thee our Lord and God, who for
 us died.

2 The doctrine of Christ's blood and
 death,
 Imparting life to us through faith,
 A mystery is, which is reveal'd
 To babes, but from the wise con-
 ceal'd:
 Thereby the Saviour's flock on earth
 is known;
 Of this the ransom'd sing before
 God's throne.

3 While human nature doth exist,
 While Jesus reigns as Lord and
 Christ,
 So long of the whole gospel this
 From first to last the substance is:
 All to whom God his counsel doth
 reveal, (seal.
 To this as truth divine can set their
 4 Should any virtuous seem to be,
 And blameless from his infancy,
 And scarcely ever have been tried
 By avarice, by lust, or pride,
 And therefore think, I am a child of
 God;
 He's deaf and blind, and quite mis-
 takes the road.

5 All those who through a beam of
 light
 Can see and own they are not right,
 But enter on a legal strife,
 To mend their former course of life,
 And toil and labour hard from day to
 day;
 Such also miss to happiness the way.
 6 But sinners, who with pungent
 smart

Bewail the vileness of their heart,
 Mourning because of unbelief,
 Of sinners deem themselves the
 chief,

Despairing of their self-made righ-
 teousness,
 May place their trust on Jesus'
 saving grace.

7 To such he saith, Arise and live,
 I freely all thy sins forgive,
 I have redeem'd thee, thou art mine,
 Thyself in faith to me resign;
 Obey my voice, and walk in all my
 ways,
 I'll grant to thee in heavenly realms
 a place.

8 His holy Spirit we receive,
 And in our Saviour's word believe;
 We trust in his atoning death,
 As the foundation of our faith,
 And in his robe of righteousness
 array'd (forted.
 Are, 'midst his chosen, richly com-

9 The humble sinner's shame we
 feel,
 And power divine to do God's will;
 These are combined in every heart,
 That in Christ's merits hath a part;
 No more, for want of strength, good
 motions die, (tory.
 Since Jesus gives us constant vic-

10 We rest in Christ, and yet desire,
 Because his love our hearts doth
 fire,

To serve his cause with all our might,
 And deem our Saviour's burden
 light;

Don't we succeed, we think ourselves
 to blame, (name.
 And if we do, we praise his holy

11 Should self-complacency take
 place;

When we review our faithfulness,
 We're soon with inward shame
 bow'd down,

Forget ourselves, and freely own,
 That Jesus works in us whate'er is
 good,

And thank him for the power he hath
 bestow'd.

12 Grace is the only wish and prayer
 Of all those, who God's children are;
 They meditate by night and day,
 How they may true obedience pay

To Jesus, who redeem'd us by his death;
And grace unmerited supports their faith.

327.*

T. 22.

THE Saviour's blood and righteousness

My beauty is, my glorious dress:
Thus well array'd I need not fear,
When in his presence I appear.

2 The holy, spotless, Lamb of God,
Who freely gave his life and blood,
For all my numerous sins to atone,
I for my Lord and Saviour own.

3 In him I trust for evermore,
He hath expung'd the dreadful score
Of all my guilt; this done away,
I need not fear the judgment-day.

4 Therefore my Saviour's blood and death
Are here the substance of my faith;
And shall remain when called hence,
My only hope and confidence.

5 For should I e'er so faithful prove,
Serve my kind lord with zeal and love,
And spend my life for him I serve,
Nor e'er from his commandments swerve;—

6 Yet when my Saviour I shall see,
Then shall I have this only plea;
Here is a sinner, who would fain
Thro' the Lamb's ransom entrance gain.

7 Thus Abraham was saved by grace,
Believing in Christ's righteousness;
And all the ransom'd saints in light
In this blest song of praise unite:—

8 All glory, power, and might pertain
Unto the Lamb, for he was slain,
And hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God.

9 While here on earth I still remain,
This doctrine firmly I'll maintain:
And both in word and deed proclaim
The power of Jesus' saving name.

10 Lord Jesus Christ, all praise to thee,

That thou didst deign a man to be,
And for each soul that thou hast
Hast an eternal ransom paid. (made

11 O King of glory, Christ the Lord,
God's only Son, eternal Word,
Let all the world thy mercy see,
And bless those who believe in thee.

12 Thy incarnation, wounds, and death

I will confess while I have breath,
Till I shall see thee face to face,
Arrayed with thy righteousness.

328.*

T. 590.

GRACE, grace, O that's a welcome
A joyful sound to all, (sound,
Who clearly see and deeply feel
The misery of the fall:

Who rightly know the wretched state
Of sinners void of grace,
Ere Christ elects them to enjoy
In heavenly realms a place.

2 Grace, how exceeding great to
Who, ready to despair, (those,
Ashamed confess, and truly know,
How vile and weak they are!
Yet grace, free grace most sweetly
Directly come who will, 'calls,
Just as you are, for Christ receives
Poor helpless sinners still.

3 All we, who now are his, were
Deeply convinced of sin; (first
Each felt the plague of his own heart,
The leprosy within;
Then life and righteousness divine
Thro' faith to us were given;
Thus we a happy people are,
With Christ joint-heirs of heaven.

4 Now, dearest Lord, we inly pray,
That in thy service we
May active, true, and faithful prove,
Deriving strength from thee:
O may we still in thee abide,
For babes we are, most weak,
Poor sinners still, who without thee
Can nought think, act, or speak.

5 We thirst, O Lord! give us this day,
To taste more of thy grace,
More of that stream which from the
rock

Flow'd through the wilderness:

'Tis grace alone that feeds our souls,
 Grace keeps us inly poor :
 And oh ! that nothing but thy grace
 May rule us evermore.

329.* T. 583.

O WHAT a depth of love and bound-
 less grace [plays,
 The gospel-light to sinful man dis-
 When Christ himself to us doth
 manifest,
 And we in him find comfort, peace,
 and rest.

2 When on the soul this blessed
 truth's impressed,
 That thro' Christ's death we may
 find grace and rest :
 Oh ! how doth this refresh the faint-
 ing heart,
 And bid all anxious doubts and fears
 depart.

3 For such poor sinners, who of
 nought can boast, [lost,
 Who think themselves irreparably
 Who groan beneath sin's heavy gall-
 ing load,
 The Lamb of God hath shed his pre-
 cious blood.

4 Virtue goes forth from him, he
 gives us grace
 With confidence his Father to ad-
 dress, [clare,
 And then we boldly may to all de-
 That we thro' faith in Christ, God's
 children are.

330.* T. 16.

WHEN a sinner in affliction
 Mourneth on account of sin,
 Feels the Spirit's deep conviction,
 But no power of faith within :—

2 While a flood of tears is gushing,
 Where shall I find Jesus, where ?
 While the troubled soul is wishing,
 O that he my Saviour were ;—

3 In a moment stands before us
 Jesus with his pierced side :
 Now we find, that he's desirous
 Us from wrath to screen and hide.

4 Thus the soul at once obtaineth
 Pardon from the sinners' friend ;
 To true happiness attaineth,
 And to life which hath no end.

331.* T. 14.

WHAT joy or honour could we have,
 Polluted as we are,
 If not the holy Lamb of God
 Our joy and honour were.

2 Of nothing we have ever done
 To boast could we desire,
 When he to judge us shall appear,
 Whose eyes are flames of fire.

3 None is so holy, pure, and just.
 So perfected in love,
 That his best plea or self-defence,
 Of any weight could prove.

4 Nor is there any other way
 Into the holy place,
 But Christ who took away our sins,
 His blood and righteousness.

5 We know the righteousness com-
 Which he procured for all ; [plete.
 We know the kind reception given
 To the poor prodigal.

6 We know the shepherd's love who
 The ninety-nine behind, [left
 And thro' the desert anxious went,
 The hundredth sheep to find.

8 To him poor sinners may appeal
 With all their misery ;
 The angels joy to see them come,
 Christ calleth, Come to me.

332.* T. 14.

HAPPY the souls who contrite are,
 Them Jesus doth invite,
 And gives to everlasting bliss
 A never failing right.

2 Tho' comforted they still distrust
 Their own untoward heart,
 And wonder, that the Lord to them
 Such mercy could impart.

3 To world and sin they bid adieu,
 His pardon daily prove.
 Desiring larger draughts to drink
 Of Jesus' dying love.

4 When thus the blessings of his
 And merits we enjoy, [blood
 Yea, from the fullness of his grace
 Take daily fresh supply ;—

5 Then we with pity look on those
 Who still in darkness are,
 Inviting them to turn to Christ,
 And in his mercy share.

6 For we thro' grace are taught to
Each sinner that we see (think
May pardon thro' Christ's precious
Obtain, as well as we:— (blood
7 Since Jesus' pardon, love, & grace
Produce an humble shame,
And us excite with thankfulness
His goodness to proclaim.

333.

T. 14.

WITH glorious clouds encompass'd
Whom angels dimly see, (round,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Will God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of grief and love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 In manifested love explain
Thy wonderful design; (man,
What meant the suffering Son of
The streaming blood divine?

4 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I might now perceive thee near
And my Redeemer know?

5 Come then, and to my soul reveal
The heights and depths of grace,
The wounds which all my sorrows
That dear disfigured face. (heal,

6 Before my eyes of faith, confess'd
Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb;
Array me in salvation's vest,
Declare to me thy name.

7 Jehovah in thy person show,
A Saviour crucified;
And then the pardoning God I know
And feel his blood applied.

8 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

334.

T. 106.

OH! can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain?
For me to make my peace with
God?

Amazing love! how can it be,
That Jesus deign'd to die for me?

9

2 'Tis mystery all; my Maker dies;
Who can explore his vast design?
In vain the highest seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
When this became my only plea,
He freely pardon'd sinful me.

3 He left his Father's throne above,
So free, so infinite his grace;
Impell'd by everlasting love,
He bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
I know that Jesus saved me.

4 Long my imprison'd spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
His eyes diffused a quickening ray.
I 'woke, the dungeon flamed with
light;
My chains fell off immediately,
I rose, went forth, my heart was free.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in him, is mine;
Alive in him my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Now humbly I approach the throne,
And claim the crown thro' Christ my
own.

335.

T. 14.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look: (death,
It seemed to charge me with his
Tho' not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the
And plunged me in despair; (guilt
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 Alas, I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be
For I the Lord have slain. (hid?

6 A second look he gave which said,
I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou mayest live.

7 Thus, while his death my sin dis-
In all its blackest hue, (plays
(Such is the mystery of grace)
It seals my pardon too.

8 With pleasing grief and mournful
My spirit now is fill'd, (joy,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

336. T. 582.

NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience
Or wash away the stain. (peace,

9 Christ, the true paschal Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay the hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 Lord, I look back to see,
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the shameful tree,
And know my guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice,
Our curse he did remove; (voice,
We bless the Lamb with cheerful
And sing his bleeding love.

337. T. 151.

HOW lost was my condition,
Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul;
Near unto death he found me,
And snatch'd me from the grave;
To tell to all around me,
His wondrous power to save.

2 A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death:
Come then to this physician,
His help he'll freely give,
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only—look and live.

338. T. 96.

O THOU who pardon canst impart,
Thy pardoning grace I wish to
feel;

Give life unto my lifeless heart,
And my diseases kindly heal:
Hear, Jesus, hear my feeble moan,
And me as thine in mercy own.

2 Vain are all other helps beside,
Relief from thee alone can flow;
Other physicians have I tried,
Yet only worse and worse I grow;
Give me by faith on thee to lean,
And say unto me, Be thou clean.

339. T. 151.

MY Lord, how great the favour,
That I, a sinner poor,
Can, thro' thy blood's sweet savour,
Approach thy mercy door,
And find an open passage
Unto the throne of grace;
Then wait the welcome message
That bids me go in peace.

2 In my forlorn condition,
Who else could give me aid?
Where could I meet compassion,
But in the church's Head?
In mercy O receive me,
Thou God, who hearest prayer!
From every evil save me,
Dispel each needless fear.

3 I'll never cease repeating
My numberless complaints,
But ever be intreating
Thee, glorious King of saints,
To form me in thine image,
And fill my soul with love,
Till I to thee my homage
Pay with the saints above.

340. T. 22.

THE one thing needful, that good
part

Which Mary chose with all her heart
I would pursue with heart and mind,
And seek unwearied, till I find.

2 Hidden in Christ the treasure lies,
That goodly pearl of so great price;
No other way but Christ there is
To endless happiness and bliss.

3 But oh! I'm blind and ignorant,
Thy holy Spirit, Lord, I want,
To guide me in the narrow road
That leads to happiness and God.

4 My mind enlighten with thy light,
That I may understand aright

The glorious gospel-mystery,
Which shows the way to heaven and thee.

5 O Jesus Christ, my Lord and God,
Who hast redeem'd me with thy blood;

By faith unite my heart to thee,
That we may never parted be.

341.*

T. 58.

THE more forgiveness thou dost
deign to afford,

The more thou art beloved, most
gracious Lord:

We are all great sinners before thee,
Saviour,

O therefore grant to us the grace and
favour To love thee much.

2 How merciful art thou, O God of
love!

How doth each needy soul thy com-
forts prove!

Who to thee can render due com-
pensation?

In heaven and earth thy mercy and
compassion Unequall'd are.

342.

T. 14.

THOU, Lord, must for thy sake for-
It cannot be for mine; (give,

My power the pardon to receive,
My faith is all divine:—

2 A sinner on mere mercy cast,
Thy mercy I embrace,

And gladly own from first to last,
That I am saved by grace.

XVII. THE SURRENDER OF THE HEART TO JESUS.

343.*

T. 582.

UNTO the Lamb of God,
Who to retrieve my loss

Became a man, and died for me,
Upon the accursed cross;

Unto the Prince of life,
Who felt such racking pain,

While he the vengeance due to me
Did willingly sustain:—

2 To him I wholly give
Myself this day anew,

As his reward so dearly gain'd,
His spoil and purchase due;

That with me he may do
What's pleasing in his sight,

And from me take whate'er him
grieves,

Whate'er he sees not right.

3 How very weak I am,
My Saviour well can see,

And how exceeding short I fall,
Of what I ought to be:

Compassionate High-priest,
To thee I must appeal;

My numberless infirmities
O kindly haste to heal!

4 In thy most precious blood,
Which from thy open'd veins,

To heal my soul in plenty flow'd,
I pray wash out my stains:

It is thy daily care
Thy helpless sheep to feed;

To purify their spotted souls,
And gently them to lead.

5 Redeemer of my soul,
Whene'er thereon I think,

How thy compassion, love, & grace,
From sin and hell's dark brink

Have saved and rescued me;
And how thy cleansing blood,

Applied unto my heart by faith,
Hath brought me nigh to God:—

6 I in the dust adore,
Amazed at grace so free,

Bestow'd on such a wretched worm,
And ask, How can it be,

That sinners base and vile
Should be so greatly loved,

Who cost thee so much pain & grief,
And so ungrateful proved?

7 Me thy all-seeing eye
Hath kept with watchful care;

Thy great compassion never fail'd,
 Thou heard'st my needy prayer;
 This makes me firmly trust
 That thou wilt guide me still,
 And guard me safe throughout the
 That leads to Zion's hill. (way

8 Dear Saviour, I resign
 My worthless heart to thee;
 And, whether cheerful or distress'd,
 Thine, thine alone I'll be.
 My only aim is this,
 (O may I it fulfil!)
 Thee to exalt with all my strength;
 And do thy holy will.

344*. T. 22.

O GOD of mercy, grace, and love,
 Thy yearning bowels did thee move
 To call me from death's gloomy
 Into thy own amazing light. (night

2 I once was wholly dead in sin,
 Wholly corrupt and spoil'd within,
 The carnal mind still bore the sway,
 And hurried me a slave away.

3 It caused thee pain, O Son of God,
 To see the purchase of thy blood
 So deeply sunk in misery;
 And 'twas thy aim to set me free.

4 Thou drewest me with cords of
 love, (prove;
 Till thou at last didst conqueror
 Till sin's strong power thou hadst
 suppress'd,
 And till my weary soul had rest.

5 Now through thy wounds my soul
 hath found (ground;
 Peace, righteousness, and solid
 I've now obtained through thy grace
 Among thy ransom'd flock a place.

5 I thee adore, my gracious King,
 And joyful hallelujahs sing;
 My eyes with grateful tears o'erflow
 For all the mercies thou dost show.

7 Faithful to thee I now engage
 To be throughout my pilgrimage;
 Accept my life and soul, my King,
 Pledged to thy service these I bring.

8 Nature's reluctance over-rule,
 The worldly, carnal mind control;
 O may I always have in view
 Not mine, but thy blest will to do.

9 Thus by thy power I here shall be
 Prepared for eternity, (love,
 Walk with my God, him serve and
 Till I shall live with him above.

345.* T. 168.

OH! at last I've found my Saviour,
 Who laid down his life for me;
 He (O undeserved favour!)
 Own'd me as his property:
 Conscious of my imperfection,
 I'll rely on his direction:
 I will nothing know beside
 Jesus and him crucified.

2 Others may seek satisfaction
 In this poor world's vanity;
 Meanwhile shall my heart's affection
 On my Saviour fixed be,
 On his meritorious suffering
 And sin-expiating offering:
 To the world I bid adieu,
 Christ alone I have in view.

3 Jesus cured my soul's infection
 By his soul's dire agony;
 From his death and resurrection
 Life and power redound to me;
 By the virtue of his merit
 I shall heavenly joys inherit,
 And ev'n here a foretaste have
 Of that world beyond the grave.

4 Jesus yields me delectation;
 When I'm weak he strengthens
 Sweetens all my tribulation, (me,
 And supports me constantly:
 His atoning death and passion
 Are the cause of my salvation;
 Therefore Christ shall ne'er depart
 From my sight and from my heart.

5 Oh! I'm lost in deepest wonder,
 To think he shall soon appear
 To receive me gladly yonder,
 And wipe off my every tear:
 Then my grateful songs and praises
 Shall resound in heavenly places;
 Here by faith to him I'll cleave,
 Jesus will I never leave.

346.* T. 22.

WE pray thee, wounded Lamb of
 God,
 Cleanse us in thy atoning blood;
 Grant us by faith to view thy cross,
 Then life or death is gain to us.

2 Take our poor hearts and let them
be
For ever closed to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 What are our works but sin and
death, [breathe;
Till thou thy quickening Spirit
Until we strength from thee derive,
And in communion with thee live.

4 Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty
thought, [wrought:
To know the wonders thou hast
Unloose our stammering tongues to
tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

5 First-born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heaven must
bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we
live.

347. T. 580.

DIDST thou, Lord Jesus, me incline,
When I was lost and dead in sin,
To hear thy quickening voice?
Have I obtained in thy blood [God,
Redemption, and found peace with
And do I in thy name rejoice?—

2 O yes, I feel I am forgiven,
A foretaste I enjoy of heaven,
Thy Spirit witness bears;
By faith thy righteousness is mine,
I'm well assured that I am thine,
My soul no condemnation fears.

3 Yet 'fore thee, Jesus, I must own,
I have not this salvation known
By tracing legal ways; [sin,
Lo, 'twas thy power raised me from
Thou didst the saving work begin;
Thine be the glory, thine the
praise.

4 May I be faithful to thy call,
Surrender unto thee my all,
Myself to thee resign;
When dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
And never from thy will decline.

5 Me with thy gladd'ning oil anoint;
The destin'd path thou dost appoint
Gladly I then shall tread;

Bedew me with a genial shower,
Into my heart thy influence pour,
And me with heavenly manna feed.

348.* T. 106.

O GOD, whose love (immense in
height,
In depth unfathom'd) no man knows;
Grant unto me thy saving light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Thy gracious call invites me still,
How light thy burden is, to prove;
Yet I'm unsteady; tho' my will
Be fix'd, yet wide my passions rove;
Great hindrances obstruct the way,
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 Mere mercy 'tis, that thou hast
brought
My soul to seek its peace in thee;
Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
At rest my wand'ring mind can't be;
Oh! when shall all my wand'rings
end,
And all my wishes to thee tend!

4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to
share?
Ah! tear it thence, and be alone
The spring of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be
free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

349.* T. 106.

TAKE, Lord, all self from me, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live;
My vile affections crucify,
Let not one darling lust survive:
O may my heart to thee aspire,
And nought on earth but thee desire.

2 Dear Lord, thy sovereign aid im-
part, [care;
To save me from low-thoughted
O banish self-will from my heart,
From all its latent mazes there:
And grant that I may never move
From the blest footsteps of thy love.

3 Each moment draw from earth
away [call;
My heart, that humbly waits thy

Speak to my inmost soul and say,
I am thy life, thy God, thy all :
Thy love to taste, thy voice to hear,
Thy power to prove, is all my pray'r.

350. T. 90.

JESUS, thy light again I view,
Again thy loving-kindness prove,
And all within me pants anew
To enjoy thy all reviving love :
Again my thoughts to thee aspire,
Unto thy name is my desire.

2 But oh ! what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies ?
My soul and body now receive,
A holy, living sacrifice ;
'Tis all I have to offer thee ;
O take me as thy property.

3 O may I never from thee stray,
Or be again subdued by sin :
Guide me, my life, my truth, my
way, [clean ;
Thy blood preserve my garments
O let thy blood and righteousness
My beauty be, my glorious dress.

4 Send down thy likeness from
above,
Thine image, Lord, on me impress ;
Fill me with wisdom, patience, love,
With purity and lowliness :
These precious gifts on me bestow,
That I may in thy knowledge grow.

5 O Lord, be thou my shield & light,
Since I am call'd by thy great name ;
In thee my wand'ring thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim :
Thy grace attend me all my days,
My sole employment be thy praise.

351.* T. 376.

GIVE me thy heart, my Son, thus
saith the Lord,
Give me thy heart, and listen to my
Observe my ways, [word ;
Walk in the path of grace ;
In following my direction
I'll grant thee my protection.

2 'Tis only this which Christ of us
desires ;
He to promote our welfare this re-
How blest are they [quires ;
Who Jesus' voice obey,
And give their hearts for ever
To him, our God and Saviour.

352.* T. 376.

O TAKE my heart and whatsoe'er is
mine,
Beloved Jesus, I'll be only thine ;
To thee I'll live,
And soul and body give :
My words and whole behaviour
Be ruled by thee for ever.

2 But give thyself, my Jesus, unto me,
And dwell within my heart continu-
O Lord, remain [ally :
My joy 'midst grief and pain ;
From thee, my soul's beloved,
May I ne'er be removed.

353. T. 14.

LORD, take my heart just as it is,
Set up therein thy throne :
So shall I love thee above all,
And live to thee alone.

2 I thank thee, that in mercy thou
Hast waken'd me from death,
Aroused me out of sin's deep sleep,
And call'd to walk in faith.

3 Complete thy work and crown thy
That I may faithful prove, [grace
And listen to that small still voice,
Which whispers only love ;—

4 Which teaches me what is thy will
And tells me what to do ;
Which fills my heart with shame.
Do not thy will pursue. [when I

5 This unction may I ever feel,
This teaching of my Lord,
And learn obedience to thy voice,
Thy soft reviving word.

354. T. 74.

O LORD, in me fulfil
Whatever is thy will ;
To thee I now resign
Myself and all that's mine ;
Thine, only thine I'll be,
And live alone to thee.

2 Each day unto my heart
New life and grace impart ;
For without fresh supply
I languish, droop and die ;
Continually I've need
By faith on thee to feed.

355.* T. 155.

LORD, thou madest the universe,
I though dust, am yet thy creature,
Spoiled by nature,
Yet desire to cleave to thee;
Make thou me,
Like the clay thine hand can fashion
To a vessel of salvation,
Fitted for eternity.

2 Jesus, grant to me the grace
To rely on thy direction
And protection;
And in thee, my only guide,
To confide;
Yea, the unshaken trust to cherish
That tho' heaven & earth must per-
Firm thy word & truth abide. [ish,

3 I resign myself to thee,
With me do whate'er thee pleases,
Gracious Jesus;

May I have to thee always
Free access;
And in faith and love proceeding,
On celestial dainties feeding,
Grow in knowledge and in grace.

4 Banish from me what's not right,
In thy blood O cleanse me wholly,
Make me lowly;
From whate'er displeaseth thee
Set me free;
And preserve my soul and senses
From all hurtful influences;
Only thine I wish to be.

356.* T. 11.

[God,
GRANT, most gracious Lamb of
Who hast bought me with his blood,
That my soul and body be
Quite devoted unto thee.

2 Jesus, hear my fervent cry,
My whole nature sanctify;
Root out all that is unclean,
Though it cause me pungent pain.

3 Gracious Lord, I wish alone
Thine to be, yea, quite thine own,
And to all eternity
To remain thy property.

357.* T. 79.

[heart,
LORD, take my sinful, worthless
As thine, thy grace to me impart,
And deep thy seal impress;

Take me into thy special care,
Secure my soul from every snare,
Thyself find always free access.

2 Make me a bosom friend of thine,
Upon thy breast may I recline,
Preserved from needless fears;
And when this earthly house I leave,
Into those mansions me receive,
Where thou wilt wipe away all
tears.

358.* T. 166.

DESTROY, O Lord, the carnal mind,
Consume what is not right in me;
Whether the world in chains me
bind

Or silken cords, I cannot be
Partaker of the joys of heaven:
For thou requirest that my heart
Without reserve to thee be given,
Resolved for thee with all to part.

359.* T. 15.

[thy love
SEARCHER of hearts, thou know'st
My heart hath captivated;
My soul is closely to thee join'd,
Ne'er to be separated;—

2 All thou demandest I give up,
Lord, without hesitation;
But never, never will I leave
Thee and thy congregation.

360. T. 184.

O MIGHT we all, Lord God our Sa-
viour,

Thy condescending mercy prize,
To accept of us, (O boundless fa-
As of a holy sacrifice, [vour!]
Of us, tho' sinful, poor, and needy:
Grant that we freely unto thee
May offer up both soul and body,
To love and serve thee faithfully.

361. T. 590.

PRESENT your bodies to the Lord,
A living sacrifice,
A holy offering unto him,
And pleasing in his eyes:
This is a service which ye owe,
And reasonably due;
For ye are not your own, ye know,
But Christ hath purchased you.

XVIII. COMMUNION WITH CHRIST.

362.* T. 132.

JESUS, thou art my heart's delight,
 My joy and my salvation;
 Thy presence yields me day and
 Abundant consolation; [night
 Thee I desire to love and praise,
 Since thy great love and boundless
 Are every thing unto me. [grace

2 Thou art the way, thy Spirit is
 As my conductor given;
 In following thee I cannot miss
 The path to life and heaven;
 Thy word be my unerring guide;
 Preserve me lest I turn aside,
 Or stray from thee, my Saviour.

3 Thou art the truth, in thee I've
 found
 All that which is essential;
 Without thee all is empty sound,
 In thee is strength substantial:
 O Truth, set me at liberty,
 That I depend on none but thee
 By whom I can be healed.

4 Thou art my life, thy power divine
 Shall influence every motion;
 O may thy Spirit me incline
 To true, unfeign'd devotion:
 Thus I eternal life shall gain,
 And till my latest breath remain
 A member of thy body.

5 Lord Jesus, thou my shepherd art
 Who diedst for my transgression;
 When lost, I caused thee pungent
 smart,
 When found, joy past expression;
 Ah, best of shepherds, ever keep
 Within thy fold, thy helpless sheep,
 Protect me from all danger.

6 Thou art my faithful friend in
 need,
 My flesh and bone, my brother;
 Thy faithfulness and love exceed
 Those of the fondest mother:
 Thou art my healer when I'm sick,
 My cordial, strength'ning me when
 My refuge in all trouble. [weak,

7 O Lord, how very short I fall,
 When on thy praise I enter;
 Thou art indeed my all in all,
 In thee my wishes centre:

Whate'er I want, thou art to me;
 O let my heart incessantly
 Be by thy love inspired!

363.* T. 58.

WHAT peace divine, what perfect
 happiness

Our Saviour's presence to our hearts
 conveys!

Unto us poor sinners thereby is
 given

A blessed antepast of bliss in heaven
 And lasting joy.

2 Although, dear Jesus, we can't see
 thy face, [grace,
 We richly may enjoy thy love and
 Since thou hast pronounced those
 souls thrice blessed,
 Who though they do not see thee, are
 possessed Of faith in thee.

3 Were we but all desirous day and
 night [light
 Thee to enjoy, O what supreme de-
 Would both soul and body taste in
 thy favour!
 We then with all our hearts could
 say, Dear Saviour,
 Who is like thee!

4 Long-suffering, merciful, and kind
 to be,
 Forgiving daily and abundantly,
 To heal, cheer, and comfort, and
 shower thy blessing
 On us, with looks thy tender love
 expressing, Is thy delight.

5 Gracious Redeemer, grant to us
 while here
 In thy salvation constantly to share;
 May our souls and senses without
 cessation,
 Prompted by love and need, for con-
 solation Unto thee look.

6 Thus in communion may we live
 with thee, [we see;
 Happy like children till thy face
 Though while here we tarry, we're
 often grieved,
 May we apply to thee and be re-
 lieved In all distress.

364.* T. 228.

[star,
HOW bright appears the Morning
With grace and truth beyond com-
The royal root of Jesse; [pare,
O David's son, of Jacob's line,
My soul's Belov'd and King benign,
Thou camest from heaven to bless
Precious, gracious, [me:
Ever glorious and victorious
Is my Saviour;
Nought but he can please me ever.

2 From him descends a beam of joy,
When he with a complacent eye
Beholds his needy creature;
Immanuel my sovereign good,
Thy word, thy Spirit, flesh and blood,
Renew my very nature:
Grant me richly
Through thy merit to inherit
Thy salvation;
Hear my ardent supplication.

3 The Father from eternity
In mercy was inclined to me,
Through thee, his Well-beloved:
I, as a member of thy bride,
In thee, my Jesus, can confide;
Thy love remains unmoved:
Oh, I have joy,
That in heaven with thanksgiving
Thee, my Saviour,
I shall love and praise for ever.

4 Tune all your notes to songs of
praise,
If you can earthly music raise,
To join celestial concerts:
Be Jesus your delightful theme;
In him and in his saving name
Are centred all our comforts:
Joyful, awful
Be the phrases of our praises,
'Tis our duty,
'Fore the Lord of bliss and beauty.

5 Before the world I make my boast,
That he in whom I place my trust,
Is Lord of light and glory:
At last he'll bring me to that place,
Where all the wonders of his grace
Shall lie disclosed before me:
Amen: be then
Praise and blessing, never ceasing,
To him given,
Here, and by the hosts of heaven.

365.* T. 185.

THE unbounded love of my Creator
Heart-felt gratitude doth claim;
Why did Christ appear in human na-
ture?

'Twas for me he man became:
While the whole world's Saviour I
confess him,
As my own Redeemer oft I trace him,
And his merits I apply
To myself especially.

2 When with him, my Lord, in
closest union,
I can all things else forget;
In his fellowship and blest commu-
I heaven's bliss anticipate; [nion
By his presence he dispels all sadness,
Filling my poor soul with joy and
gladness;
Though I often am to blame,
Yet his love is still the same:

3 When my mind pursues this medi-
tation,
That the all-creating Word
Hath by his humanity and passion
To God's image man restored;
I regard my body as Christ's temple,
'Tis my aim to follow his example,
And my vessel through his grace
In due honour to possess.

366.* T. 68.

BLISS beyond compare,
Which in Christ I share:
He's my only joy and treasure;
Tasteless is all worldly pleasure,
When in Christ I share
Bliss beyond compare.

2 Jesus is my joy,
Therefore blest am I,
Oh, his mercy is unbounded,
All my hope on him is grounded;
Jesus is my joy,
Therefore blest am I.

3 When the Lord appears,
This my spirit cheers;
When, his love to me revealing,
He, the Sun of grace, with healing
In his beams appears,
This my spirit cheers.

4 Then all grief is drown'd;
Pure delight is found,

Joy and peace in his salvation,
Heavenly bliss and consolation:
Every grief is drown'd,
Where such bliss is found.

367.*

T. 4.

LORD Jesus, my prayer
Is, while I am here
In union to be
With thee and thy people inseparably:—

2 Concern'd for more grace
And true happiness;
Intent evermore,
Fore thee to be contrite and lowly,
and poor.

3 O were my whole mind
And spirit inclined
To show forth thy praise,
To serve thee with gladness, and
walk in thy ways.

4 If question'd by thee:
Say, lovest thou me?
I own I shall prove
Deficient, O Lord, yet thou know'st
that I love.

5 John's portion so blest,
To lean on thy breast,
Be mine, till with thee,
When time is no more, I for ever
shall be.

368.*

T. 159.

'TIS the most blest and needful part
To have in Christ a share,
And to commit our way and heart
Unto his faithful care:
This done our steps are safe and sure,
Our hearts' desires are render'd pure,
And nought can pluck us from his
hand,
Which leads us to the end.

2 Nought in this world affords true
But Christ's atoning blood; [rest
This purifies the guilty breast,
And reconciles to God:
Hence flows unfeigned love to him
Who came lost sinners to redeem,
And Christ our Saviour doth appear
Daily to us more dear.

3 My only joy and comfort here
Is Jesus' death and blood;
I with this passport can appear
Before the throne of God.

Admitted to the realms of bliss,
I then shall see him as he is,
Where countless pardon'd sinners
Adoring at his feet. [meet.

369.*

T. 14.

THY child so minded ever keep;
Let me know nought beside
Thee, who wast slain me to redeem.
Thee, Jesus crucified.

2 O may we, Saviour, step for step,
Bear thee sweet company;
Thus will, whate'er we undertake,
An act of worship be.

3 May we to thee, in all our wants,
Child-like still closer fly,
Directing still, throughout our course.
By faith to thee our eye.

4 Although but little we can do,
Yet 'tis our hearts' desire,
To do that which affords thee joy;
More thou dost not require.

370.*

T. 206.

THOU slaughter'd Lamb, ::
Whose love the same
Doth still abide,
Though oft :: severely tried:
I am no longer mine :: but thine,
Bought with a price;
As sacrifice
Accept the whole ::
Of spirit, body, soul. ::

2 My King benign, ::
I'd fain be thine;
Not any thing,
No smallest :: hankering
Cause me, while here I stay.
My dearest Lord, from thee to stray
No, may each breath
Exalt thy death,
And sing thy praise ::
For thy unbounded grace. ::

371.*

T. 36.

O LET thy countenance, most lov-
ing Saviour.
Shine on me day and night, and let
me ever
Have of thy presence and thy gra-
cious dealing
A tender feeling:—

2 That soul and body on thy merit
feeding,
May daily be from grace to grace
proceeding,
With thee at peace, in tenderest
love's communion
And perfect union.

372. T. 14.

JESUS, my Saviour, full of grace,
Be thou my heart's delight,
Remain my fav'rite theme always,
My joy by day and night.

2 Hungry and thirsty after thee,
May I be found each hour;
Humble in heart, and constantly
Supported by thy power.

3 May thy blest Spirit to my heart,
Throughout my future race,
True faith and constancy impart
To live unto thy praise.

4 The mystery of redeeming love
Be ever dear to me;
Till I shall once in heaven above
For ever dwell with thee.

373. T. 14.

O DEAREST Lord, take thou my
heart;

Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee.

2 If there's a fervour in my soul,
And fervour sure there is,
It shall be quite at thy control,
To serve thee only rise.

3 'Tis vain in earthly things for bliss
To seek; none can be found
Till Jesus Christ our object is;
In him true joys abound.

4 'Tis heaven on earth to taste his
love,
To feel his quickening grace;
And all the bliss I seek above
Is to behold his face.

374. T. 14.

'TIS heaven on earth by faith to see
Thy face, my gracious Lord;
The noblest, most substantial joys,
Thy cheering smiles afford.

2 Thou say'st, dear Jesus, all thy
Who love thy face to see, [saints
Shall have, while in this vale of tears
Kind visits oft from thee.

3 O let my soul with thee converse,
Who art my chief delight;
For the whole world can't ease my
If banish'd from thy sight. [heart

375. T. 79.

O JESUS, everlasting God,
Who hast for sinners shed thy blood
Upon Mount Calvary,
And finish'd there redemption's toil;
Thus I became thy happy spoil:
All praise and glory be to thee.

2 Fain would I think upon thy pain,
Would find therein my life and gain,
And firmly fix my heart
Upon thy wounds and dying love:
Nor evermore from thee remove,
Till from this world I shall depart.

3 The more through grace myself I
know,
The more inclined I am to bow
In faith beneath thy cross;
To trust in thy atoning blood,
And look to thee for every good,
Yea, count all earthly gain but
loss.

376. T. 90.

THOU hidden source of calm re-
pose,

Thou all-sufficient love divine;
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am, for thou art mine:
Thou art my fortress, strength, and
tower,
My trust and portion evermore.

2 Jesus, my All in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The balm to heal my broken heart,
In storms my peace, in loss my
gain;
My joy beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown;—

3 In want my plentiful supply,
In weakness my almighty power,
In bonds my perfect liberty,
My refuge in temptation's hour:
My comfort 'midst all grief & thrall,
My life in death, my All in all.

377.

T. 22.

'TIS through the grace thou dost bestow,
O Lord, that I thy goodness know;
Grant that I in humility
For evermore may cleave to thee.

2 The privilege to be with Christ
In union, can't enough be prized;
Since I'm the purchase of his blood,
Grant me this privilege, O God.

378.

T. 79.

O THAT we could for ever sit
With Mary at our Saviour's feet,
Be this our happy choice;
Our only care, delight, and bliss,
Our joy, our heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's cheering voice.

2 O may his love our hearts inspire,
Nought else on earth may we desire.
Nought else in heaven above;
Let earth and all its trifles go,
Give us, O Lord, thy grace to know,
Give us to feel thy precious love.

379.

T. 146.

OH! what is Christ to me,
Who hath for my diseases
Found out a remedy,
And every grief appeases.
My ever-faithful friend,
My confidant most true,
On whom I can depend
In joy and sorrow too.

380.*

T. 230.

BE our comfort which ne'er faileth,
When any trial us assaileth,
Or when we're needlessly distress'd;
Jesus, show on each occasion,
That thou our strength art and salvation,
Our shield, our hiding place, and rest:
O may we constantly
Look up by faith to thee,
Who redeem'dst us;
And daily prove
That thou art love,
Till we shall be with thee above.

381.*

T. 79.

CAN any contemplation
Compare with that sensation,
O Christ! that we are thine;
That our names on the pages
Are written, where the wages
Are enter'd of thy love divine

382.

T. 167.

MOMENTS of ecstatic pleasure,
When I feel thee, Saviour, mine;
What is this world's joy or treasure
To the thought that I am thine?
Earthly dreams of vain enjoyment
Cannot soothe the watchful soul:
Joy and grief, rest and employment,
Sacred be to thee the whole.

383.*

T. 185.

BETHANY, O peaceful habitation!
Blessed mansion, loved abode,
There my Lord had oft his resting station,
Converse held in friendly mood:
With that bliss which Mary highly savour'd, [favour'd;
I could wish this day still to be
But thy presence makes to me
Every place a Bethany.

384.*

T. 244.

THOUGH we can't see our Saviour
With these our mortal eyes,
Our faith, which tastes his favour,
The want of sight supplies;
Our hearts can feel him near,
So that to us 'tis clear,
His presence is as certain
As if we saw him here.

385.

T. 586.

WHEN Christ our Saviour lives and dwelleth
In us, O what consummate bliss!
This from our hearts all gloom dispelleth,
Our life of heaven a foretaste is:
Lord Jesus, hear our supplication:
Let all of us in every station,
Be truly join'd to thee,
Until eternally
Thy face we see.

XIX. THE HAPPINESS OF CHILDREN OF GOD.

386.* T. 114.

JESUS, my King, thy kind and gracious sceptre (me:

Assuages every grief that burdens
When I with all my heart apply to thee;

Then thy peace-giving Spirit's my preceptor;

Thy comforts so refresh and cheer my heart,

That fear and restlessness must soon depart.

2 The gifts of Christ are so inestimable,

That all the world nought equal can afford;

What are the treasures which the worldlings hoard?

To comfort weary souls they are not able,

But Jesus can and does abundantly;

All earthly joys will fail, but never He.

3 How highly bless'd, how happy is the spirit,

Which, weary of self-working, inly mourns,

And unto him for aid and succour turns!

The humble every good from him inherit;

He to the troubled soul imparteth ease,

Restoring to the wounded conscience peace.

4 That which the law could have imparted never,

Is then produced alone by Jesus' grace;

This is the source of genuine holiness:

This changes and reforms our whole behaviour;

From strength to strength, from grace to grace led on,

We safe proceed, until our race is run.

5 O may I look to Christ without cessation!

Come, visit me, thou Day-spring from on high,

That in thy light the light I may espy,

On grace depending as my sole foundation;

Confirm my faith, grant that no fault in me

May intercept the light that beams from thee.

6 Thou source of love, I rest in thy embraces;

Thou art alone my everlasting peace:

My only treasure is thy boundless grace;

'Tis heaven on earth to live upon thy mercies;

And since in thee all happiness I find,

I seek nought else to satisfy my mind.

387.* T. 115.

HOW great the bliss to be a sheep of Jesus,

And to be guided by his shepherd-staff!

Earth's greatest honours are, howe'er they please us,

To this compared, but vain and empty chaff:

Yea, what this world can never give,

May through the Shepherd's grace each needy sheep receive.

2 Here is a pasture, rich and never failing,

Here living waters in abundance flow;

None can conceive the grace with them prevailing,

Who Jesus' shepherd-voice obey and know;

He banisheth all fear and strife,

And leads them gently on to everlasting life.

3 Whoe'er would spend his days in lasting pleasure,

Must come to Christ, and join his flock with speed;

Here is a feast prepared, rich beyond
measure,
The world meanwhile on empty
husks must feed :
Those souls may share in every
good,
Whose Shepherd doth possess the
treasuries of God.

388.*

T. 164.

O DAYS of solid happiness,
O antepast of heaven,
When, in the accepted time of grace,
We know our sins forgiven :
Cleansed in the precious flood
Of Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoying in our hearts by faith
The blessings purchased by his
death.

2 The peace of God then fills the
soul,
And heals the wounded spirit ;
The broken heart is then made
By virtue of his merit ; (whole,
Yea, his sweet looks of grace
Convey such happiness,
That we in his redeeming love
Anticipate the bliss above.

3 But why do tears, grief, & distress,
Sometimes allay our gladness,
And though we've tasted pardoning
grace,
Still often cause us sadness ?
Because we can't forget
Our former wretched state,
And that the grace on us bestowed
Cost Jesus every drop of blood.

4 When thus we contemplate the
It fills us with amazement : (cost,
We take it, prostrate in the dust,
With joy, yet deep abasement ;
For all that we possess
Is undeserved grace,
By torments on the cross procured,
When he for rebels death endured.

5 How pleasant is our lot, yea good
And great beyond expression !
For, having cleansed us by his blood,
He bears us with compassion,
Applies his healing power
To us each day and hour ;
Yea, we in him redemption have
In death itself and in the grave.

6 And this at last our theme shall be
When call'd to see our Saviour,
We join the glorious company
Around his throne for ever ;
Then we in highest strain
Shall praise the Lamb once slain,
Who hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made us kings and priests to
God.

389.*

T. 218.

HOW bless'd am I, most gracious
Saviour,
When filled with thy sacred love !
With grief oppress'd, I seek thy
favour,
And thy reviving bounty prove :
The dismal clouds of night must
vanish,
When joys divine my heart re-
plenish,
While I recline upon thy breast ;
Ah, then I find on earth my heaven :
Such comforts to all those are given
Who seek in thee their peace and
rest.

2 If my sin's burden would oppress
me,
Or legal thunders me affright,
Or fear of death and hell distress
me,
By faith to thee I take my flight :
In thee I always find protection
'Gainst Satan's darts and sin's in-
fection, (place ;
Thou art my shield and hiding-
Though foes should join in combina-
tion,
Who shall condemn ? Lord, my sal-
vation,
My confidence is in thy grace.

3 If thou through thorny paths wilt
lead me,
I'll simply trust in thee, O Lord !
The clouds at thy command must
feed me,
And rocks must drink to me
afford :
In thy kind leadings acquiescing,
I'm sure to meet with nought but
blessing ;
If I have thee, it doth suffice :
I know that souls, to bliss created,
Who shall to glory be translated,
Must humble be before they rise.

4 Friend of my soul, O how contented
 Am I, when leaning upon thee!
 By sin I am no more tormented,
 Since thou dost aid and comfort me:
 O may the heart-reviving feeling
 I have of thy most gracious dealing,
 A foretaste yield of joys above!
 I scorn, vain world, thy adulation,
 For Jesus is my delectation,
 And I'm an object of his love.

390.* T. 582.

JESUS thou hast reveal'd
 Thyself to me by faith,
 And to my heart made manifest
 Thy wounds, thy blood and death:
 Thy name and cross alone
 To me can comfort yield,
 Since I thereby, as thy reward,
 To God am reconciled.

2 My soul, though deeply bow'd,
 Is cheered by thy grace;
 Now I no more need toil and strive
 In search of happiness;
 But am assured that thou
 Hast all my sins forgiven,
 And by thy painful death for me
 Procured life and heaven.

3 Thou who didst love me first,
 Teach me to trust in thee
 Unshaken, till I thee above
 Shall praise eternally:
 Ev'n here thou art my song;
 Thy grace doth richly claim
 That thy church militant on earth
 Give glory to thy name.

4 Unfeigned thanks receive,
 For thy unbounded grace,
 From us who in thy name believe
 And wish to walk thy ways;
 And who are bound to thee,
 Because thou us hast gain'd,
 And for us by thy precious blood
 Eternal bliss obtain'd.

5 The merits of thy death
 Each day to us apply,
 And grant that to the throne of
 We boldly may draw nigh; (grace
 That we may mercy find
 And help in time of need;
 Thus shall we, by thy Spirit led,
 From grace to grace proceed.

6 Thy cross and saving name
 We freely will confess,
 Thy gospel we will spread on earth,
 And sound thy matchless praise;
 To all mankind point out
 Thee our incarnate God,
 Who hast redeem'd us from the fall
 By thy atoning blood.

391.* T. 11.

BLEST are they, supremely blest,
 Who, of Jesus' grace possess'd,
 Cleave to him by living faith,
 Till they shall resign their breath.

2 One with Christ their head they
 Happiness beyond compare; (share
 Since on him their hopes they build,
 He is their reward and shield.

3 Though all earthly joys be fled,
 If in him they trust indeed,
 He will be their constant friend,
 And protect them to the end.

4 If to Jesus they appeal,
 When their faith and courage fail,
 He assures them of his love,
 Doth their strength in weakness
 prove.

5 They who simply to him cleave,
 From his fulness grace receive;
 And throughout their mortal days
 Their employment is his praise.

6 Jesus wipes away their tears,
 And alleviates all their cares;
 They in truth with heart and voice,
 Evermore in Christ rejoice.

392.* T. 166.

WITH grateful hearts we all declare
 That in Christ's congregation
 We may substantial blessings share
 Since he is our salvation;
 And he requires of us, that we,
 Deeply abased before him,
 Stir up each other heartily
 To love and to adore him.

2 The grace is great, unspeakable,
 The privilege unbounded,
 That we, although deserving hell,
 By sin most deeply wounded,

Are by the virtue of Christ's death
 From sin's pollution cleared;
 And cleaving unto him by faith,
 Are one with him declared.

393.

T. 590.

JESUS, whose hands once pierced
 with nails,
 Were stretch'd upon the wood,
 Out of whose wounds in plenteous
 streams
 Flow'd the atoning blood;
 How safely rests a weary child
 Who keeps thee, Lord, in view;
 Let unbelief say what it will,
 This is for ever true.

2 The more the Lamb of God we
 view,
 The more we walk in light;
 His gracious presence doth dispel
 Sin's dark and dismal night:
 The cheering beams which Christ the
 Sun
 Of righteousness displays,
 Enkindle many a lifeless heart,
 And love unfeigned raise.

3 Is there a thing that moves and
 A heart as hard as stone. (breaks
 That warms a heart as cold as ice;
 'Tis Jesus' blood alone:
 This precious balm can truly cheer
 And heal the wounded soul;
 What multitudes of broken hearts
 This stream of life makes whole.

4 Hark, O my soul! what sing the
 choirs
 Around the glorious throne?
 Hark, The Lamb slain, for evermore
 Sounds in the sweetest tone;
 The elders there cast down their
 And all in endless day (crowns,
 Sing praise to him who shed his
 blood,
 And wash'd their guilt away.

5 This, while on earth, we will de-
 Cheerful in our degree, (clare
 That through Christ's all-atoning
 Each soul may happy be: (blood
 But thou, O Lord! make every day
 Thy grace to us more sweet,
 Till we behold thy pierced side,
 And worship at thy feet.

394.

T. 132.

OH, if the Lamb had not been slain,
 To save us from perdition,
 And everlasting life to gain,
 What had been our condition?
 But since poor sinners favour'd are
 To have a friend so very dear,
 We cannot but be happy.

2 With all our errors and mistakes
 He bears, and loves us dearly;
 A contrite soul he ne'er forsakes,
 That acteth but sincerely: (given
 When the whole heart to him is
 We have a foretaste here of heaven,
 In fellowship with Jesus.

3 When we have fail'd and deeply
 mourn,
 That we the Spirit grieved,
 And to our Lord for comfort turn,
 We quickly are relieved: (shame,
 Whene'er we say, with humble
 Lord Jesus, I have been to blame,
 He saith, Thou art forgiven.

4 As pardon'd sinners we rejoice
 With Jesus' congregation;
 Above all other things we prize
 His bitter death and passion;
 His wounds, his tears, and bloody
 sweat
 We bear in mind nor can forget
 His unexampled mercy.

395.

T. 115.

O HAPPY days, days mark'd with
 solid blessing,
 In converse spent with our best
 friend below!
 Then streams of heavenly comfort,
 rich, unceasing, (us flow;
 From Jesus' wounds and merits to
 Thus we for his appearance wait:
 When we shall rest with him, our
 joy will be complete.

2 Meanwhile our lot is fall'n in
 pleasant places,
 A goodly heritage we have indeed:
 The Lamb to follow and show forth
 his praises, (to tread;
 And in his footsteps with his flock
 May we, by nothing drawn aside,
 Mainta'n our part with him and
 with his chosen bride.

3 Accept us as we are, though poor
and needy, [grace;
O Lord, and sanctify us by thy
That we, as vessels for thy use made
ready,
In word and deed thy sacred name
may praise,
And care in true simplicity,
As thine espoused souls, for what be-
longs to thee.

4 How precious are thy thoughts, be-
loved Saviour,
Thy thoughts of peace o'er us, the
sun! how great!
Already here we in thy sight find fa-
vour, [cipate:
In thy sweet nearness heaven anti-
And O what bliss awaits us there,
Where we with the redeem'd shall in
thy glory share.

5 But since none these great promises
inherit, [heart;
But they who here are purified in
From all defilement of the flesh and
spirit [part;
Cleanse us, to us true holiness im-
That we ourselves to thee may yield
Till thy whole counsel be in each of
us fulfill'd.

396. T. 594.

WHAT peace divine, unutterable,
When we with Christ our God con-
verse;
No angel's tongue to express is able,
What feels a sinner free from curse;
Such bliss to enjoy in all its meaning,
Implies, our sinful hearts to know,
And, by the holy Spirit's training,
Before the cross of Christ to bow.

2 From him true heavenly life deriv-
ing, [each stain,
With cleansing power from sin's
Partakers of his grace reviving,
Within us all is born again;
We hunger then for food substantial,
And thirst for life's exhaustless
stream,
In Christ we find all things essential,
And he abides our bliss supreme.

3 Thrice happy they who by expe-
rience
Have known this change from death
to life,

Who look to him with faith and pa-
tience, [strife:
While pilgrims in this world of
His blood-bought grace and full sal-
vation
Their sojourn prove, while here below;
And when complete their faith's pro-
bation,
To see his face with joy they go.

397. T. 70.

OUR lot how blessed,
How great the happiness
By us possessed,
With Jesus' flock of grace
To feed upon his death and merit,
And thus be render'd with him one
spirit.

2 He sought and found us
Who far from him had stray'd;
With love-cords bound us,
And to his flock us led:
This causes us with exultation
To joy in him and in his salvation.

3 The aim and purpose
We all know well, why he
In mercy chose us:
'Tis our high destiny [tranged,
That we, from world and sin es-
cued, into his image be form'd and changed.

4 Though we are feeble,
We humbly trust his grace
Will us enable
To live unto his praise;
May we be still in spirit poorer,
And make our calling and election
surer.

398. T. 14.

AMAZING grace, (how sweet the
sound!)
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils, and
I am already come; [snares,

'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus
far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord hath promised good to
His word my hope secures; [me,
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart
shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil
A life of joy and peace.

399.* T. 97.

MY All in all, my faithful Friend,
Upon whose mercy I depend;
Than aught in earth or heaven more
dear;
My paschal Lamb from year to year;
My shield, my rock, my polar-star,
my guide,
Thou art my God, and ever shalt
abide.

2 When doubts and fears, a gloomy
Beset my soul on every hand; [band,
When fails my strength, and even
the light
Of reason seems immersed in night,
Thee, the great Counsellor, I still can
trace,
Unsearchable in wisdom, power, and
grace.

3 Since thou to me didst being give,
And bade me for thy service live,
Mete thou my few remaining hours;
Thy staff support my failing powers;
Inspire each thought and word, and
let my race [face.
Be run in righteousness before thy

4 And should I longer journey here,
O grant me oft, the way to cheer,
To view from Calvary's sacred brow
Fair Salem's towers, whose builder
Thou;
That city, where thou dwellest as
Lamb and light:
Thus shall no danger my weak soul
affright.

5 When, all my labours o'er, in faith
Upon the merits of thy death,
I humbly claim the free reward,
Purchased by thee, my gracious
Lord;

E'en then, thou knowest, my glory
and my crown
Thou, Jesus, shalt abide, and thou
alone.

400. T. 22.

MY Saviour left his throne and came
From guilt lost sinners to redeem,
That they might have their sins for-
given,
And find in him their peace and
heaven.

2 Daily may I from thee receive
That peace the world can never give,
Since thou upon the cross's tree
By death hast gained that peace for
me.

3 Lord, I am thine, O take me now,
I in the dust before thee bow,
Ashamed that I no sooner ran
To thee, the Saviour of lost man.

401. T. 205.

HAPPINESS, delightful name,
Where may it be found, O where?
Learning, pleasure, wealth, & fame,
All confess, It is not here:—
Jesus crucified to know,
This is happiness below;
Him to see, adore, and love,
This is happiness above.

402.* T. 4.

DEAR Lord, when I trace
The offers of grace
Received from thee,—
Thy drawings of love from my first
infancy:

2 I fall at thy feet;
Thy mercy's so great,
I'm lost in amaze;
Thy love and forbearance all thought
far surpass.

3 I now wish to be
Devoted to thee
Who for me hast died;
Grant that I may serve thee, and i
thee abide.

403.*

T. 83.

O REJOICE, Christ's happy sheep!
For your Shepherd will for ever,

You, his flock, in safety keep:
You are objects of his favour:
Only fast unto him cleave,
You he'll ne'er forsake nor leave.

XX. GRATITUDE FOR OUR SALVATION.

404.*

T. 119.

THANKS and praise :||
Jesus, unto thee are due;
O accept our adoration
For the blessings which accrue
From thy human life and passion;
May our hearts and lips with one
accord Praise thee, Lord. :||

2 For thy death :||
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God,
That our lives and whole demeanour
Praise thee, yea, each drop of blood
Be devoted to thy honour,
And our souls uninterruptedly
Cleave to thee. :||

3 O how great :||
Are the blessings we derive
From the fulness of our Saviour!
They who him by faith receive,
And desire to taste his favour,
From this source may freely take
always Grace for grace. :||

4 Ah, remain, :||
Ah, remain our highest good:
In our hearts, dear suffering Sa-
viour,
Shed thy dying love abroad:
This will rule our whole behaviour;
Us with love inspire, till we shall be,
Lord, with thee. :||

405.*

T. 14.

O JESUS, for thy matchless love
Accept our warmest praise;
Since thou didst leave thy throne
To save a sinful race. [above,

2 Thanks for thy sufferings, tears,
and cries,
And groans in thy distress;
The source of never-fading joys
And endless happiness.

3 Thanks for thy thirst, O Prince of
peace,
When hanging on the tree:
What a divine refreshment this
To souls athirst for thee.

4 Thanks for thy last heart-piercing
And meritorious death: [cry
Grant we may all on thee rely,
And live a life of faith.

406.

T. 14.

TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song:
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what angel's thought can
reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came on earth to bleed and die;
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
The Saviour died for me.

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming
name,
And join the sacred song.

407.

T. 167.

SING with humble hearts your
praises
For our Saviour's boundless grace;
Pay due homage to Christ Jesus,
Come with thanks before his face:

Praise him for his death and bleed-
All our happiness lies there; [ing,
Praise him for his gracious leading,
Praise your faithful Shepherd's
care

2 Praise for every scene distressing,
Praise for all thou didst endure,
Praise for every gift and blessing
Which thy griefs for us procure;
In thy ransom'd congregation
Shall thy death our theme remain
Till thou comest with full salvation,
Lord of glory, Lamb once s'ain.

3 Thou to purchase our salvation
Didst assume humanity;
Jesus, for thy bitter passion
May we ever thankful be:
Fill'd with awe, and humbly bowing,
At thy feet we prostrate fall,
Gratefully this truth avowing,
That thou art our All in all.

408.*

T. 58.

O SING, ye people raised from
Adam's fall,
Let hallelujahs now ascend from all!
Praise ye God rejoicing: for our sal-
vation
This child is born; this blest divine
donation Is God with us.

2 Praise be to Christ; for us he vic-
tory gain'd,
In judgment he our cause by right
obtain'd,
We are his through mercy; to him
our Saviour
We 'll humbly cleave, till we shall
have the favour

To see his face.

3 While saints in glory praise their
heavenly King,
Let his church militant thanksgiv-
ings bring:
Since 'tis solely owing to Jesus' pas-
sion,
That no believer needs a separation
From God to fear.

4 Thy saving name be hallowed
evermore,
Lord Jesus, let thy kingdom come
with power; [glory,
Might all nations render to thee the
Since not one sinner is despised be-
fore thee, Saviour of all.

409.. T. 185.

DEAREST Jesus, in this world a
stranger,

How delightful 'tis to me
To behold thee, lying in a manger
In the deepest poverty:
How do I rejoice to see my Maker,
Of my human nature a partaker,
Urged by love, forsake his throne,
For my sins by death to atone.

2 He's my God, my flesh and bone,
my brother,
Born to suffer death for me;
He's my Saviour, I know of none
He my All in all shall be: [o'her,
I confess with joy and exultation,
From his birth, his life, and bitter
passion
All my hopes and joys arise;
Him above all else I prize.

3 O what comfort flows as from a
fountain,
When I, by his Spirit led [tain,
To Gethsemane and Calvary's moun-
See my Saviour in my stead
Suffering, bleeding, on the cross ex-
piring, [quiring;
Life and peace and rest for me ac-
Then his merits are applied
To my heart: for me he died.

410. T. 71.

DIDST thou forsake thy throne,
My nature to put on,
My God and Saviour;
For thy unbounded love
O may I grateful prove,
Both now and ever!

2 Lord Jesus, who for me
By thy humanity
Hast gain'd salvation;
Take in return the whole
Of spirit, body, soul,
As an oblation.

411.* T. 244.

REDEEMED congregation,
Extol with one accord
The God of our salvation,
Sing praises to the Lord:
For us he man became,
And still abides the same;
To make us all one spirit
With him, is his blest aim.

412.*

T. 590.

WHAT strikes, O wounded Lamb of
My soul so sensibly? (God,
'Tis when I view the fervent love,
That urged thee to die;
And feel that from thy precious
So freely shed for me, (blood,
Flows all my happiness in time
And in eternity.

2 This grace, as long as life shall
I humbly will proclaim; (last,
I, who a sinner void of good,
Who dust and ashes am:
'Tis deeply rooted in my heart,
Erased it ne'er shall be,
That by thy meritorious death
Thou hast redeemed me.

3 Thy mercy may I ne'er forget,
While here below I stay:
I'm lost in wonder and amaze,
When I thy goodness weigh,
That I, poor sinner am become
A child of thine through grace,
And, being thine, a joyful heir
Of ceaseless happiness.

4 With contrite tears I thee adore,
And thank for mercy free;
I'll in my walk show forth thy praise
Ev'n in my small degree:—
If thou support me with thy aid,
As my most gracious Lord,
The imperfect service which I yield
Will joy to thee afford.

5 Whenever my frail nature swerves
Beyond the proper bounds,
Thou know'st, O Lord, what pain it
gives,
How grievously it wounds;
With eager haste I therefore flee,
And safely wish to hide
Within thy wounds, O God my rock,
And in those clefts abide.

6 O thou who to redeem my soul
Didst on the cross expire,
Grant I may love thee in return:
Be this my fix'd desire,
Henceforth no more to cherish self,
But to thy praise to live
Who lovedst me, and out of love
Thyself for me didst give.

7 Thy sufferings then, and bitter
death,
My heart shall e'er retain;

And earnestly I'll shun, thro' grace,
All that which gives thee pain;
For nothing now, which this vain
Can offer or devise, (world
Can yield me any further joy,
Nought but my ransom price.

8 For ever then remain engraved
Deep in my heart's recess;
Thee whom I wish to love in truth,
O may my mouth confess: (fold
Grant that each sheep within thy
Thy mark impress'd may bear,
Until thou at the judgment-day
In glory shalt appear.

413.*

T. 151.

BEHOLD, my soul, thy Saviour
Pours out his life and blood,
Thee to restore to favour,
And reconcile to God;
His death thy guilt erases,
His stripes give thee relief;
Rise then, and sing his praises
Who turns to joy thy grief.

2 How is my soul delighted,
Tho' shame o'erspread my face,
When I, by faith excited,
The Lamb of God can trace
In all his bitter passion,
Till dying on the tree;
He bore my condemnation,
And gained life for me.

3 I see him in the garden
Shed floods of bitter tears,
Sinking beneath the burden;
I hear his anxious prayers:
I see him pine and languish,
As on the ground he lay,
Till through his pores in anguish
The blood-sweat forced its way.

4 I fully am assured
My Saviour loveth me,
By all he hath endured
In his great agony;
His back plough'd o'er with furrows,
His side pierced with a spear,
And unexampled sorrows,
His boundless love declare.

5 My fav'rite theme is Jesus,
All else I count but loss;
His love all thought surpasses,
Ah, view him on the cross;

Thence hope and consolation
I freely can derive;
Were he not my salvation,
I could not bear to live.

6 Near Jesus' cross I tarry,
On him I fix mine eyes,
Behold him spent and weary,
A bleeding sacrifice;
In heaven of his glory
I shall obtain a sight,
But here his suffering beauty
Remains my chief delight.

7 What undeserved favour
Hath Jesus to me shown;
Might I recline for ever
Upon his breast like John:
'Tis my heart's inclination,
Like Mary oft to sit,
Until my consummation,
Lord, at thy pierced feet.

8 In my foulorn condition
Thou, Lord, didst me receive;
Thou savedst from perdition
My soul, and bad'st me live:
With inward spirit's ardour
I thank thee for thy grace;
Thyself this heavenly fervour
Of love to thee increase.

414.* T. 146.

LORD JESUS, who for me
Hast endless bliss obtained,
And as thy property
My soul by blood regained;
Accept a weeping eye,
A warm and grateful heart;
Though a thank-offering poor,
Yet take it in good part.

2 Jesus, thy dying love,
And thy blood bought salvation,
By day and night shall prove
My fav'rite meditation:
When I commune with thee,
As though before mine eyes
I saw thee bodily;
My faith this vivifies.

3 I look to Golgotha,
For me I view thee languish,
And melt like wax away
Before thy pain and anguish;
By faith I see God's wrath
In what on thee did fall,
The fountain too and bath
For my offences all.

4 Most gracious God and Lord,
Mankind's almighty Saviour,
Worthy to be adored
By all, both now and ever;
Those souls are bless'd indeed
Who thee embrace by faith,
As thou for us wast laid
Low in the dust of death.

5 In thee I trust by faith,
Jesus, my God and Saviour;
On thy atoning death
My soul shall feed for ever:
Thy sufferings shall remain
Deep on my heart impress'd,
Thou Son of God and man,
Till I with thee shall rest.

415.* T. 149.

WHEN I Christ in spirit trace
As the world's Creator,
And regard the sinfulness
Of my fallen nature;
I revere—him with fear:
But his expiration
Yields me consolation.

2 Heart-reviving is the view
Of our lovely Saviour;
Him, our highest good, to know,
Be our whole endeavour;
We're unclean—full of sin,
But the stripes of Jesus
Heal all our diseases.

3 Lamb of God, all praise to thee;
Thou hast victory gained,
And upon the cross for me
Endless bliss obtained:
Thou art mine—I am thine:
May my whole demeanour
To thy name give honour.

416.* T. 146.

WE sinners void of good,
Defiled by sin and stained,
Yet bought with Jesus' blood,
Who our salvation gained,
As helpless, vile, and poor,
Appear before his face,
And humbly him adore
For our blest lot of grace.

2 When we thy mercy weigh,
How nails and scourges tore thee,

Our debt immense to pay;
 We melt in tears before thee:
 Thy pain, thy stripes, and wounds,
 Thy death, thou slaughter'd Lamb,
 Whence all our bliss redounds,
 Our grateful praises claim.

3 Eternal thanks be thine,
 Author of our salvation:
 Thou didst our hearts incline
 To accept thy invitation;
 We are thy property,
 O may we thine abide;
 This is our only plea,
 That thou for us hast died.

4 Might with an iron pen
 This truth divine be graven:
 For sinners Christ was slain,
 To purchase life and heaven;
 Unwearied we prolong,
 And joyfully repeat
 The blessed gospel-song;
 'Tis ever new and sweet.

5 Lord, teach us how to prize
 Our great predestination,
 And thankful to rejoice
 With thy dear congregation,
 Redeemed with thy blood;
 Grant us a child-like faith
 Among thy flock, O God,
 Until our latest breath.

417.*

T. 97.

THANKS to the Man of sorrows be,
 To Jesus Christ, who set us free
 From sin & death, when on the cross,
 He suffer'd to retrieve our loss;
 Had he not shed his blood our debt
 to pay,
 We still had been the devil's wretch-
 ed prey.

2 O had not Jesus' blood been shed,
 Life would a burden be indeed;
 No comfort could we ever find,
 No ray of hope to cheer our mind:
 But now on earth we may enjoy his
 grace,
 And humbly hope in heaven to see
 his face.

3 Rise, brethren, we to all the earth
 Our Lord's atonement will set forth,
 Will love our Master unto death,
 And humbly cleave to him by faith:

Lord Jesus, be thou praised eter-
 nally;
 If there no Jesus were, what should
 we be?

418.*

T. 15.

THY blood, thy blood, the deed hath
 wrought,
 That won me for thee, Saviour;
 Else had I never on thee thought,
 Nor come to thee for ever.

2 Though I'm a sinful creature still,
 I have a full exemption (quell
 From serving sin, since thou didst
 Its power by thy redemption.

3 I feel how much in debt I am,
 This makes me oft ashamed;
 Yet as thy purchase, slaughter'd
 Lamb,
 I am through grace esteemed.

4 O let me thee behold in faith,
 As thou for me wast wounded;
 And trust in thy atoning death,
 Whereon my bliss is grounded.

5 Thy mercy ne'er from me remove;
 But under thy direction
 Let me experience, while I live
 On earth, thy kind protection.

6 May this each day be my employ,
 The fruits of thy blest passion
 Still more completely to enjoy,
 And taste thy great salvation:—

7 Till I shall once behold thy face
 In endless bliss and glory,
 And for the wonders of thy grace
 With humble thanks adore thee.

419*.

T. 228.

O LAMB once slain, my Lord and
 God, (blood,
 Thy bitter sufferings, death, and
 Remain my heart's confession:
 Thee, the great Author of my frame,
 Thankful I call the slaughter'd Lamb,
 Thy love is past expression:
 For joy weep I
 O'er thy bloody, wounded body;
 For thy passion
 Hath procured for me salvation.

2 Thy blood was shed for me I know,
 For my redemption did it flow;
 O sweetest consolation!
 Now nothing in the world beside
 Can make me truly satisfied,
 But thy blood-bought salvation:
 There is true bliss,
 Virtue, healing all that's ailing,
 Strength, supplying
 Life, although my flesh be dying.

3 O happy hour! by faith I see
 My suffering, dying Lord for me
 Upon the cross outstretch'd;
 If from my view this should depart,
 Nought could relieve my troubled
 heart,
 Yea, I should be most wretched;
 But he knows me
 To be feeble, and not able
 For a moment
 To live without his atonement.

4 A sinner I, and full of blame;
 But Saviour is his precious name;
 He nothing will deny me;
 His blood was shed for me I know,
 Thence blessings in abundance flow;
 Nought else can satisfy me:
 My God, thy blood
 Still can wash me and refresh me:
 It is cleansing,
 Pardon, life, and grace dispensing.

(God,

5 Therefore I'll view the Lamb of
 His body cover'd o'er with blood,
 His soul with grief oppress'd;
 This sight removes all doubt & fear,
 It gives me boldness to draw near,
 By whatsoever distressed:
 Here I find joy,
 Heavenly pleasure beyond measure;
 Near my Saviour
 I would fain abide for ever.

420. T. 141.

LAMB of God beloved,
 Once for sinners slain,
 Thankful we remember
 What thou didst sustain;
 Nothing thee incited
 But unbounded grace,
 To bear condemnation
 In the sinner's place.

2 I with sacred sorrow
 View Mount Calvary;

But my soul rejoiceth
 O'er thy death for me:
 Since thou by thy passion
 Didst for me atone,
 Take me as an offering,
 Thine I'll be alone.

3 In thy wounds, O Jesus,
 I have found true peace;
 Thou in all distresses
 Art my hiding-place:
 Unto thee I'll ever
 Look with humble faith,
 And rejoice and glory
 In thy wounds and death.

4 I unworthy sinner
 Lie before thy throne;
 Though I scarce am able
 To express, I own,
 All my wants, dear Saviour,
 Yet thou know'st them well;
 Now in me the counsel
 Of thy love fulfil.

421. T. 341.

'TIS done, my God hath died,
 My love is crucified!
 Break, this stony heart of mine;
 Pour, my eyes, a ceaseless flood;
 Feel, my soul, the pangs divine;
 Catch, my heart, the issuing blood.

2 To love thee, Lord,—ah, this
 Even here is heavenly bliss;
 With thy love my heart inspire,
 There by faith for ever dwell;
 'This I always will desire,
 Nothing but thy love to feel.

3 He bore the curse of all,
 A spotless criminal:
 Burden'd with our crimes and guilt,
 Blacken'd with imputed sin,
 Man to save his blood he spilt;
 Died, to make the sinner clean.

4 Join earth and heaven to bless
 The Lord our righteousness;
 Sinned we All and died in One,
 Just in One we all are made:
 Christ the law fulfill'd alone,
 Died for all, for all obey'd.

5 In him complete I shine,
 His death, his life is mine;
 Fully am I justified;
 Free from sin, and more than free,

Guiltless, since for me he died,
Righteous, since he rose for me.

6 Jesus, to thee I bow,
Approach thee humbly now :
O the depths of love divine !
Who thy wisdom's stores can tell ?
Knowledge infinite is thine,
All thy ways unsearchable.

422. T. 206.

FULL to my view, :||
In bloody hue,
The Lamb of God
Stretch'd out :|| upon the wood,
With wounds, and stripes, & scars :||
—appears,
The nails and spear—his body tear
And open wide :||
The fountain in his side. :||

2 By his blood shed, :||
The Lamb hath paid
My ransom price,
Offer'd :|| a sacrifice
Well-pleasing unto God ; :||
His blood
For me avails—and never fails,
To give me peace :||
And solid happiness. :||

3 His cries and prayers, :||
His bitter tears,
His bloody sweat,
And all :|| his torments great,
His stripes and every wound :||
Abound
With life and grace,
Yea, lasting bliss :
From Golgotha :||
My soul would never stray. :||

423. T. 205.

LAMB of God, thy precious blood,
Healing wounds and bitter death,
Be our trust, our only boast,
Blessed object of our faith :
Thy once marred countenance
Comfort to our hearts dispense ;
By thy anguish, stripes, and pain,
May we life and strength obtain.

2 We adore thee evermore,
Jesus, for thy boundless grace ;
For thy cross, whereby for us
Thou hast gain'd true happiness ;

For thy death, which sets us free
From sin's cruel slavery ;
For thy all-atoning blood,
Which hath brought us nigh to God.

3 What can we now give to thee,
For thy unexampled love ?
We're unclean and full of sin,
Till thou dost our guilt remove :
All that's good in us, we own
Is not ours, but thine alone ;
Unto us belongeth shame,
But all glory to thy name.

4 Through thy grace, may we always
Put our trust in thee by faith,
And rely eternally
On thy meritorious death :
Fill our hearts with constant peace,
Till in thee we end our race,
And shall thee for evermore
'Midst the ransom'd hosts adore.

424. T. 159.

I'M overcome with humble shame,
And blushes fill my face,
When I behold the suffering Lamb,
And when my faith can trace,
How Jesus paid my ransom price,
And gave himself a sacrifice :
My gracious Saviour, near to thee
I ever wish to be.

2 'Tis then with happy John I view
His body mark'd with scars ;
Like Mary I his feet bedew
With floods of sinner-tears ;
I'm struck with this most charming
sight,
The Lamb of God is my delight,
The glory of the Trinity
In him by faith I see.

3 Free from the noisy, busy crowd,
Here would I ever stay,
And live in union with my God,
With Jesus night and day ;
Extolling his unbounded love,
Till to his presence I remove,
And there in higher notes of praise
My hallelujahs raise.

425. T. 166.

WHAT praise unto the Lamb is
due ! [spire,
How should this theme our souls in-

When we his boundless love review,
And see him in his blood expire!
Who can describe how much he
loved, [zeal,
Or paint that strong and fervent
With which his tender heart was
moved,
When he sustain'd the pangs of hell.

2 Beside him we will nothing know,
All things account for him but loss:
Our hearts with love to him shall
We'll glory only in his cross: [glow,
He is the hungry sinner's food,
His goodness we desire to taste;
When we enjoy his flesh and blood,
It proves to us a heavenly feast.

3 Thy wounds present to our faith's
eye; [breast:
Their influence shed within our
Lord, let no stranger with thee vie,
Let sin be wholly dispossess'd;
Free from the law's condemning
power,
By grace alone we wish to live;
Grace must support us every hour,
Faith can alone the victory give.

426.

T. 16.

SWEET the moments, rich in bless-
ing,

Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood,
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I've more forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go: [healing,
Prove his wounds each day more
And himself more fully know.

427.*

T. 147.

IMPRESS'D with filial fear,
A breeze divine perceiving,
Its influence receiving,
With awe we thee revere:
Our eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Our souls devoutly glowing,
One thought absorbs us now:
Thou, Jesus, only thou.

2 Who can thy kindness prove,
Or know thy great salvation,
And not with exultation
Confess that God is love?
Thou Messenger anointed,
The Lamb by God appointed,
By all in earth and heaven
To thee be praises given.

428.*

T. 126.

TO earth no longer cleaving,
I look to Jesus' cross;
All this world's trifles leaving,
For him count all things loss,
Who underwent such racking pain,
Distress of soul, and anguish,
Vile sinners to regain.

2 I'm lost in deepest wonder,
When I am led to trace
His dying love, and ponder
On his amazing grace;
How he, by giving up his breath,
Procured life and salvation
For rebels doom'd to death.

3 Grace through the blood of Jesus,
The contrite soul's delight!
Nought else on earth could please us,
Should we of this lose sight,
And could we not, thro' mercy free,
Our worthless names engraven
In Jesus' nail-prints see.

4 Oh! were his death impressed
On us indelibly,
Our lot would be most blessed;
How can we happier be,
Than when his rod and staff impart
True joy and consolation
Unto the needy heart?

429.*

T. 126.

O WHAT complete salvation
In Jesus I possess!

In his atoning passion
 I find true happiness;
 I'm now content on earth to live,
 Since to my unseen Saviour
 Through grace by faith I cleave.

2 Nought but my Saviour's passion
 Can purify the heart,
 And bid the infatuation
 Of world and sin depart:
 The very thought is then abhorr'd,
 That I those things should cherish
 Which crucified our Lord.

3 O Lamb of God tormented,
 Thy pain and anguish sore
 Have me to thee cemented,
 And bound for evermore;
 Whoe'er relies on thee alone,
 Will safely be conducted,
 Until his race is run.

4 I trust in Jesus' merit,
 My life flows from his death;
 And doth his holy Spirit
 Before the eye of faith
 My crucified Redeemer paint,
 I am through grace establish'd
 Firm in his covenant.

430.* T. 185.

IF to me experience had not proved
 What surpasseth human thought,
 That my Saviour, by compassion
 moved,
 With his blood my pardon bought,
 I had spent my days in anxious
 grieving; [ing,
 But, to him be praise, I now believ-
 In my Lord, by faith receive
 Comforts, which the world can't
 give.

2 O what blessings are from Jesus'
 passion
 And atoning death derived!
 I refuse all other consolation,
 If of these I am deprived;
 But no sooner doth his blood bedew
 me,
 And impart its healing virtue to me,
 Than my soul, though sunk in grief,
 Is restored, and finds relief.

3 When my Jesus from the cross
 complacent
 Casts on me a look of love,

Grateful tears flow down my cheeks
 incessant,
 All my soft affections move:
 Could I, with a mind of earth di-
 vested, [lested,
 By all worldly cares quite unmo-
 Be engaged with him alone,
 Then were heaven on earth begun.

431.* T. 10.

BY faith to Jesus cleaving,
 In him, my Lord, believing,
 Like Thomas I can trace him,
 And from the heart confess him.

2 With grateful heart's sensation
 I own, that when his passion,
 His cross and death are named,
 My soul is then inflamed.

3 From death to life he raised
 My soul—his name be praised;
 Now I'm regenerated,
 And all is new-created.

4 The eye of faith he giveth,
 Which sight of him receiveth:
 An ear, to hear with pleasure
 His word, that sacred treasure.

5 He graciously conducts me,
 The Holy Ghost insinuates me
 To understand more fully
 His mind, and know him truly.

6 From Jesus' blood and merit
 I gain new life and spirit,
 Forgiveness, grace, salvation,
 Strength, joy, and consolation.

7 My spirit him embraces,
 He all my wants redresses,
 I in his love's fruition
 Am happy without vision.

8 Am I, of him possessed,
 Already here so blessed,
 What joys shall I be tasting,
 When in his presence resting.

432.* T. 205.

ALL the bliss which we possess,
 Is derived from Jesus' cross;
 He to God hath by his blood
 Reconciled and saved us:
 Now his righteousness is found
 Our salvation's only ground;
 Hence all our felicity
 Springs, here and eternally.

2 Amen, yea, hallelujah;
 Lord, our comfort, joy, and peace,
 By thy cross thou gain'dst for us
 Everlasting happiness:
 Since the effects we richly prove
 Of this wondrous act of love,
 With what gratitude should we
 Raise our hearts and eyes to thee.

433. T. 14.

Lamb,
 HOW can I view the slaughter'd
 And all his sufferings trace,
 And not sink down with humble
 shame,
 And give him thanks and praise.
 2 This, Lord, I do with many tears,
 And own, with wonder fill'd,
 Thy stripes and shame, thy griefs
 and prayers,
 Made me thy pardon'd child.
 3 Still be thy wounds to me more
 More precious every day: [dear,
 Till I at thy pierced feet appear,
 Dress'd in thy bright array.

434.* T. 14.

THE impression of what Christ my
 friend
 Hath done for worthless me,
 When he his life and blood did spend,
 Attend me constantly.
 2 O may I humbly onward move,
 While dying here I stay,
 And Jesus, whom unseen I love,
 Prepare me for his day.

435.* T. 68.

BE thy wounds and cross
 Ever new to us;
 From thy suffering scenes and merit
 Nothing e'er divert our spirit:
 With thy blood bedew
 All we think or do.

436.* T. 79.

TIME'S undefined dimensions,
 Eternity's expansions,
 In spirit I have traced;
 But nothing hath so struck me,
 As when God's Spirit took me,
 To GOLGOTHA;—O God be praised.

437.* T. 228.

SING Hallelujah, honour, praise;
 Your grateful lauds to Jesus raise,
 O favour'd congregation!
 For he became a sacrifice,
 And paid in blood our ransom price,
 Procuring our salvation;
 Holy, happy,
 Is our union and communion
 With our Saviour;
 Blessed be his name for ever.

438.* T. 234.

THANKS be to thee, thou slaugh-
 ter'd Lamb,
 For thy eternal love and favour;
 We sinful worms with humble
 shame
 Acknowledge thee our only Sa-
 viour;
 For us thy soul was sore dismay'd,
 For us thy body was tormented,
 For us thou bow'dst thy sacred
 head,
 Thus by thy death death's power
 ended:
 Now fix our hearts and eyes
 On this thy sacrifice;
 O that we may forget it never;
 But be it always clear,
 God did in Christ appear.
 From judgment us to free for ever.

XXI. THE LOVE OF JESUS.

439.*

T. 97.

THOU Source of love, thou sinner's
Friend,

Thy mercy who can comprehend?

Who ever can presume to say

He loved, ere thou hadst shown the
way? (nity,

Thou who hast loved us from eter-
Dost raise within us genuine love to
thee.

2 Such unexampled, boundless grace
Doth fill our souls with deep amaze,
That God, who earth and heaven
made,

Should be in human flesh array'd,
Thereby to save lost man from death
and hell, (rebel.

Who did so basely 'gainst his Lord

3 Thy love, which always is the
same,

Can ev'n the coldest hearts inflame,

Yea, they must feel a kindling ray,

Dissolve in tears and melt away;

Thy mercy, Lord, is such an endless
store,

Man's reason here must silently
adore.

4 However weak and helpless we,

However powerful sin may be,

Thou art our strength in every case;

Thro' thy support and aiding grace

We firmly trust that we shall con-
querors prove,

Since thou dost give us vict'ry from
above.

5 Lo, we fall down with filial fear,
Conscious that thou art present
here;

We humbly laud thy saving name,

We sink, abased with humble shame,

Almighty God, before thy glorious
throne,

And thee our only Lord and Saviour
own.

6 Reach out thy sceptre. King of

Let us thy royal favour prove, (love,

Who, conscious of our indigence,

Approach thy throne with confi-
dence;

O teach our lips to praise, our hearts
to glow,

Our eyes with grateful tears to over-
flow.

440.*

T. 97.

WHOM, dear Redeemer, dost thou
love? (prove?

What doth thy highest pleasure

Whom dost thou favour, cheer, and
bless,

And call to endless happiness;

Thou, who art holy, great, un-
changeable,

The mighty God, yet our Imma-
nuel?—

2 The answer humble thanks doth
claim, (shame:

And fills our soul with conscious

I love thee, sinner; come to me,

I will receive thee graciously;

Though thou be sinful, ready to des-
pair,

Thou shalt my pardon, help, and
glory share.

3 What wonder in the soul takes
place, (grace;

When we survey thy boundless

To know our own depraved heart,

And thy great name, and what thou
art,

And yet to find thee still so gracious
prove;

This makes us sink abased with
shame and love.

4 We all know who and what we
are,

And all with one consent declare.

That in ourselves no good we find

To move thee, Lord, to be so kind:

Yet many here with inward rapture
feel

Thy Spirit's unction and assuring
zeal.

5 O ground us deeper still in thee,

And let us thy true followers be;

And when of thee we testify,

Fill thou our souls with heavenly
joy: (spire,

May thy blest Spirit all our souls in-

And set each cold and lifeless heart
on fire.

6 Our souls and bodies, Lord, prepare,
 That we rich fruit for thee may
 Grant we may live unto thy praise,
 And serve thy cause with faithful-
 ness;
 Since grace and truth are our heart's
 wish and aim,
 O glorify in us thy saving name.

441.*

T. 90.

MY Saviour, thou thy love to me
 In want, in pain, in shame hast
 shown;

For me thou on the accursed tree
 Didst by thy precious blood atone:
 Thy death upon my heart impress,
 That nothing may it thence erase.

2 O that my heart, which open
 stands,
 May catch each drop, that tort'ring
 Arm'd by my sins, wrung from thy
 hands,

Thy feet, thy head, thy every vein:
 That still my breast may heave with
 sighs,
 Still tears of love o'erflow mine
 eyes.

3 O that I like a little child
 May follow thee; nor ever rest,
 Till sweetly thou hast pour'd thy
 mil-

And lowly mind into my breast:
 O may I now and ever be
 One Spirit, dearest Lord, with thee.

4 What in thy love possess I not?
 My star by night, my sun by day,
 My spring of life, when parch'd with
 drought,

My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,
 My strength, my shield, my safe
 abode,

My robe before the throne of God.

5 From all eternity with love
 Unchangeable thou me hast view'd;
 Ere knew this beating heart to move,
 Thy tender mercies me pursued:
 Ever with me may they abide,
 And close me in on every side.

6 In suffering be thy love my peace,
 In weakness be thy love my power;
 And when the storms of life shall
 cease,

Jesus, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

442.*

T. 79.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, who for us
 Didst die upon the shameful cross,

To save our souls from death:
 We humbly at thy feet fall down,
 And thee thy body's Saviour own,
 On whom we firmly trust by faith.

2 Weak, helpless babes, 'tis true, we
 are,

Poor sinners, but from guilt made
 The virtue of that blood, (clear,
 Which did for all our sins atone,
 We have experienced, and have
 known

From thence the quick'ning power of
 God.

(reply,
 3 We, deeply bow'd, can nought
 But at thy pierced feet we lie,

Astonish'd at thy grace,
 That vile and wretched as we are,
 Such undeserved love we share;
 To thee is due eternal praise.

4 When we thy boundless love
 survey,

Our hearts like wax then melt away,
 Our eyes with tears o'erflow;
 We are determin'd nought beside
 To know, but Jesus crucified,
 And him to follow here below.

443.*

T. 580.

CHRIST, my Redeemer, Lord and
 God,

How came I, sinner void of good,

To that blest company
 Of ransom'd souls, who are in faith
 United, grounded on thy death?

Why didst thou fix thy choice on
 me?

2 To thee, with guilt oppress'd, I
 cried: (supplied;

My prayers were heard, my wants
 My heart, devoid of faith,
 Unfeeling, dead in sins before,
 Now quicken'd by thy mighty power,
 Glows with love's ardour for thy
 death.

3 Though I to mercy had no right,
 Yet I found favour in thy sight,

Like Magdalen at thy feet;
 So that I now, supremely blest,
 In thee have found true peace and
 rest,

Yea, happiness and joy complete.

444.* T. 132.

THE Lord my Shepherd is and guide.
 Who kindly doth direct me;
 For all my wants he will provide,
 From dangers will protect me:
 He leads me to a pasture-ground,
 Where for my soul rich food is found,
 The word of his salvation.

2 He guides my soul to living springs,
 Where sweetly I'm refreshed;
 His Spirit joy and comfort brings
 To me whene'er abashed;
 He leads me in the blessed way
 Of his commandments, day by day,
 To his name's praise and glory.

3 A table for me he prepares,
 My soul enjoys his favour;
 And, thus secured, no enemy dares
 My God and me to sever:
 My heart his holy Spirit cheers,
 And changeth all my grief and fears
 To joys unutterable.

4 His goodness and his mercies all
 Will follow me for ever,
 And I'll maintain my proper call
 To cleave to my dear Saviour
 And to his congregation here;
 And when call'd home I shall live
 there
 With Christ my soul's Redeemer.

445.* T. 36.

THY thoughts of peace o'er me, my
 gracious Saviour,
 Thy mercy, love, and patience,
 which ne'er waver,
 These are my comfort, prompt me to
 prostration And adoration.

2 I am the chief of sinners, yea, the
 poorest
 Of those, whom of thy favour thou
 assurest;
 Thy goodness shown to me can't be
 expressed, Or duly praised.

3 Hadst thou not sought me first and
 follow'd ever,
 I had not come to thee, nor known
 thy favour;
 When thou hadst found me, then
 with arms of mercy
 Thou didst embrace me.

4 I thank thee with sincerest heart's
 affection,
 That thou, according to thy grace
 election,
 Hast brought me to thy blood-bought
 congregation,
 Seal'd my salvation.

446.* T. 208.

NONE but Christ, my Saviour,
 Loves with matchless fervour;

This is surely true:
 Souls in him believing,
 And his blessings craving,
 Taste them daily new;
 Yea, his mercy far exceeds
 All to think or say we're able;
 'Tis incomparable.

2 Weeping or rejoicing,
 When from love arising,
 He takes in good part;
 Whoe'er cannot truly,
 Holy, holy, holy,
 Sing with cheerful heart,
 O might he but contrite be:
 Christ regards our mournful crying,
 Inward groans and sighing.

3 Yea, his own he guideth,
 Faithful he abideth,
 Till his thoughts of peace
 Fully are accomplish'd,
 And, our race here finish'd,
 We shall see his face;
 O rejoice with heart and voice,
 Church of God, and praise for ever
 His unbounded favour.

447. T. 89.

ONE there is above all others,
 Who deserves the name of friend,
 His is love, beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end:
 They who once his kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save
 us, (blood?)
 Could or would have shed his
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God:
 This was boundless love indeed:
 Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, to heavenly glory raised,
He rejoiceth in the same:
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

4 Could we hear from one another,
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious friend and brother
Loves us, tho' we treat him thus;
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 Oh! for grace our hearts to soften;
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas, forget too often,
What a friend we have above:
But when home our souls are
brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

448.

T. 14.

JESUS, thy love exceeds by far
The love of earthly friends;
Bestows whate'er the sinner needs,
Is firm, and never ends.

2 My blessed Saviour, is thy love
So bounteous, great, and free?
Behold I give my sinful heart,
My life, my all to thee.

3 No man of greater love can boast,
Than for his friend to die:
Thou for thy enemies wast slain;
What love with thine can vie?

4 Though in the very form of God,
With heavenly glory crown'd,
Thou wouldst partake of human
Beset with troubles round. (flesh,

5 And now, ev'n on thy throne above,
Thy love is still as great;
Well thou remember'st Calvary,
Nor can'st thy death forget.

6 O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of thy love:
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odour prove.

449.

T. 90.

JESUS, Redeemer of mankind,
Sovereign Creator, Lord of all,
Since I in thee salvation find,
Before thy cross I humbly fall:

My Lord, my God, my soul's desire,
With sacred flames my heart inspire.

2 How couldst thou love such worms
as we? (race?
Why didst thou look upon our
Why didst thou die upon the tree?
What caused all this but boundless
grace? (love,

'Twas, dearest Lord, thy matchless
Which thee to save our souls did
move.

3 O let thy pity thee constrain,
Pardon our sin, its power subdue;
May all of us be born again,
Thy image in us all renew;
Let on us shine thy cheering face;
Give us to know thy saving grace.

4 Be thou our strength, be thou our
song:

Be our exceeding great reward:
Let every heart and every tongue
Rejoice and triumph in the Lord:
Jesus, our boast shall be of thee,
In time and in eternity.

450.

T. 14.

COME, Holy Ghost, inspire my song
With thy immortal flame:
And teach my heart, and teach my
tongue
The Saviour's lovely name.

2 The Saviour! O what endless
Dwell in the blissful sound! (charms
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

3 Here pardon, life, and joys divine
In rich effusion flow
For guilty rebels, lost by sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

4 God's only Son, stupendous grace!
Forsook his throne above;
And swift to save our wretched race,
He flew on wings of love.

5 The almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode; (eyes,
While angels view'd with wondering
And hail'd the incarnate God.

6 O the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,
I cannot wish for more.

7 On thee alone my hope relies:
Beneath thy cross I fall,
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

451.* T. 74.

SAVIOUR, through grace divine
I know that I was thine
From early infancy:
This by thy calls I see,
And drawings all along
Frequent, distinct, and strong.

2 I know through mercy free
Thine I shall ever be;
No separation here
From thee I need to fear:
In thee I can confide,
Thou faithful wilt abide.

3 I know I worthless am;
This fills my soul with shame:
Down in the dust I bow,
Lord, keep me ever low;
In thee alone I trust,
Thy love is all my boast.

452. T. 90.

BEFORE the Father's awful throne
Our high priest lifts his pierced
And interceding for his own [hands
His purchased property demands;
His people's everlasting friend,
Who, loving, loves them to the end.

2 By faith we claim him as our own,
Our kinsman near allied in blood,
Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone,
The Son of man, the Son of God:
We to his mercy-seat draw nigh;
He never can himself deny.

453.* T. 14.

THY mercies and thy faithfulness,
Dear Lord, are daily new,
But who can tell them to thy praise
Upon a close review?

2 Could I exalt thee worthily
For thy unbounded grace.
Display'd in various ways to me,
My lauds would never cease.

454.* T. 590.

O LORD, accept my worthless heart
And keep it ever thine;
Since thou for me, a sinful worm,
Hast shed thy blood divine,
Therewith to save my guilty soul
From endless pain and wo:
What dearest friend in all the world
Could equal kindness show?

455.* T. 56.

THOU, O Jesus, art a gracious
Lord,
Ever faithful keeping to thy word;
None can be so full of grief,
But he soon may find relief
By the comfort thy kind looks
afford.

456.* T. 37.

LORD, had I of thy love
Such an impression,
As to forget all else
In that fruition,
Still would my love fall short
Of thy great mercies;
Nor can eternity
Sing all thy praises.

457. T. 151.

O LOVE, all love excelling,
From heaven to earth came down,
Come, fix in us thy dwelling,
Of all thy gifts the crown:
Lord, thou art all compassion,
Unbounded love thou art;
O grant us thy salvation,
Speak peace to every heart.

458. T. 184.

HOW much we're loved by God our
Saviour,
With warmest gratitude we trace;
His patience, mercy, pardon, favour,
Supported us throughout our race:
To him we trust for future blessing;
He'll lead us till our latest breath:
O may we all, with love unceasing,
Rejoice in him our Lord by faith.

XXII. LOVE TO JESUS.

459.*

T. 106.

THEE will I love, my strength and tower,

My soul with love to thee inspire;
Thee will I love with all my power,
Thou art alone my soul's desire;
Thee will I love, my King and God;
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

2 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thou fairest of the sons of men?
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee who canst relieve my pain?
Ashamed I sigh and inly mourn,
That I so late to thee did turn.

3 Give to my eyes repenting tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires;

Give to my soul with filial fears
The love that all heaven's host inspires;
That all my powers with all their
In thy sole glory may unite.

460.* T. 232.

THEE, Lord, I love with sacred awe,

Thy gracious presence ne'er with-
From me, thy feeble creature:
The world is tasteless unto me,
I find no comfort but in thee,

And in thy loving nature: [broke,
Yea, when the strings of life are
Thou shalt remain my lasting rock;
Thou art my comfort and my all,
Whose blood redeem'd me from the fall;

Lord Jesus Christ. :: thy saving
Preserve me from eternal shame.

2 All my desires are fix'd on thee,
Lord Jesus; thou art more to me
Than every earthly treasure;
Were heaven itself without thee,

Lord,
What could all heavenly bliss afford
To yield me solid pleasure?
Did I not feel that thou art near,
Whene'er I mourn, my heart to cheer,

Nought in this world could comfort me;

My wishes centre all in thee;
Lord Jesus Christ, :: if thou art gone,

My every comfort is withdrawn.

3 With my whole heart I cleave to thee,
And thou wilt come and dwell with
This is my consolation:

In joy and pain my soul depends
On thee with humble confidence,
Thou rock of my salvation:
Thou shalt remain my portion blest,
My All, by word and deed confess'd,
Till these mine eyes behold thy face:
Meanwhile support me by thy grace:
O Jesus Christ, :: my God and Lord,
In every trial help afford.

461.*

T. 200.

O CHRIST, my only life and light,
Whose loving condescension
Refresheth me by day and night,
Beyond my comprehension:
Grant that I may return thy love
With grateful heart's devotion,
Thus my notion
Of mercy will improve
With every thought and motion.

2 Let nothing dwell within my heart,

But thy great love and favour:
May this engage my soul to part
With every sinful savour; [small,
With all things, whether great or
Which cause the least division
Or collision

'Twixt me and God my all,
Who saved me from perdition.

3 How blest, how excellent and kind
Are thy great love and merit;
Were these but fixed within my mind,

What could disturb my spirit?
O might no thought arise in me,
No object move my senses,
No pretences,
To obstruct my love to thee;
Thus heaven on earth commences.

4 O that I were still more possess'd
Of this great, sovereign blessing?
O that my cold and lifeless breast
Might glow with love unceasing!
Grant I may watch both day and
night,
To keep this heavenly treasure
From the seizure
Of Satan's secret spite,
Who seeks our wo with pleasure.

5 Thou camest in love to rescue me,
And bear sin's pain and anguish;
Like vilest murderer on the tree
Didst hang, and groan & languish,
Scorn'd, spit upon, and sore distress:
O let thy sufferings enter
To the centre
Of this my stubborn breast,
To melt and make it tender.

6 The blood which thou hast shed for
me,
Is precious, pure, and holy;
But this my heart, that swerves from
thee,
Is hard, replete with folly;
Lord, make the virtue of thy blood
Sink deep into the nature
Of thy creature,
And spread th's living flood
Through every vein and feature.

7 Thy love divine is perfect rest,
The source of all true pleasure:
O Jesus, be my soul thus blest
To enjoy thee in full measure;
Shed in my heart thy love abroad;
O let thy blood be healing
All that's ailing,
And that depravity,
I am with grief bewailing.

8 Thy love, my Saviour, all supplies
That to my soul is wanting;
'Tis the true light unto my eyes,
My cordial when I'm fainting;
My bread and wine, my costly dress,
My joy and delectation,
My salvation,
My comfort in distress,
My refuge 'midst oppression.

9 My dearest Lord, shouldst thou re-
move, sure;
Nought else could yield me plea-
Shouldst thou withdraw thy precious
love,
I lose my only treasure:

Thee may I seek and entertain,
With inward joy receive thee,
Never leave thee,
And ne'er henceforth again
Unfaithful prove and grieve thee.

10 Thy love hath always been the
same
And ever did pursue me:
Before I knew thy saving name,
In mercy thou didst view me:
O let thy love, almighty Lord,
Continue to direct me
And protect me,
Yea, help to me afford
'Gainst all that would obstruct me.

11 Thy love uphold me when dis-
tress'd,
Give strength when I am feeble;
And when this mortal period's past,
Thou, who to save art able,
Support and strengthen my weak
Apply thy powerful merit [faith;
To my spirit,
That I may after death
Eternal joy inherit.

462.* T. 151.

JESUS, my highest treasure,
In thy communion blest
I find unsullied pleasure,
True happiness and rest:
Myself as an oblation
I have to thee assign'd,
Because thou by thy passion
Hast heal'd my sin sick mind.

2 O joy, all joys exceeding,
Thou Bread most heavenly!
When I on thee am feeding;
Thou dost me satisfy
With marrow and with fatness,
With comfort, joy, and peace,
And fill my heart with gladness,
Assuaging my distress.

3 Let me perceive thy friendly,
Thy cheering countenance;
Spread through my heart its kindly
Enlivening influence:
Without thee, gracious Saviour,
To live is nought but pain:
To enjoy thy love and favour
Is happiness and gain.

4 Earth's glory to inherit
Is not what I desire;

My heavenly minded spirit
Glow's with a nobler fire:
Where Christ himself appeareth
In brightest majesty,
For me a place prepareth,
There, there I long to be.

463.* T. 156.

JESUS is my light most fair
Jesus yields me solid pleasure;
In his love I have a share,
This I count my highest treasure:
He alone is my delight,
He my soul hath captivated,
With his love I'm penetrated;
He hath overcome me quite.

2 Round his pierced feet I'll cling,
Him I seek with love most tender;
And accursed be every thing, [der:
Which my seeking him would hin-
Tell me nought of worldly fame,
Tell me nought of earthly treasure;
Would you please in any measure,
Tell me of his lovely name.

3 But himself I must behold,
To him I will make confession;
My defects are manifold,
But I trust to his compassion;
For I cannot, will not rest
Till I've found my dearest Saviour,
Till he looks on me in favour,
Till he grants me my request.

4 Jesus, thou my only rest,
O my Jesus, let me find thee!
Jesus, take me to thy breast,
With thy cords of love now bind me:
Thou'rt the object of my mind,
I am by thy love inflamed;
Every good that can be named,
Every bliss in thee I find.

5 May I of thy chosen bride
Be a member chaste and holy;
Let me quite in thee confide,
Cleave to thee and love thee solely:
Jesus, kindly me receive;
Thine alone may I be called:
Grant that what hath me enthralled,
May no longer me enslave.

6 Thou in grace hast look'd on me,
And with precious gifts hast blessed;
Yet content I cannot be
Till I am of thee possessed:
Jesus, now upon me shine,

Jesus, be my sun resplendent,
Jesus, be my joy transcendent,
Jesus, be thou ever mine.

464.* T. 39.

I'LL glory in nothing but only in
Jesus,
As wounded and bruised from sin to
release us:
For he is my refuge, to him I'll
cleave solely,
Thus can I, like Enoch, in this world
live holy.

2 What though the world foameth
and rageth with fury,
I in my dear crucified Jesus will
glory;
Beside him my Saviour I'll know
nothing ever;
From him neither trials nor death
me shall sever.

3 My Jesus is always desirous to
meet me,
Abounding in love, and in mercy to
greet me;
Above all I love him, for he is my
treasure;
I humbly adore him and serve him
with pleasure.

4 My heart's fix'd on Jesus whose
love is so tender,
My life and my all unto him I sur-
render;
He is and remaineth my heart's
meditation,
My faith's only object, till my con-
summation.

465.* T. 83.

JESUS will I never leave,
He's the God of my salvation;
Through his merits I receive
Pardon, life, and consolation:
All the powers of my mind
To my Saviour be resign'd.

2 Nought on earth can satisfy
One desire which God inspireth;
Only Jesus can supply
All my needy heart requireth:
He all losses can retrieve,
Him I'll therefore never leave.

3 He is mine, and I am his,
Join'd with him in close commu-
And his bitter passion is (nion;
The foundation of this union :
Full of hopes which never yield,
Firm on him, my rock, I build.

4 O the happy hours I spend
With him in blest conversation ;
He's my near and faithful friend,
Full of grace, peace, and salvation:
From the look at Jesus' wounds
Pure delight to me redounds.

5 With my Jesus I will stay,
He my soul preserves and feedeth ;
He, the life, the truth, the way,
He to living waters leadeth :
Blessed who can say with me,
Christ, I'll never part with thee.

466.* T. 22.

DEAR Jesus, when I think on thee,
My heart for joy doth leap in me ;
Thy blest remembrance yields de-
Till faith is changed into sight. (light

(fess,
2 When thou art near, I must con-
I feel a bliss I can't express : (cloy,
Thy love, my Saviour, ne'er can
Fountain of bliss and source of joy.

3 Let me by faith behold thy face,
Still taste thy love and share thy
grace ;
Still let my tongue confess thy name,
And Jesus be my constant theme.

4 Thy love and mercies all exceed ;
The more I on these dainties feed,
The more my eager soul is bent
To live but in this element.

5 Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are ;
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

467.* T. 11.

DEAREST Jesus, come to me,
And abide eternally :
Friend of needy sinners, come,
Fill and make my heart thy home.

2 Oftentimes for thee I sigh,
Nothing else can give me joy ;
This is still my cry to thee :
Dearest Jesus, come to me.

3 Should I in earth's pleasures roll,
None could satisfy my soul ;
Thee, O Jesus, I adore,
Thou'rt my pleasure evermore.

4 Jesus, thee alone I call
My beloved friend, my all ;
Nothing, whatso'er it be,
Shall divide my heart with thee.

468.* T. 15.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, thou hast me
To come to thee invited ;
Thy love, to love thee ardently,
Hath my cold heart excited.

2 Thy cross, thy shame, thy agony,
Thy wounds and bitter passion
Have wholly won my heart for thee,
And prompt my adoration.

3 The fire of love that burns within,
Is that divine impression,
That thou didst suffer for my sin,
And die for my transgression.

469.* T. 97.

'TIS evident that Jesus loves,
His death for us this fully proves ;
He loved the world, a sinful race,
He loves the church, his flock of grace,
He loveth children, yea, he loveth
me,
Who nought deserved but endless
misery.

2 O may I in his love be blest,
Like John, reclining on his breast ;
And oft, like humble Magdalen,
Adore the friend of sinful men,
With longing heart attending at his
feet,
Till with a gracious look from him
I meet.

3 I'll weep whene'er he's not to me
What a most cordial friend can be ;
Do I not always feel him nigh,
And his reviving grace enjoy,
Do I not in his sweet communion
live,
Nought else to my poor soul can com-
fort give.

470.* T. 4.

WHEN duly I weigh,
How much day by day

Thee, Lord, I have tried,
My Friend ever faithful, who for me
hast died;—

2 I own the fault mine;
Thy patience divine,
Which clearly I trace,
With tears fill my eyes, with shame
covers my face.

3 As Mary adored
Her Master and Lord,
When her thou didst greet,
And deeply abased she embraced thy
feet;—

4 As Thomas with awe,
When thy wounds he saw,
His Saviour avow'd,
And cried with conviction, My Lord
and my God.

5 As Peter replied,
His love being tried,
My heart thou dost prove,
Lord, thou knowest all things, thou
know'st that I love;—

6 So may I, each day,
A clearer display
Obtain of thy grace;
Thus my love, O Jesus, to thee will
increase.

471.*

T. 45.

WHAT splendid rays of truth and
All other lights excelling, (grace,
I perceive, when Jesus Christ
Makes my heart his dwelling.

2 He blesseth me so sensibly,
That spirit, soul, and body
Can in him my Saviour joy,
Though quite poor and needy.

3 His looks of grace insure always
To me my heavenly calling:
Am I weak, his hand preserves
Me, his child, from falling.

4 My earnest prayer while absent
here,
From him, my soul's beloved,
Is, that my heart's confidence
In him be unmoved.

5 Could I with him spend all my
In constant love's fruition, (time
Infinitely happy then
Would be my condition.

6 Whene'er I mourn and humbly
For comfort to my Jesus, (turn
I have never-failing proof
That he's near and gracious.

7 They who always our Saviour's
face
Seek upon each occasion,
Never fail to be refresh'd
With his consolation.

472.*

T. 167.

O COULD we but love that Saviour
Who loves us so ardently,
As we ought, our souls would ever
Full of joy and comfort be;
If we, by his love excited,
Could ourselves and all forget,
Then, with Jesus Christ united,
We should heaven anticipate.

2 Did but Jesus' love and merit
Fill our hearts both night and day,
And the unction of his Spirit
All our thoughts and actions sway;
O might all of us be ready
Cheerfully to testify,
How our spirit, soul, and body
Do in God our Saviour joy.

473.

T. 14.

TEN thousand talents once I owed,
And nothing had to pay;
But Jesus freed me from the load,
And wash'd my debt away.

2 Yet since the Lord forgave my sin,
And blotted out my score;
Much more indebted I have been,
Than e'er I was before.

3 My guilt is cancell'd quite I know,
And satisfaction made;
But the vast debt of love I owe
Can never be repaid.

4 The love I owe for sin forgiven,
For power to believe,
For present peace and promised
No angel can conceive. (heaven,

5 That love of thine, thou sinner's
Friend,
Witness thy bleeding heart,
My little all can ne'er extend
To pay a thousandth part.

6 Nay more, the poor returns I make
 I first from thee obtain;
 And 'tis of grace that thou wilt take
 Such poor returns again.
 7 'Tis well—it shall my glory be,
 (Let who will boast their store,)
 In time and in eternity
 To owe thee more and more.

474.

T. 11.

HARK, my soul, it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
 Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?
 2 I deliver'd thee, when bound,
 And when wounded heal'd thy
 wound; (right,
 Sought thee wandering, set thee
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
 3 Can a woman's tender care
 Cease towards the child she bare?
 Yea, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
 4 Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done,
 Partner of my throne shalt be;
 Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?
 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love thee and adore,
 Oh! for grace to love thee more.

475.

T. 14.

TEACH me yet more of thy blest
 ways,
 Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God;
 And fix and root me in that grace,
 So dearly bought with blood.

2 O tell me often of each wound,
 Of every grief and pain;
 And let my heart with joy confess,
 From hence comes all my gain.
 3 For thee, O may I freely count
 Whate'er I have but loss;
 And every name, and every thing,
 Compared with thee, but dross.
 4 Engrave this deeply in my heart,
 That thou for me wast slain;
 Then shall I, in my small degree,
 Return thy love again.
 5 But who can pay that mighty debt,
 Or equal love like thine?
 My heart, by nature cold and dead,
 To thankfulness incline.

476.*

T. 232.

JESUS, I love thee fervently,
 As thou upon the accursed tree
 Wast slain for my transgression;
 I'm glad, and grateful tears bedew
 My cheeks, when I in spirit view
 Thy death and bitter passion;
 This gives the impulse, Lord, that I
 In truth can love thee heartily:
 My love to thee thou knowest best.
 But yet defective 'tis confessed;
 Thou highest good,
 Thy precious blood,
 That cleansing flood,
 Claims that my love more ardent
 glow'd.

477.*

T. 228.

WHAT causeth me to mourn, is
 this:
 My warmest love not equal is
 To my heart's inclination:
 The more I love, the more I feel
 I should far better love thee still,
 Thou God of my salvation:
 Grant me—daily
 More to savour—of thy favour,
 Grace, and blessing;
 Thus my love will be increasing,

XXIII. BROTHERLY LOVE, AND UNION OF SPIRIT.

478.* T. 583.

HOW good and pleasant is it to behold

The favour'd sheep of our good Shepherd's fold,

By grace upheld, in love and knowledge grow,

Each sharing in the other's weal and wo.

2 Fulness of grace in him, our head, abounds, (redounds;

Hence every blessing to his church He dwells among us, and his Spirit's light (aright.

To love each other teacheth us

3 The word of God like plenteous rain descends,

And fructifying power its course attends;

Unto our souls its richest food supplies,

And to salvation makes us truly wise.

4 If love unfeign'd we in our actions show,

The God of peace his blessing will bestow:

O Lord, preserve thy church for Jesus' sake,

And bless what in thy name we undertake.

479. T. 11.

THEY who Jesus' followers are, And enjoy his faithful care,

By a mutual, hearty love, Their belief in Jesus prove.

2 From their being join'd in one, By the faith of God's dear Son,

Boundless blessings they receive, And to Christ desire to live.

3 None in his own wisdom trusts, None of his attainments boasts,

Each his brother doth esteem, And himself the meanest deem.

4 They're delighted when they all With one voice on Jesus call;

And when fitly without strife Each his duty doth in life.

5 Meek they are to all mankind, To good offices inclined, Ready, when reviled, to bless, Studious of the public peace.

6 Tender pity, love sincere To their enemies they bear; And, as Christ affords them light, Order all their steps aright.

7 Jesus, all our souls inspire, Fill us with love's sacred fire; Thus will all in us perceive, That we in thy name believe.

8 May it to the world appear, That we thy disciples are, By our loving mutually, By our being one in thee.

480. T. 22.

BEHOLD us, Lord, rough stones we are,

Yet for thy building us prepare; Reject not one of us, we pray, Thy Spirit's voice may we obey.

2 O may thy flock still more increase In mutual love and perfect peace; In harmony with fervent zeal Serve thee, and do thy holy will.

3 Lord, grant us a forgiving mind, To patience and to peace inclined, That we may with each other bear; To cherish love be all our care.

4 Tender compassion may we show, Share in each other's weal and wo. With those who joyful are, rejoice, And with the weeping sympathise.

5 At all times may we ready be, As far as our ability Permits us, to relieve the want Of all the poor and indigent.

6 Yea, this be our concern, to seek In nothing to offend the weak, But bear with their infirmities, And thus preserve the bond of peace.

7 Grant us in meekness to reclaim Those who have been in aught to blame, Mindful that we, as well as they, Are liable from thee to stray.

8 May we, tho' gifts be manifold,
As members of one body, hold
One doctrine, and be ever led
By thee, our Master, Lord, and Head.

9 O make us quite conform'd to thee,
And grant us true humility;
That we, supported by thy grace,
May in our walk show forth thy
praise.

481. T. 14.

O LET thy love our hearts constrain,
Jesus, thou God of Love;
The bond of peace let us maintain;
All discord far remove.

2 Us into closest union draw,
And in our inward parts
Write thou indelibly thy law;
Let love pervade our hearts.

3 Who would not now pursue the
way.
Where Jesus' footsteps shine?
Who would not own the pleasing
Of charity divine? [sway]

4 United firmly by thy grace,
We shall thy followers prove;
The frowning world must then con-
fess:
See how these Christians love.

482. T. 11.

CHERISH us with kindest care,
Jesus, we thy brethren are,
Of thy flesh and of thy bone;
To the end, O love thine own.

2 As our Head us move and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide:
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all thy mind fulfil.

3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Useful to each other be;
Each the other's burden bear,
In his weal and wo take share.

4 If one member honour'd be,
All rejoice most heartily;
If one suffer, a'l a part
Bear with sympathizing heart.

5 Closely join'd to thee, our Head,
Nourished by thee and fed,
Let us daily growth receive,
And with thee in union live.

483. T. 11.

JESUS, we look up to thee,
Let us in thy name agree;
Thou who art the Prince of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.

2 By thy reconciling love
Every stumbling-block remove.
Lord, us all in thee unite,
To enjoy thy saving light.

3 Make us all one heart and mind,
Courteous, merciful, and kind,
Lowly, meek in thought and word,
As thou wast on earth, O Lord.

4 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
In our conduct patterns be
Of unfeign'd humility.

484.* T. 155.

NEVER yet hath in this world
Love that highest pitch attained,
Though unfeigned,
That it could compared be,
Reasonably,
To that love our blest Creator
Show'd unto his rebel creature,
While as yet his enemy.

2 Ah! behold the Son of God,
Who for those that crucified him,
And denied him,
(Mongst whom, to my grief and
Stands my name) [shame,
Pardon from his Father craveth,
Yea, ev'n his tormentors saveth;
This his love is still the same.

3 For our brethren we should too,
To lay down our lives be willing,
Thus fulfilling
What he of his flock desires,
Yea, requires;
But with all his flow'ry speeches,
Man in vain this lesson teaches,
Till God's love the soul inspires.

4 Brethren, would you please the
Copy then in your behaviour {Lord?
Him your Saviour;
That you're his, the world will own
Then alone,
When, preferring each his brother,
You show love to one another:
Thus are his disciples known.

5 Yet the warmest mutual love,
That to brethren you're possessing
By his blessing,
When compared with his love,
Weak doth prove;
For, to save us from damnation,
By becoming our oblation,
Love immense our God did move.

485.* T. 167.

FLOCK of Jesus, be united,
Covenant with him anew;
By his love divine excited,
Praise and serve him as 'tis due:
O that nothing whatsoever
May relax this blessed tie;
In thy love, most gracious Saviour,
Grant us all stability.

2 With love's ardour to be fired,
Be our aim continually;
So that, should it be required,
For the brethren we could die:
O what boundless love did Jesus
To his enemies display!
May his holy pattern teach us,
How love ought to bear the sway.

3 O that we, his steps to follow,
'Midst affliction, scorn, and spite,
And his sacred name to hallow,
Did each other more excite:
Every one stir up his brother
To keep Jesus still in view,
Thus encouraging each other
His example to pursue.

4 Then the souls he join'd together
Will, according to his prayer,
Be accepted of his Father,
And his kind protection share:
As thou art with him united,
Lord, may we be one in thee,
And, by genuine love excited,
Serve each other willingly.

486.* T. 167.

GRANT, Lord, that with thy direction,
Love each other, we comply,
Aiming with unfeign'd affection
Thy love to exemplify:
Let our mutual love be glowing;
Thus it will to all appear,
That we, as on one stem growing,
In thee living branches are.

2 O that such may be our union
As thine with the Father is,
And not one of our communion
E'er forsake the path of bliss:
May our light 'fore men with brightness,
From thy light reflected, shine;
Thus the world will bear us witness,
That we, Lord, are truly thine.

487.* T. 22.

THE enjoyment of Christ's flesh and blood,
Which is on earth our highest good,
His members closely should unite,
And them to mutual love excite.

2 Love he most strongly did enforce,
Just ere he finished his course;
For love most fervently he pray'd,
Before in death he bow'd his head.

3 O that we all could quite fulfil
Our Saviour's testament and will;
To love each other we desire;
Come, sacred Love, our hearts inspire.

4 We join together heart and hand,
To walk towards the promised land;
For his appearance may with care
Each member day and night prepare.

5 Till we the Lord our righteousness
Shall see in glory face to face,
The bond of peace may we maintain.
And one with him, our Lord, remain.

488.* T. 14.

HOW pleasant is love's harmony,
When brethren truly dwell
Together in heart's unity,
And cordial friendship feel.

2 Lord Jesus, in that very night,
Ere thou didst bleed and die,
Thou didst with thy disciples urge
Love's ever-sacred tie.

3 Remind thy little flock, too apt
Among themselves to jar,
That all thy members' unity
Was ev'n thy dying care.

4 May we this testament fulfil,
One mind and spirit be,
And love with unremitting zeal
Each other fervently.

489.*

T. 147.

JEHOVAH, holy Lamb,
Christ, who our hearts hast fired
With love, by thee inspired,
We praise thy saving name:
Thou givest us crowns of glory,
Which are not transitory,
Thou, who our flesh and blood
Assumedst, Lamb of God.

2 Thou art the loveliest,
Our only joy and treasure,
Our heart's delight and pleasure,
As long as love shall last:
And love shall ever flourish,
Though all things else must perish:
As God himself express'd,
Thou art the loveliest.

3 How fast can love-cords bind!
Thou by thy love hast bound us,
E'er since thy mercy found us,
Thou Shepherd ever kind:
O let us taste thy favour,
And thy rich bounty savour:
We're closely to thee join'd:
How fast can love-cords bind!

4 O boundless love and grace!
When we shall sing Christ's praises
Above in heavenly places,
Our voice we'll higher raise:
As Shepherd he will feed us,
Support, protect, and lead us,
Till we shall see his face;
O boundless love and grace!

5 The elders' holy choir,
Who are in the Lamb's presence,
And pay him their obeisance,
Cast down their crowns' attire:
We join their adoration,
And praise him with prostration;
'Fore him we humbly fall,
He is our All in all.

6 Thanks, wisdom, majesty,
His ransom'd congregation
Brings to him for salvation,
And for love's unity:
The Lamb who did deliver
Our sou's, be praised for ever:
Blessing and honour be
To him eternally.

490.*

T. 124.

OH! in love what stores of grace
Are contained:
By this band our covenant
Is maintained:
They who strangers are to love,
Move our pity;
Love makes living weighty.

2 He who is to Jesus Christ
Quite resigned,
And to walk his blessed ways
Is inclined,
On his path, by love constrain'd,
Firmly treadeth,
And straight on proceedeth.

3 When the true believer's mind
Grace o'erfloweth,
Then all labour doth succeed,
No hurt groweth:
Pilgrims travelling Zion-ward,
Cheer each other;
Each stirs up his brother.

4 By Christ's dying love constrain'd
None can ever
Him to serve a burden deem,
'Tis a favour:
Looking unto Christ, what else
Were distressing
Will become a blessing.

491.*

T. 165.

JESUS, grant me to inherit,
Strengthen'd by thy aiding grace,
Through the guidance of thy Spirit,
All the fruits of righteousness:
Grant me true humility,
Faith and zeal to live for thee;
To mankind O make me gracious,
To my friends and foes propitious.

2 Give me grace in all conditions
Firmly to adhere to thee;
And 'midst all the exhibitions
Of thy boundless love to me,
To let my poor neighbours share
In my plenty and my prayer:
By thy love to me imparted
Make me always tender-hearted.

3 In the lonely house of mourning,
Through thy weeping family,
Comfort, medicine, meat, and cloth-
May I minister to thee: [ing,

Might I calm the orphan's cry
Make the widow sing for joy,
And the captive's moan distressing
Raise to songs of praise and blessing.

492.

T. 39.

WHAT brought us together, what
joined our hearts?
The pardon which Jesus, our High-
priest, imparts:

'Tis this which cements the disciples
of Christ,

Who are into one by the Spirit bap-
tized.

2 Is this our high calling, harmo-
nious to dwell,
And thus in sweet concert Christ's
praises to tell,

In peace and blest union our mo-
ments to spend,

And live in communion with Christ
as our friend?—

3 O yes, having found in the Lord
our delight,

He is our chief object by day and by
night;

This knits us together, no longer we
roam,

We all have one Father, and heaven
is our home.

493.

T. 159.

WHEN brethren dwell in unity

In Jesus' ransom'd fold,
Join'd by love's ever-sacred tie,

'Tis pleasant to behold:

Like dew his grace on them de-
scends,

Yea, his rich blessing he commands

Upon their going out to rest,

Their coming in is blest.

2 We tread on consecrated ground,

For 'tis his own abode,

The sparrow here a nest hath found,

Thine altars, O Lord God!

Blest they who to his courts repair,

To seek him in his house of prayer;

To such he will himself reveal,

His praises they shall tell.

494.

T. 159.

WE in one covenant are join'd,

And one in Jesus are;

With voices and with hearts com-
bined

His praise we will declare;

In doctrine and in practice one,

We'll love and serve the Lord alone;

With one accord sound forth his

praise,

Till we shall see his face.

XXIV. FOLLOWING JESUS, AND BEARING HIS REPROACH.

495.*

T. 230.

JESUS, Lord most great and glo-
rious,

Reward and crown of the victorious,
Restorer of lost paradise;

We appear with supplication,
Before thee, God of our salvation,

And send to thee our fervent cries:

O Lord our righteousness,

'Tis thy delight to bless;

We desire it,

Come then, for we

Belong to thee,

And bless us inexpressibly.

2 O thou well-spring of salvation,
We pray thee us to form and fashion
According to thy blessed mind:

We, by nature spoil'd and marred,
Were from that happy life debarred,

Which in thy fellowship we find:

By thy almighty power

Support us evermore,

Thou life's fountain:

Without thy aid we can't proceed,

Be thou our help in time of need.

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit,

They shall the realm of heaven in-
herit, [bliss;

Free grace is theirs and endless

While all those who place reliance
On their own works and bid defiance
To grace, will of salvation miss :
O may we all of thee
Learn true humility,
Lowly Jesus !
May we despise
All earthly joys
For thee, the pearl of greatest price.

4 They that mourn, blest is their station,

They find abundant consolation,
Since Jesus first that path did tread ;

He prevailed while he suffer'd,
And now to us that cup is offer'd,
By which himself was perfected :
We can in no respect
Here constant joy expect,

Here is weeping ;
At the Lamb's feast
Is perfect rest,
Here is a vale of tears at best.

5 Blessed are the meek in spirit,
They shall, saith Christ, the earth inherit ; (here ;

Their life is hid with him while
Yet they by their conversation
Afford a striking demonstration,
That they in Christ true riches
And as the Lamb of God (share :
The greatest meekness show'd,

His disciples
His path pursue,
And as 'tis due
Show in their conduct meekness too.

6 Blessed, who without cessation
Hunger and thirst for that salvation,
Which flows from Christ's pure
righteousness ;

They are fill'd and satisfied,
With richest dainties are supplied,
Who long and pant for saving
Christ's body and his blood (grace ;
Prove their life-giving food ;

Thereby nourish'd,
From year to year
They thrive, and bear
Fruits that to him well-pleasing are.

7 All the merciful are blessed ;
For they, when in their turn distressed,

Shall mercy find most certainly :
Water to the poor afforded
Is an act of love recorded,
And is rewarded generously :

Who to the indigent
Doth prove beneficent,
He is blessed ;
But wo to them
Who scorn the same,
For God remembers not their name.

8 All the pure in heart are blessed ;
Of joys unspeakable possessed,
They shall behold their God in
peace :

They who faithful have remained
To Jesus, and preserved unstained
The garments of his righteousness,
Shall once obtain the grace,
To see him face to face :

I entreat thee,
Impart to me
That purity,
Dear Jesus, which I trace in thee.

9 They are objects of God's favour,
Who peace unceasingly endeavour
Among their neighbours to maintain :

As his children them he owneth,
He with success their labour crown-
eth ; (gain :

Such souls the choicest blessings
Love is the character
Of each true follower
Of our Saviour :
May he through grace
Make us always
Intent upon promoting peace.

10 Blest are they who suffer gladly
For doing good and living godly,

Who Jesus for their pattern take :
Yea, who bear their cross with
meekness, (weakness,

Suffering with patience, 'midst all
And earthly joys for him forsake ;
For Jesus' help and love
Their consolation prove :

They who freely
For him will bear
Reproach, while here,
At last shall in his glory share.

11 Blest are they who are despised,
In scornful manner stigmatised,
And for their Saviour's sake de-
famed :

As the bride deems it an honour
To take the bridegroom's name upon
her,

Should we of Jesus be ashamed ?
Far, far be this from us ;
Welcome, reproach and cross :

We are Christians,
Who follow thee,
Lord, cheerfully
Through honour and through infamy.

12 Gracious Lord, who by thy pas-
sion

And death hast gained our salvation,

O may we all thy name confess:

May we be by faith united

To thee, who hast us all invited,

To share eternal happiness:

Constrain us by thy love,

In all we do to prove

Faithful followers,

Dear Lord, of thee;

And grant that we

May ever love thee ardently.

496.* T. 11.

HOLY Lamb and Prince of peace,

Hear my soul implore thy grace;

Grant that my behaviour may

Meekness, such as thine, display.

2 O that I may faithfully

To thy voice obedient be;

Valiant, steadfast, may my love

In the hardest trials prove.

3 Keep thou me, a feeble child,

Sober, watchful, undefiled;

That where'er thy steps I see

Simply I may follow thee.

4 Thou the great victorious Lamb,

Who all hosts of hell o'ercame,

Grant that by thy blood I may

Conqueror be till thy great day.

5 When thou shalt on Zion stand,

May I be at thy right hand,

Clothed in the glorious dress

Of thy spotless righteousness.

497.* T. 11.

O MY soul, mark every word

Of thy kind and gracious Lord:

When he calls, without delay

Willingly his call obey.

2 Hath he ought to say to thee,

An attentive scholar be;

Doth he chasten thee, as son,

'Tis deserved, humbly own.

498. T. 596.

O TELL me no more

Of this world's vain store;

The time for such trifles with me
now is o'er.

2 A country I've found,
Where true joys abound;
To dwell I'm determined on that
happy ground.

3 The souls that believe,

In paradise live:

And me in that number will Jesus
receive.

4 My soul, don't delay,

He calls thee away:

Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless
the glad day.

5 No mortal doth know

What he can bestow,

What light, strength, and comfort;
go, follow him, go.

6 Perhaps, with the aim

To honour his name,

I may do some service, poor dust
though I am.

7 Yet this is confess'd,

I count it most blest,

As at the beginning in him to find
rest.

8 And when I'm to die,

Receive me, I'll cry,

For life everlasting for me thou didst
buy.

9 So closely in mind

To Jesus I'm join'd,

He'll not live in glory and leave me
behind.

10 Lo, this is the race

I'm running through grace

Henceforth, till admitted to see my
Lord's face.

499.* T. 26.

LORD Jesus, 'tis with us thy aim,

That soul and body should be thine,

O take our hearts, and us incline

To be devoted to thy name.

2 What love can be compared with
thine?

Who has to us so just a claim

As thou who didst our souls redeem,

And for us leave thy throne divine?

3 Go, all ye wise, without control

Your empty notions still pursue;

Jesus alone I have in view, (soul.

This powerful magnet draws my

4 A subject I of Christ my King ;
And though I poor and helpless be,
Yet all around shall plainly see,
My Saviour is my every thing.

5 Thee I adore, most gracious Lord ;
Grant that my walk in truth may be
At all times pleasing unto thee,
Directed by thy holy word.

6 My King, thy noble statutes write
Upon the table of my heart ;
Thy grace and truth to me impart,
And let thy law be my delight.

500.*

T. 83.

JESUS Christ, thou Leading-star,
Thy great name we praise and
From believers be it far (hallow:
Any other guide to follow:
Thou, Lord, if we walk in light,
Wilt direct our steps aright.

2 Christians are not here below
To enjoy earth's transient treasure;
After Christ they're called to go:
His reproach they count a plea-
Under manifold distress, (sure;
Through the narrow gate they press.

501.*

T. 26.

THOU meek and patient Lamb of
God,
Who can by faith thy sufferings see,
And not devote himself to thee,
His life and every drop of blood.

2 Thy dying love doth justly claim
That I should live unto thy praise,
Yea, gladly share in thy disgrace,
And suffer freely for thy name.

502.

T. 22.

IF father, mother, children, wife,
Houses, or lands, or ought in life,
Delude thy heart, that thou desist
From faith and love to Jesus Christ.

2 His words with due attention hear:
My cross whoever will not bear,
And all forsake to follow me,
He cannot my disciple be.

3 First let us duly count the cost,
And then in Jesus place our trust ;
If we on him alone depend,
He 'midst all trials proves our friend.

4 If once the plough in hand we take,
Preserve us, Lord, from looking back:
O let us through thy aiding grace,
Pursue our course with steadiness.

5 On those who faithful prove to
death,
And show by works of love their
faith,
A crown of life thou once wilt place,
Before thy Father them confess.

503.*

T. 90.

MY yoke, saith Christ, upon you
take,

Serve me 'midst oppression ;
The world and all its joys forsake,
And shun no tribulation:
Come, follow me, and humbly bear
My cross, and in my sufferings share.

2 Then let us follow Christ our Lord,
Both soul and body offering,
Be cheerfully with one accord,
Partakers of his suffering ; 'ness,
For they who show true faithful-
Shall gain a rich reward of grace.

504.

T. 243.

AMIDST tribulation

We follow our Saviour,
Whose name and profession
We'll honour for ever ;
His shame we bear and gladly share.

2 We in every nation
Will boldly confess him,
Make known his salvation,
Yea, serve him and bless him,
And him adore for evermore.

3 Our Lord contradiction
Of sinners endured ;
Him 'midst all affliction
We follow, assured
That we at last with him shall rest.

505.*

T. 16.

CROSS, reproach, and tribulation,
Ye to me are welcome guests,
When I have this consolation,
That my soul in Jesus rests.

- 2 The reproach of Christ is glorious ;
Those who here his burden bear,
In the end shall prove victorious,
And eternal glory share.
- 3 Christ, our ever-blessed Saviour,
Bore for us reproach and shame,
Now as conqueror lives for ever,
And we conquer in his name.
- 4 Bear then the reproach of Jesus,
Ye who live a life of faith ;
Sing ye joyful songs and praises,
Ev'n in martyrdom and death.
- 5 Bonds, and stripes, and tribulation
Are our honourable crowns ;
Shame is our glorification,
Gloomy dungeons are as thrones.
- 3 With the same faith our bosom
glows,
Wherein those warriors stood,
When in the cruel hands of those
Who thirsted for their blood.
- 4 God whom we serve, our God can
save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, or smooth a wave,
For such as fear his name.
- 5 Yea, should it ev'n to man appear
At times, as though our Lord
Forsook his chosen people here,
At last he'll help afford.
- 6 If but his arm support us still,
Is but his joy our strength,
We shall ascend the rugged hill,
And conquerors prove at length.

506.

T. 22.

- JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A sinful worm ashamed of thee ?
Forbid it, Lord ; thee I confess,
Before both friends and enemies.
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus, of my God,
Who purchased me with his own
blood,
Of him who to retrieve my loss,
Despised the shame, endured the
cross ?
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus, of that friend,
On whom my heavenly hopes de-
pend ?
It must not be—be this my shame,
That I not more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus, of my Lord,
By all heaven's glorious hosts adored ?
No, I will make my boast of thee,
In time and in eternity.
- 5 And when I stand before thy
throne,
Me 'fore thy heavenly Father own ;
Then shall the holy angels see
Thee, Jesus, not ashamed of me.

507.*

T. 14.

- GLORY to God, whose witness train
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph ev'n in death.
- 2 Scorn'd and reviled as was their
When walking here below, [head,
Thus in this evil world they led
A life replete with wo.

508.*

T. 11.

- RISE, ye followers of the Lamb,
Serve him 'midst reproach & shame,
His example keep in view,
And the narrow path pursue.
- 2 O all-wise sublime decree !
He assumed humanity,
Lived on earth despised and poor,
Died, salvation to procure.
- 3 See his faithful witness train ;
They endured the cross and pain ;
(Men, the world deserved not,)
Hard and cheerless was their lot.
- 4 Should we not rejoice to see
Our names in heaven's registry,
With the names of those enroll'd,
Who shall reap an hundred-fold.

509.*

T. 16.

- IN that glorious vest arrayed,
Wherein we 'fore God can stand,
We will Jesus undismayed
Follow, joining heart and hand.
- 2 If our all on him we venture,
And, while we on him rely,
Upon hardest trials enter,
Needful strength he will supply.
- 3 Of our lives we will be careful ;
While reserved for his use,
But, when he demands, unfearful
Wealth and life for Jesus lose.

510.*

T. 56.

BLESSED Jesus, †: all our hearts
incline [shine;
Thee to follow †: where thy footsteps
At all times and everywhere
May our words and actions bear
A resemblance, †: gracious Lord, to
thine.

511.*

T. 54.

THE sufferings of this life's short
day
Can't be compared with that display
Of glory, which God's heirs shall
prove,
When they who Jesus truly love,
Shall shine above.
2 Therefore we'll follow willingly
Our Saviour in adversity;
Then, after having suffer'd here,
We shall in heaven his glory share,
Beyond compare.

512.*

T. 58.

TO follow Jesus is his people's aim,
Where'er they go, through honour or
through shame;
They themselves thrice happy es-
teem, if favour'd
In his reproach to share, which is
still savour'd
With inward joy.

513.*

T. 164.

HOW great at last my joy will be,
If I have faithful proved
To Christ, and 'midst adversity
Till my last breath him loved:
They who reproach here bear,
In heaven a crown shall wear;
Who follow Christ are truly blest,
For they with him shall ever rest.

514.

T. 159.

WE covenant with hand and heart,
To follow Christ our Lord;
With world, and sin, and self to part,
And to obey his word:
To love each other heartily,
In truth and in sincerity,
And under cross, reproach and shame,
To glorify his name.

515.*

T. 155.

AMEN, yea, Head of thy Church,
Grant, we pray, this our petition;
In submission
To thy will with steady pace,
In thy ways
To proceed: if thou attend us,
Cross and shame shall not offend us;
Thee we boldly will confess.

XXV. SELF-KNOWLEDGE, AND SIGHING FOR GRACE.

516.

T. 37.

THEY that are whole need not
The good physician;
But they who know and feel
Their lost condition,
Bewail their wretched state,
To Christ appealing,
Experience of his stripes
The virtue healing.

2 We know, that in our flesh
No good thing dwelleth;
But with ne'er-failing skill
Our wounds he healeth:
Thus spirit, body, soul,
Though poor and needy,
Can to rejoice in him
Be ever ready.

517.* T. 228.

ALAS! we're sinful, vile, and base,
Yet freely justified by grace:

A mystery this, concealed
From all, but those who gladly own:
This truth to me had ne'er been
known,

By flesh and blood revealed;
O no! I owe—my experience
And assurance—of salvation
To the Spirit's operation.

2 He who in Jesus' death believes,
From thence all righteousness re-
And all sanctification: [ceives
Though stripp'd of every self-made
Is by the virtue of his blood [good,
Freed from sin's condemnation;
Its voice still cries—in his favour;
Christ our Saviour for him pleadeth:
This is all the plea he needeth.

3 O how enraptured is my heart,
That in my Jesus I have part;
He is my only treasure:
May I for evermore abide
A member of his chosen bride,
And live unto his pleasure,
Oh! I have joy—at the favour,
That my Saviour—here already
Join'd me to the church his body.

518.* T. 22.

MY soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, its source, my spirit flies;
O turn to me thy cheering face;
I'm poor, enrich me with thy grace.

2 Deeply convinced of sin I cry,
In thy death, Saviour, let me die;
O may the world, may self and pride
In me henceforth be crucified.

3 Take full possession of my heart,
To me thy lowly mind impart;
Break nature's bonds, and let me see,
He, whom thou free'st, indeed is free.

4 My heart in thee and in thy ways
Delights, yet from thy presence
strays;

O keep, I pray, my wavering mind
Stay'd upon thee, to thee resign'd.

5 I know that nought in me avails,
Here all my strength & wisdom fails;
Who bids a sinful heart be clean?
Thou only, Saviour of lost men.

6 Still will I wait, O Lord, on thee,
Till in thy light the light I see,
Till thou in my behalf appear,
To banish every doubt and fear.

7 All my own schemes, each fond
I to thy better will resign; [design
Impress this deeply on my breast,
That I in thee am truly blest.

8 Then ev'n in storms I thee shall
know,
My sure support and refuge too;
In every trial I shall prove
Assuredly, that God is love.

519.* T. 121.

FOR grace I weep and pant,
'Tis mercy that I want;

How wretched should I be,
Did I not Jesus know,

Who to deliver me
Suffer'd in my stead,
In a tomb was laid,
And rose from the dead.

2 Could even all the love
In heavenly hosts above,
And in the church below,
At once united prove,
And in one bosom glow;
Jesus' love outweighs;
Yea, his boundless grace
Is beyond all praise.

3 Love is his nature still;
In me he will fulfil
His precious thoughts of peace,
If I am to his will
Resign'd in every case;
Let him do what's best,
Then, supremely blest,
I enjoy true rest.

4 O my Immanuel,
My wounded spirit heal?
I humbly seek thy face;
Yea, pungent sorrow feel,
That I've abused thy grace:-
Jesus, pardon me;
May I henceforth be
Faithful unto thee.

5 O Lord, thy grace impart,
Refresh and cheer my heart,
Thy pardoning love display,
For thou my Saviour art;
To me, poor sinner, say:
Thy reproach is mine,
All my merit's thine,
Take my peace divine.

6 I know that through thy grace
 Thou wilt my guilt erase,
 And banish all my fear;
 Wilt grant to me thy peace,
 And me with patience bear:
 On me grace bestow,
 Jesus, thee to know:
 Amen, be it so.

520.* T. 141.

1 AM a poor sinner,
 This I surely know;
 And if my dear Saviour
 Did not love me so,
 As ne'er to forsake me,
 Worthless though I be,
 He ere now his mercy
 Had withdrawn from me.

2 Grace and a sensation
 Of my sinfulness
 Keep on each occasion
 In me equal pace;
 While I own ashamed,
 I deserved wrath;
 I rejoice, reclaimed
 From sin's power by faith.

3 Jesus, when thy blessings
 Fill my needy heart,
 Fear and anxious doubtings
 Then from me depart;
 I in thy atonement
 My election trace,
 And rejoice, astonish'd
 At my lot of grace.

4 Witness true and faithful,
 Christ, the Church's Head,
 All is Yea and Amen
 Thou hast promised:
 As I am, so take me
 With my worst and best;
 Ever thine preserve me
 Till with thee I rest.

5 While we thy past dealings
 Gratefully review,
 We're assured, thy mercies
 Are each morning new;
 And that thou wilt freely
 Give thy promised grace,
 And amidst our weakness
 Form us to thy praise.

521.* T. 141.

JESUS' love unbounded
 None can e'er explain;
 Yet, alas, how often
 Do we cause him pain:
 Even those still grieve him,
 Who enjoy his grace,
 And, to him devoted,
 Should show forth his praise.

2 Lord, thy body's Saviour,
 Comfort us anew;
 Ah, regard our weeping,
 Thy compassion show:
 Pardon our transgressions,
 Hear our fervent cry,
 And our souls and bodies
 Heal and sanctify.

3 All our days, O Jesus,
 Hallow unto thee;
 May our conversation
 To thy honour be:
 Let us all experience,
 To the end of days,
 Thy reviving presence
 'Midst thy chosen race.

522.* T. 30.

O MY God, I come oppress'd with
 sadness,
 Fill my troubled soul with joy and
 gladness;
 In thy salvation,
 No where else I find true consol-
 ation.

2 Faithfully thy Spirit me directed,
 But his warnings I have oft ne-
 glected;
 Most gracious Saviour,
 Pardon and restore me to thy favour.

3 I confess, O Lord, with deep con-
 trition
 My unfaithfulness, hear my petition:
 Comfort and bless me,
 With thy gracious presence now re-
 fresh me.

4 O baptize me with thy fire and
 spirit;
 Grant me from the fulness of thy
 merit
 True heart's compunction,
 Primitive love, simplicity, and unction.

5 Give me grace to walk with circumspection;
Keep me from the world's and sin's infection,
That my behaviour
May adorn thy doctrine, gracious Saviour.

523.*

T. 16.

O WHAT would be my condition
Did not Jesus stand my friend!
But his faithful love and mercy
Keep me from all danger screen'd.

2 Doth howe'er in my frail nature
Something stir that is not good,
And might to my soul prove hurtful,
Straight I turn to Jesus' blood;—

3 Straight to Jesus' wounds and
With believing confidence: [bruises
Thus I always can find shelter
From sin's baneful influence.

4 Lamb of God, display the virtue
Of thy sanctifying blood;
Overstream with life and blessing
Us poor sinners 'fore thee bow'd:—

5 Sinners, in ourselves unworthy
Of the smallest crumb of grace,
But who dare of boundless mercy
Boast, to our Redeemer's praise.

524.*

T. 4.

WE know that we're poor,
And sinful all o'er,
In us there's no good;
O cleanse us, dear Saviour, in thy precious blood.

2 How wondrous thy love
And mercy do prove,
This plainly our faith
Discerns by thy agony, passion, and death.

3 Lord Jesus, receive
The thanks we can give;
O that to thy praise
My thoughts, words, and actions
were hallow'd always.

4 We all at thy throne
Now humbly fall down:
Praise to thee, our God,
Be brought by us sinners, redeem'd
with thy blood.

525.*

T. 244.

WHEN I am conscious truly
Of my great sinfulness,
And that so very slowly
Towards the mark I press;
Nought then can comfort me,
But Jesus' mercy free,
And that he bore with patience
My sins upon the tree.

2 Yea, when I see in spirit
My Saviour shed his blood,
That I might life inherit
And everlasting good;
Then I true happiness
And joy in him possess,
And eyes with tears flow over
For heart-felt thankfulness.

526.*

T. 22.

WHILE here on earth we run our race,
We Jesus' love and kindness trace;
Our faults are more than we can tell,
Yet did his mercy never fail.

2 When we like wandering sheep
had stray'd, [play'd;
His boundless goodness he dis-
He sought us, worthless as we are,
And took us in his tender care.

3 Ashamed we own our great defect.
And did not Jesus us protect,
We should be oft depress'd with fears,
While traversing this vale of tears.

4 But Jesus' blood and death impart
True comfort to the needy heart;
Those who still weak and feeble are.
He kindly in his arms will bear.

527.

T. 119.

AT thy feet, ::
At thy pierced feet I lie;
Saviour, mark my heart's contrition
Listen to each broken sigh;
Ah, refuse not the petition
Of a sinner, conscious he's unclean,
Full of sin. ::

2 Make me clean, ::
My whole nature purify;
Cleanse me in that precious fountain,
Which by faith I open'd see,

Standing on the blissful mountain,
Where thou bar'st my sin, my guilt
and shame,

Slaughter'd Lamb. :||:

3 Look on me, :||:

See each painful wound and sore,
Thou compassionate Physician,
Speak the word, my sickness cure;
Wrest me from the sad condition,
Into which transgression brought my
soul; Make me whole. :||:

4 Bid me live, :||:

Bid a dying sinner live;
Raise, O raise my drooping spirit:
Then to thee myself I'll give,
And, until I heaven inherit,
Every moment in thy service spend,
Faithful Friend. :||:

528.

T. 14.

O JESUS, Jesus, my good Lord,
How wondrous is thy love,
Thy patience, pity, tenderness,
Which I each moment prove.

2 I once was wholly dead in sin,
And ignorant of thee,
And lived contentedly therein,
Nor knew thy love to me.

3 But thine all-seeing eye then
view'd,
And mark'd my every way,
Me still in tender love pursued,
Who oft from thee did stray.

4 Yet O how faithless is my mind,
How apt to turn aside,
And wander in its own deceits
Of reasoning and of pride.

5 How doth the old corruption strive
And fight to reign again;
There's surely not a heart like mine,
So wretched, dark, and vain.

6 Thou Friend of sinners, love me
The poorest and the worst; (still,
Where sin aboundeth, well I know,
Thy grace aboundeth most.

7 Yet let me not thy grace abuse,
And sin because thou'rt good:
But let thy love fill me with shame,
That I so long withstood.

8 On me, my King, exert thy power,
Make all things pass away;
Create all new, draw me to thee
Still nearer every day.

9 Thou know'st which way to rec-
Each stubborn ill within, (tify
How to subdue my every thought,
And conquer all that's sin.

10 Chastise me when I do amiss;
O might no thought arise
Which is displeasing unto thee:
Of grace send fresh supplies.

11 Impress thy wounds upon my
heart,
And all thy bitter pain;
Abide in me for evermore,
And constant victory gain.

529.

T. 58.

O LAMB of God, who wast for sin-
ners slain,
That they might pardon, life, and
bliss obtain,
Give me to experience thy great sal-
vation,
And in my heart O fix thy habitation
For evermore.

2 Thou know'st my inmost soul, I've
nought to boast,
And without thee should be for ever
lost:

When I am neglectful, thou dost re-
prove me,
Yet I am well assured that thou dost
love me, For thou forgivest.

3 How glad am I that thou so gra-
cious art,
That thou dost bless my sinful,
worthless heart,
And canst with such patience bear
my behaviour;

O wert thou not exactly such a
Saviour, What should I do?

530.

T. 151.

COME, faithful Shepherd, bind me
With cords of love to thee,
And evermore remind me
That thou hast died for me:
O may thy holy Spirit
Set this before mine eyes,
That I thy death and merit
Above all else may prize.

2 Am I of my salvation
Assured through thy love;
Might I on each occasion
To thee more faithful prove:

Hast thou my sins forgiven,
Then, leaving things behind,
May I press on to heaven,
And bear the prize in mind.

3 Thou, Lord, wilt not forsake me,
Though I am oft to blame;
As thy reward, O take me
Anew, just as I am:
Grant me henceforth, dear Saviour,
While in this vale of tears,
To look to thee, and never
Give way to anxious fears.

531. T. 106.

AH! Lord, how apt am I to stray
From thee, how prone to lust and
pride;
Nature oft strives to bear the sway,
And turn my heart from thee aside:
Yet such vile, wretched sinners are
The objects of thy love and care.

2 Forbid, O Lord, each vain desire,
Bind my affections to thy cross;
Quench all the sparks of nature's fire,
May I count all for thee but loss:
Lord Jesus, tear each idol down,
Thy love within my heart enthrone.

3 O Jesus, wipe away my tears,
Be unto me a healing balm;
Warm thou my heart, dispel my
fears,
And speak the tempest to a calm:
Remove the maladies of sin,
And in thy blood O wash me clean.

4 I gladly will show forth thy praise,
If thou wilt gird me with thy
power,
And sing the glories of thy grace,
Until my pilgrimage be o'er;
With hallow'd fire inspire my tongue,
And love shall be my endless song.

532. T. 22.

VAIN are all efforts made to trace
The way to life and happiness,
Before 'tis on our mind impress'd,
That Jesus is our only rest.

2 By my own strength I can't pro-
cure
True rest, nor even feel I'm poor;
Strive I, great comforts to obtain,
Instead of joy I've nought but pain.

3 He shows me how from him I rove,
And court my neighbour's praise and
love,
How self-will raises discontent
Against my Saviour's government.

4 How soon, when Satan tempts, I
start,
Pass by convictions in my heart,
Let my first love and zeal abate,
Fall, and my very fall forget.

5 When, fill'd with humble shame, I
feel
That he hath patience with me still;
I sink abased before his face,
And thank him for his boundless
grace.

6 Search out, discover, and erase,
Whatever is not to thy praise;
All that might an obstruction prove
To thy blest purposes of love.

7 Complete thy work, my gracious
King,
My heart into subjection bring;
Destroy, I pray, the carnal mind,
And make me quite to thee resign'd.

533. T. 22.

FROM my own works at last I cease
For God alone can give me peace;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Of my own strength I must despair.

2 Lord, I despair myself to heal,
I see my sin, but cannot feel
True sorrow, till thy Spirit show
My unbelief, the source of wo.

3 'Tis thine alone to change the
heart,
Thou only canst good gifts impart;
I therefore will my heart resign
To thee, O cleanse and seal it thine.

4 With humble faith on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all;
I wait, O Lord, to hear thee say,
My blood hath wash'd thy sins away.

5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness
cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy im-
part,
And give thyself unto my heart.

534.

T. 106.

O JESUS, could I always keep
My eye on thee the living way,
I then, tho' once a wandering sheep,
Should no more err or run astray;
But wheresoe'er thou goest, I
Should follow thee, not asking why.

2 O that I never might forget
What thou hast suffer'd for my sake,
To save my soul, and make me meet
Once of thy glory to partake:
O might I oft in spirit see
How thou wast crucified for me.

3 But, gracious Lord, when I reflect
How oft I've turned my eye from
thee;
How treated thee with cold neglect,
And listen'd to the enemy;
And yet to find thee still the same,
This fills my soul with humble shame.

4 Astonish'd at thy feet I fall,
Thy love exceeds my highest thought;
Henceforth be thou my All in all,
Thou, who with blood my soul hast
bought:
May I henceforth more faithful
prove,
And ne'er forget thy dying love.

535.

T. 79.

WHEN, having been with guilt op-
prest,
My wandering spirit findeth rest
Through Jesus' pardoning grace,
Then I by faith can call him mine,
My needy soul doth then incline
To be in Mary's happy place.

2 My prayer is, Jesus, let me hear
Thy voice which can instruct and
cheer
My poor and worthless heart;
For should I cease thy words to obey,
And from thy blessed presence stray,
Nature would soon its power as-
sert.

3 A single eye, a faithful heart,
Dear Jesus, to thy child impart,
In every trying hour;

Reason's tormenting thoughts pre-
vent,
Still keep my eye on thee intent,
Till sight my faith and hope
o'erpower.

536.

T. 22.

LORD Jesus, my most faithful
Friend,
Thy aid unto thy child extend
In each temptation's trying hour;
'That sin may not my heart o'er-
power.

2 That spark enkindled in my heart
Preserve unquench'd, tho' all the art
Of world and Satan be combined
To make me leave my matchless
friend.

3 O let thy Spirit stay with me,
To groan and speak my wants to
thee;
Still let him show my every need,
And that in thee I'm help'd indeed.

4 Thy faithfulness I oft have proved
In countless trials quite unmoved;
Thy grace alone can me preserve,
When my frail heart from thee would
swerve.

537.

T. 14.

GRACIOUS Redeemer, Lamb of God,
I thirst alone for thee;
I long to enjoy thy saving grace,
And taste thy mercy free.
2 For mercy, mercy, Lord, I ask;
This is the total sum:
Mercy, good Lord, is all my suit;
O let thy mercy come.

3 Search me, O God, and know my
heart,
Try me, and know each thought:
On me look down in mercy, Lord,
Whom thou with blood hast
bought.

4 My faithless heart, O gracious
Correct with gentle hand: (Lord,
In every danger help afford,
Alone I cannot stand.

5 Without thy favour while I live
Life but a burden is:
Nought else can satisfaction give,
Experience shows me this.

6 Haste then, O Lord, to thee I pray;
Impart to me thy grace,
That when this life is fled away
In heaven I may have place.

538.

T. 96.

AH, give me, Lord, myself to feel,
My inbred misery reveal;
Ah, give me, Lord, I still would say,
A heart to mourn, a heart to pray:
My business this, my only care,
My life, my every breath be prayer.

2 Father, I want a thankful heart;
I wish to taste how good thou art,
To plunge into thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend thy love to me
More fully with the saints below,
Till I, as I am known, shall know.

539.

T. 159.

WITH what unwearied faithfulness,
Lord, hast thou follow'd me;
Though I, regardless of thy grace,
In darkness stray'd from thee:
How heavy hung the dismal cloud,
How did distresses on me crowd;
And I, despairing of relief,
In thee had no belief.

2 But thou, my kind, almighty friend,
Didst sin's dominion quell,
My misery and confusion end,
And every cloud dispel:
One look, cast at the throne of grace,
One smile complacent from thy face,
Assures me, that thy mercy free
Is not withdrawn from me.

540.

T. 159.

MY case to thee is fully known,
On thee I cast my care:
Dear Saviour, that thy will be done
In me, is all my prayer:
O may I harbour in my breast
No thought that cannot bear the test
When thou discover'st by thy light
To me what is not right.

2 Reality and solid ground,
Firm root in thee to gain:
To feel thy precious blood hath
drown'd

Whatever gives thee pain:
'Tis this I want, nor can I be
Content, till I am one with thee,
Until my life is hid in thine,
Till thou art wholly mine.

541.

T. 159.

HOW needful, strictly to enquire
And ask our hearts each day,
Doth Jesus' love me still inspire,
My thoughts and actions sway?
Am I a branch in Christ the vine
Am I his own, and is he mine?
Do I by faith unto him cleave,
And to his honour live?

2 The Spirit's witness, full and clear,
Will state the real case,
And either draw a contrite tear,
Or thanks unfeigned raise;
Hence will the consequence ensue,
That the full purpose we renew,
To run in faith the appointed race,
Supported by his grace.

542.

T. 11.

THEY who know our Lord indeed,
Find in him a friend in need,
And behold in Jesus' face
Nought but mercy, truth, and grace.

2 They can cast by faith their care
On that Lord who heareth prayer;
And when they to him draw nigh,
He doth all their wants supply.

3 They who him their Saviour
know,
Lowly at his footstool bow;
They to whom his name is dear,
Greatly to offend him fear.

4 O how wondrous is his love
To all, who his goodness prove;
Deep abasement, heavenly joy,
Their alternate thoughts employ.

5 Wonders without end we see,
Countless mercies great and free:
Lord, accept our thanks and praise,
For thy goodness, truth, and grace.

543.

T. 14.

WITHOUT a consciousness within
Of poverty and need,
An humbling sense of guilt and sin,
We are not poor indeed.

2 But all who know themselves
Are ready to confess, (aright,
Instructed by the Spirit's light,
Their utter helplessness.

3 How greatly he forgiveness wants,
The contrite sinner knows;
With inward spirit's ardour pants
In Christ to find repose.

4 Who is so full of tenderness
And patience, as thou, Lord?
But I must own with shame, alas,
I oft transgress thy word.

5 Oh, from my heart, God Holy Ghost,
This suit I make to thee:
Show me how much my ransom cost,
How great my poverty.

544.*

T. 22.

O LORD, 'fore thee abased I fall,
And on thy name for mercy call;
The faults indeed are numberless,
Which humbly I to thee confess.

2 I give myself to thee anew,
My soul and body are thy due:
Form me into thy likeness here,
By means, or gentle or severe.

3 Grant that I may henceforth to
thee
More faithful and obedient be:
O may thy blood and righteousness
My beauty be, my glorious dress.

545.

T. 36.

THY love unchanging is our consolation,

Thy patience and long suffering our salvation,

O thou, our yesterday, to-day, and
ever Most faithful Saviour.

2 Thy purposes of love remain unshaken,

Though we, alas, our vows have oft
forsaken:

Forgive, bear with us, grant us thy
direction And kind protection.

3 As a thick cloud let all our sins be
blotted

Out of thy book, that nothing past
be noted;

As children chasten us when we are
failing, Heal us when ailing.

546.

T. 141.

SINCE we, though unworthy,
Through electing grace,
'Midst thy ransom'd people
Have obtain'd a place:

Lord, may we be faithful
To our covenant found,
To thee, as our Shepherd,
And thy flock fast bound.

2 While we, deeply humbled,
Own we're oft to blame,
This abides our comfort,
Thou art still the same;
In thee all the needy
Have a friend most dear,
Whose love and forbearance
Unexampled are.

3 Hear the joint petition
We present to thee,
Whose unbounded mercy
Is our only plea:
All that is displeasing
Unto thee, forgive;
More to thy name's glory
May we henceforth live.

547.

T. 244.

WITH sin oppress'd and wearied,
O whither can we turn?—
To him who hath declared,
Blessed are they that mourn:
He only can console
The needy, sin-sick soul:
None e'er to him for succour
Applied, but was made whole.

2 Then to your great Physician
Without reserve draw nigh;
He knows your sad condition,
Will turn your tears to joy:
If we to him approach,
By faith his garments touch,
That power from him proceedeth
To heal, we can avouch.

548.

T. 218.

WHEN on thy goodness, Lord, we
ponder,
And think how we thy love return,
We sink before thee, lost in wonder,
O'er our ingratitude we mourn:
We thy long-suffering and compas-
sion,
To us display'd, account salvation,
With contrite hearts our sins con-
fess;

O grant us still thy kind forbearance
And love unchanging to experience:
Refresh our souls with pardoning
grace.

549.

T. 14.

I KNOW the weakness of my soul,
But Jesus is my stay;
My kind Redeemer hath engaged
To lead me in his way.

2 For ever he abides the same,
Though I to change am prone;
My welfare always he promotes,
Who chose me for his own.

550.

T. 22.

THE more I know of Jesus' grace,
The more distinctly I can trace,
How much is yet not right within,
How much is unsubdued of sin.

2 Long this was from my sight conceal'd,
Till by the Spirit's light reveal'd
I by that light alone can see
My danger and my remedy.

551.*

T. 97.

WHATE'ER I am, what'er I do,
'Tis grace I must ascribe it to;
This can alone my heart preserve;
For I'm so liable to swerve,
That ev'n the grace which thou to-day bestow'st,
If not renew'd to-morrow, might be lost.

552.

T. 590.

THE worst of evils we can name
Is an unfaithful heart:
May none among us from our Lord
Be tempted to depart;
Our human frailty need not lead
Our souls from him astray;
For he the needful strength imparts
To walk the narrow way.

553.*

T. 590.

FEAR not, without reserve disclose
The fest'ring sores of sin: [knows:
Your case the Lord your healer
His blood can wash you clean:
There is a balm in Gilead,
To cure the sin-sick soul:
None e'er to Christ for refuge fled
But was by him made whole.

554.*

T. 23.

I AM needy, yet forgiven;
With thy blood my heart enliven:
Give me, Jesus, of thy passion
An abiding, deep impression.

2 With new grace, dear Lord, array
me, [vey me;
And from strength to strength con-
For thy service make me ready,
Sanctify both soul and body.

555.*

T. 214.

THOUGH by nature I'm defiled,
Jesus' blood hath made me clean;
He my sin-sick soul hath healed:
Yea, though traces still remain
Of my former sad condition,
When to him for help I cry,
He to soothe my grief is nigh:
Lord, remain my kind physician,
I, thy patient, then am sure
Thou wilt work a thorough cure.

556.

T. 97.

O LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
Our souls from misery to regain,
How blest are they who truly see
Their weakness, who derive from
thee [dispense,
The mercies which thou freely dost
And look to thee with filial confidence.

557.*

T. 79.

LORD, shouldst thou be induced
To ask, how we have used
Thy precious gifts and grace,
And into judgment enter
With us, we durst not venture
To plead: our faults are number-
less.

558.*

T. 22.

ALTHOUGH my deep depravity
Oft causeth me to mourn and sigh;
My hope to prosper for the Lord
Doth heart-felt joy to me afford;—
2 Till to that happy fold I'm led,
Which with celestial joy is fed,
And of life's fountain drinks above,
In endless bliss and perfect love.

XXVI. OF SANCTIFICATION.

559.*

T. 58.

THE Lamb of God, who saves us by
his death,
Is made unto us holiness by faith;
Nought besides availeth, since our
Creator

Became a man, assuming human
nature, To ransom us.

2 To Jesus Christ is due eternal
praise,
For our high calling in these gospel-
days;

What divine enjoyment and conso-
lation

Do we now gain from Jesus' incar-
nation And bitter death.

3 If we in Jesus' saving name be-
lieve,
And pardon of our sins from him
receive;

With his blood besprinkled and
cleansed truly,

In soul and body we are render'd
holy, And have his mind.

4 And thus by faith we live, and yet
not we,

But Christ lives in us so effectually,
That, by him renewed and actuated,
We are in him unto good works
created, And grow in grace.

560.*

T. 126.

THIS yields true joy and pleasure
To Christ, when with one voice

His people in their measure

Exalt his sacrifice,

And praise him for the wounds,
which he

Received for our redemption
Upon the accursed tree.

2 Of his complete salvation

We witness here below,

And gladly make confession,

Resolved nought else to know:

God in his wisdom did ordain,

That lost, repenting sinners

His righteousness should gain.

3 No holiness availeth

With God, but this alone;

The holy Spirit sealeth

This truth, that in the Son

By faith we're freely justified,

And gain sanctification,

Because for us he died.

561.*

T. 22.

JESUS, the church's Lord and head,
O mayst thou o'er thy flock be glad,
Whom thou, while sinners, by thy
blood

Hast ransom'd and brought nigh to
God.

2 Since thou our wretched, lost
estate

In mercy didst commiserate,

And feeble flesh and blood assume,

To save us from the wrath to come:

3 We are, if we in thee believe,

And from thy fulness grace receive,

Cleansed and sanctified by thee,

And serve thy name acceptably.

4 Renew'd in heart, we're then in-
clined

To live according to thy mind:

Can we do good—with cheerfulness

We do it, and give thee the praise.

5 Whatever honours thee, our Lord,
What's called virtue in thy word,
Is honest, lovely, pure, and just,
By faith in thee is then produced.

6 Preserve, O Lord, our garments
pure,

Keep us from every harm secure;

Our members render through thy
grace

Blest instruments of righteousness.

7 May spirit, soul, and body be

A pleasing sacrifice to thee;

Thy name we bear, our hearts thou
know'st,

In thee alone we place our trust.

562.*

T. 11.

PRAISE to Christ the Son of God,
Who assumed our flesh and blood;
Since he death for us endured,
And eternal life procured.

2 When we see our names enroll'd
'Mongst the sheep of Jesus' fold,
Wond'ring, we ourselves confess
Undeserving of such grace.

3 And when we explore the end,
Why our Lord would condescend
To assume humanity,
Us thereby to sanctify:

4 And reflect on all the pain
Which for us he did sustain,
On his labours, sorrows, cares,
On his tears and fervent prayers,—

5 Poverty, and every want,
To our nature incident,
Which he bore, and which for us
Are all meritorious:—

6 Then through his enabling grace
We with joy can run our race,
While we him in memory bear,
Who was tempted as we are.

7 Yea, 'midst failings numberless
We rejoice that we are his;
And if we his word obey,
Each of us may cleanse his way.

8 Though the outward mark and scar
Of the fall doth still appear, [yoke,
Yet we're freed from sin's hard
Since our bonds and chains he broke.

9 Mighty God, we humbly pray,
Let thy power so bear the sway,
That in all things we may show
That we in thy likeness grow.

10 Grant that all of us may prove,
By obedience, faith and love,
That our hearts to thee are given,
That our treasure is in heaven.

11 May it in our walk be seen,
That we have with Jesus been,
That as king o'er us he reigns,
And unrival'd sway maintains.

12 Then shall we in every state,
Soul and body dedicate
Unto him who for us died,
'Till with him we're glorified.

563.*

T. 14.

HOW can a sinner here below
Be pleasing unto God?
By his own righteousness?—O no!
Alone through Jesus' blood.

2 When through his merits we obtain
The gift of pardoning grace,
A sanctified heart we gain,
And walk in holiness.

3 If any thing in us appears
Unlike to Jesus' mind,
To own it with repenting tears
Ah! may we be inclined.

4 A child of God for ever pants
More like his Lord to be:
Tho' with conviction still he grants,
That none is good but HE.

5 Oft as in spirit Christ he views,
This is his humble cry,
Which he continually renews;
As thou wast, O were I!—

6 Whate'er is carnal, thro' thy grace
In me be mortified;
Thus, clothed in thy righteousness
I shall in thee abide.

564.*

T. 185.

HE who striveth for sanctification,
And is unrenew'd in heart,
Feeling yet a secret condemnation,
Since with sin he still takes part;
He who hath not yet in Christ be-
lieved,
Pardon in his blood, and peace re-
ceived;
Hath not found that holiness
Which adorns a child of grace.

2 But how happy is the soul that
cleaveth
To the Friend of sinners poor;
And with humble confidence be-
lieveth,
My diseases he can cure;
While with shame confessing, that
by nature [ture,
He throughout is a depraved crea-
By the blood of Christ applied,
He is cleansed and purified.

565.*

T. 151.

WHO through Christ's blood remis-
Of all his sins hath gain'd, (sion
And without intermission
With Jesus hath remain'd;
To true sanctification
Attains through Jesus' grace,
And in his conversation
Shows forth his matchless praise.

2 Our pleasure and our duty,
Though opposite before,
Since we have seen his beauty,
Are join'd to part no more;
It is our highest pleasure,
No less than duty's call,
To love him beyond measure,
And serve him with our all.

566.

T. 166.

THOU, Jesus, more than thirty years
In deep humiliation,
Hast lived on earth, thy prayers and
tears

Have purchased our salvation;
Thou hast, till yielding up thy
breath,
Unheard of pains sustained,
In soul and body felt our death,
And life for us regained.

2 O what a privilege is this,
That man, though fall'n by nature,
May thro' thy grace know what it is
To be a happy creature;
Heal'd by thy stripes and wounds
from sin

And Satan's power released,
Fill'd with thy love & peace within,
And thus to new life raised.

3 Thou chocest us to show thy praise
In all our conversation,
As witnesses of blood-bought grace,
Each in his call and station;
This is our covenant's only ground,
To yield thee soul and body:
In life and death to thee we're
And for thy service ready. (bound,

4 How precious are thy thoughts of
O'er us, if but attained! (peace
O may we steadfast run our race,
Till we the crown have gained:
Grant we may never fall asleep,
But, in faith persevering,
Our lamps may always burning keep,
Until thy blest appearing.

567.

T. 585.

BLESSED Jesus, we implore thee,
Let us, cleansed and purified,
Walk in grace and truth before thee,
And in thee by faith abide;
Sanctified ::
Both in body and in mind.

2 Unto us thy name's sweet savour
Is as ointment poured forth;
In thine eyes we have found favour,
Tho' depraved and void of worth;
And thy banner ::
Over us is love divine.

3 Now the conflict is decided,
We count all things else but loss;
What with thee our hearts divided
Now is nailed to thy cross:
We will glory ::
In the wounded Lamb of God.

4 We will dwell on Calvary's moun-
tain,
Where the flocks of Zion feed;
Oft resort unto the fountain,
Open'd when the Lord did bleed;
Thence deriving ::
Grace, and life, and holiness.

5 There with trimmed lamps we'll
tarry,
Till the Lord comes from on high,
Watch in prayer and ne'er be weary.
But await the midnight cry:
Haste to meet him, ::
Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh.

6 On that day of consummation
May we sinners mercy find,
Saved with complete salvation,
And not one be left behind;
As wise virgins ::
May we then before thee stand.

568.*

T. 185.

WITH new life endow'd by Christ
our Saviour,
Might we to this world be dead;
That great prize to gain be our en-
deavour,
Purchased when for us he bled:
Fill'd with his love, may we adore
him, (him,
Thinking, speaking, acting as before
Being to his gracious mind
Ever willingly resign'd.

2 May we all be ever so disposed
 In our hearts by day and night,
 As when, this life's period being
 closed,
 We to him shall take our flight;
 Or as when, released from condem-
 nation, (tion.
 We received the seal of our salva-
 And obtained through his blood
 Happiness and peace with God.

569.* T. 126.

DRAW nigh to Christ your brother,
 Let no distrust take place;
 He's lovely as none other,
 Draw nigh, receive the grace
 Which flows from his humanity,
 To all who with full purpose
 Like Jesus aim to be.

2 He's yours with all his merit,
 If you are truly his,
 And thus become spirit
 With him who holy is;
 Who spirit, soul, and body heals,
 And is that kind physician
 Who for his patients feels.

3 Whoe'er this truth believeth,
 With love to Jesus burns;
 But none its power perceiveth
 Until to Christ he turns:
 O blessed Jesus, grant us grace
 To grow into thy likeness,
 And live unto thy praise.

570.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, sanctify thou me,
 And make my spirit one with thee:
 Thy body, torn with many a wound,
 Preserve my soul and body sound.

2 The blood-sweat, trickling down
 thy face,
 My condemnation doth erase;
 Thy cross, thy sufferings, and thy
 pain,
 My everlasting strength remain.

3 The water flowing from thy side,
 Which by the spear was open'd wide,
 Shall be my bath; thy precious blood
 Cleanse me, and bring me nigh to
 God.

4 Dear Jesus, grant this my request,
 Be thou my everlasting rest,
 Protect me by thy saving arm,
 Secure my soul from every harm.

571.* T. 102.

CHRIST crucified, my soul by faith
 With thee desires to be united;
 For, as the purchase of thy death,
 To thy communion I'm invited:
 O hear my petition, and let me with
 thee
 Be crucified, Jesus, with all that's in
 me.

2 O that I might still more enjoy
 The blessed fruits of all thy passion;
 Thy merits to my soul apply,
 And let me share thy great salva-
 tion:
 O hear my petition, &c.

3 Let me in all things conqueror
 prove,
 Deliver me from sin's infection;
 Preserve me in thy sacred love
 As well in joy as in affliction:
 O hear my petition, &c.

572. T. 185.

TO the soul that seeks him Christ is
 gracious;
 They who wait, ne'er wait in vain,
 But experience him a God propi-
 tious;
 He the feeble doth sustain:
 Hungry souls he on rich pastures
 feedeth,
 Those who thirst, to living waters
 leadeth,
 Hears the needy sinner's cry,
 And to help and save is nigh.

2 Hath he join'd us to the church, his
 body,
 O may we in him abide;
 As wise virgins be to meet him
 ready.

Be our lamps with oil supplied:
 Looking unto him for preservation,
 May we screened be from each
 temptation,
 And unto the end endure,
 Making our election sure.

573.

T. 585.

HALLELUJAH, praise be given
Unto Jesus, who for us
Left his glorious throne in heaven,
And was offer'd on the cross;
That his sufferings :||
Might retrieve our dreadful loss.

2 We behold in him our brother,
Unto us by blood allied:
He's our strength, we need no other,
For our wants he will provide;
Soul and body :||
May through him be sanctified.

574.

T. 185.

SHOULD our minds, to earthly
objects cleaving,
Of the mark forgetful prove?
God forbid! all worldly trifles leav-
ing,

Let us fix our thoughts above,
Have with Christ in heaven our
conversation,
Keep in view our blessed destination,
As redeem'd from this world's
thrall,
To pursue our heavenly call.

2 Let us watch and pray, lest we
might slumber,
Heedless of the foe's approach;
Cast away whate'er us would en-
cumber,
Nor the thing that's unclean touch;
Lest, escaped from the world's pollu-
tion,
We again give way to sin's delusion:
Ah, 'twould give us pungent pain
Christ to crucify again.

3 God be praised, though in our-
selves defiled,
Though sin cleaveth to us still,
By the tempter we need not be
foiled,
If to Jesus we appeal;
Yet our Lord a faithful heart de-
mandeth:
Happy, who with listening ear at-
tendeth
To the Spirit's warning voice,
Nor his chastening doth despise.

575.*

T. 200.

TO thee I send my fervent cries,
O let them rise to heaven;
Lord Jesus, to my prayers and sighs
A gracious ear be given:
Thy blessed word be my support,
May I, in thee believing,
To thee cleaving,
By faith be purified,
From thee true life receiving.

2 Let neither lust nor fear prevail
To draw me from my duty;
By aiding grace I shall not fail
To walk in holy beauty: (given?)
For who hath aught but what is
Such favour none can merit;
But thy Spirit,
Our guide to life and heaven,
Can graciously confer it.

576.

T. 71.

LORD, who didst sanctify
Thyself, and hast thereby
Procured that blessing,
That we before thy face
May walk in holiness,
To thee well pleasing:—

2 In true simplicity,
O may we cleave to thee,
Our God and Saviour;
In all things free from blame,
To glorify thy name
Be our endeavour.

3 In heart here purified,
May we in thee abide
Without cessation:
Thy praise be our employ;
On earth our highest joy
Thy congregation.

577.*

T. 79.

DEAR Lord, my soul desireth,
In all thy words requireth,
By works to adorn thy grace:
O may my conversation
Display on each occasion
That holy mind which in thee was.

578.*

T. 68.

WHILE we take our seat
At the Master's feet,

Urged by love, we in our measure
His commandments keep with plea-
Doth he strength bestow, (sure;
We can all things do.

579.

T. 14.

BESPRINKLE with thy blood my
O Jesus, Son of God; (heart,
And take away whate'er thy grace
Hath hitherto withstood.

2 Earthly affections mortify,
And carnal nature's strife:
O may I henceforth only thirst
For thee, the well of life.

3 Waters of life hence may I draw,
And never more depart;
My ardent longing is, O Lord,
Fix at this spring my heart.

4 Alas, with shame I own that oft
I've turned away from thee:
O let thy work, renew'd to-day,
Remain eternally.

580.*

T. 79.

JESUS, thyself to us reveal,
Grant that we may not only feel
Some drawings of thy grace,
But in communion with thee live,
And daily from thy death derive
The needful strength to run our
race.

2 O let us always think thee near,
As near unto us as the air
Which constantly we breathe:
Thus will from all we think or do
To thee unfeigned praises flow;
For thine we are in life and death.

3 Jesus, thou fain wouldst have us be
In all things more conform'd to thee;
We're filled with conscious shame,
And thank thee for thy care and love;
Thy patience, which we richly prove,
Our heartfelt gratitude doth claim.

581.*

T. 237.

O LORD GOD Holy Ghost,
As sure as Christ's I am,
So sure am I in him
With thee in close communion;

Might my whole walk proclaim
With Christ a blessed union,
The pardon'd sinner's frame,
A mind to his conform'd;—

2 The genuine mind of Christ,
Proceeding from a heart
Engaged with his cross,
Blest theme of meditation;
Deriving all delight
From Jesus' great salvation;
Supported day and night
With peace and joy divine.

582.

T. 16.

JESUS, by thy Holy Spirit
May we all instructed be;
Sanctify us by the merit
Of thy blest humanity.

2 Grant that we may love thee truly,
Lord, our thoughts and actions sway,
And to every heart more fully
Thy atoning power display.

3 Lead us so that we may honour
Thee, the Lord our righteousness,
And bring fruit to thee, the donor
Of all gospel-truth and grace.

583.*

T. 23.

TO that Lord who unconstrained
Death's dire pangs for us sustained,
May we all in our small measure
Willingly give joy and pleasure.

2 May our mind and whole beha-
viour
Bear resemblance to our Saviour,
And his sanctifying merit
Hallow body, soul, and spirit.

584.

T. 583.

LOVE God with all thy heart, and
soul, and mind:
To friend and foe be just, and true,
and kind;
Be meek and patient, humble, sober,
chaste;
In these good ways be constant to
the last.

2 And when thou hast done all, then
humbly cry:
A useless, sinful servant, Lord, am I;

My strength and grace come from the
Holy Ghost,
My Saviour's merits are my only
boast.

585.* T. 590.

O THOU, whose human life for us
Did happiness obtain;
Thou who, expiring on the cross,
God's image didst regain:
Once lost it was, but is restored
By thy humanity;
Under thy shadow, Son of Man,
'Tis good a man to be.

586. T. 586.

HOW could I bear to be partaker
Of sinful, frail humanity,
Had not the world's almighty Maker
Become a sinless man for me?
But since my God assumed my nature,
I gladly am a human creature;
For such his mercies are,
He takes a tender share
In all I bear.

587.* T. 244.

LORD Jesus, thy atonement
Be ever new to us;
Grant we may every moment
In spirit view thy cross:
O keep our garments pure
In the temptation-hour;
From sin's infatuation
Preserve us by thy power.

588.* T. 228.

O JESUS, were we thro' thy grace
In all respects form'd to thy praise,
Like thee in thought and action;
Did we but wake and sleep to thee,
Bear pain and sickness patiently
Trusting in thy direction:

Where'er we are,
Might, dear Saviour, our behaviour,
Through thy blessing,
Always be to thee well-pleasing.

589.* T. 79.

THY law, O Lord, be my delight;
My gracious King, thy statutes write
In my untoward heart;
Thy power divine afford me grace
To love thee, and to walk thy ways,
And never from thee to depart.

590. T. 14.

I ASK not honour, pomp, or praise,
By worldly men esteem'd,
I wish from sin's deceitful ways
To feel my soul redeem'd.
2 I wish, as faithful Christians do,
Dear Lord, to live to thee,
And by my words and walk to show
That thou hast died for me.
3 O grant me, through thy precious
blood,
Thy gospel thus to grace;
Renew my heart, O Lamb of God,
Thus shall my works thee praise.
4 Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God, my conscience make:
Arouse my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep me still awake.

591.* T. 114.

GOD, who art love, the same both
now and ever,
Lift up, we pray, on us thy counte-
nance,
Thy pardon grant, thy peace divine
dispense,
And give us richly to enjoy thy fa-
vour;
On us thy sanctifying grace bestow,
That in thy love and knowledge we
may grow.

XXVII. HUMILITY, SIMPLICITY, AND GROWTH IN GRACE.

592.* T. 166.

THRICE happy I esteem my lot,
To feel true spirit's poverty ;
This portion from the Lord I've got,
It yields content and peace to me :
He gave me this inheritance,
My soul's salvation to advance ;
To him eternal thanks and praise
Be render'd for my call of grace.

2 O how exceeding rich and great
The grace of Jesus Christ appears ;
He left his heavenly Father's seat
To share our sorrows, griefs, and
tears :

No worldly pomp or dignity
The sons of men in him could see,
When they the eternal Word beheld,
His Godhead in our nature veil'd.

3 For us he left his heavenly throne,
A life of pain and wo he led,
Among his nation lived unknown,
And freely suffer'd in our stead ;
That he those who in him believe,
Might as his property receive,
Since by his anguish, death & blood,
He reconciled us unto God.

4 Yea, tho' the eternal Son of God,
A man of sorrows he became,
Took on him our sin's heavy load,
Endured the cross, despised the
shame :

The Maker of creation's sphere
Did in an abject state appear,
That by his poverty the poor
Might be enriched evermore.

5 While here on earth no place he
had,
Where he his weary head could lay,
Oft hungry, thirsty, spent, and sad,
He learnt by suffering to obey :
His meat and drink was to fulfil
His heavenly Father's holy will,
And to seek out the sons of wo,
That he to them might kindness
show.

6 Say, O thou love's eternal source,
What prompted thee this step to
take ?—

Compassion was the mighty force ;
O'er sinful man thy heart did break,
Uncall'd thou camest to set him free
From sin, from curse and misery :
Yea, to enrich and crown his days
With thy salvation, joy, and grace.

7 My body and my soul combine
To laud and magnify the Lord,
My shepherd and my guide divine,
Who leads me by his holy word,
Preserves me in the narrow way,
Works wonders for me day by day,
Whose staff to comfort never fails,
When any trial me assails.

8 Nought can such pleasure yield to
me,

While in this vale of tears I stay,
As that his glory I shall see,
And live with him in endless day ;
Ev'n here of everlasting rest
I of a foretaste am possess'd,
While in sweet union I abide
With him and with his chosen bride.

9 Most gladly I to others leave
Their worldly treasure, pomp, and
fame ;
Since of Christ's fulness I receive,
I glory only in his name :
In his reproach I freely share,
Who for my sake the cross did bear,
And joy in shame and poverty,
Since Jesus poor became for me.

593.* T. 151.

GENTLE is the coercion
Of Jesus' power and love ;
Without it my exertion
Must unavailing prove :
Humbled in heart and broken,
To Christ for strength I flee ;
My grace, himself hath spoken,
Sufficient is for thee.

2 If ask'd : Hast thou already
In grace such progress made,
As with steps firm and steady
The appointed path to tread ?

I own: I'm weak and feeble,
Alone I cannot stand,
'Tis Christ who makes me stable,
On him I must depend.

3 Is good in contemplation,
I on my Saviour call,
Who gave the intimation,
And worketh all in all;
The wish'd-for good effected,
To him I render praise,
Who hath the work directed
By his enabling grace.

594.* T. 83.

WOULD we inward peace enjoy,
We must first be poor in spirit,
At the feet of Jesus lie,
Trusting only in his merit;
Then our kind and loving Lord
Will to us his strength afford.

2 None from God too distant are,
None too sinful, none too wretched:
But they may his mercy share,
For his arms are still outstretched:
Yet we must, when we apply,
On his grace alone rely.

3 In this humble, happy frame,
And from grace to grace proceeding,
We press forward in his name,
And have cause to bless his leading;
Cheered by his looks of grace,
We run our appointed race.

595.* T. 82.

FAITHFUL Saviour, we to thee
Will look up incessantly,
Happy in thy peace and blessing,
Filial confidence possessing:
Poor in spirit, rich in grace,
We show forth thy matchless praise.

2 God be praised, thy love is known;
Thou expectest this alone,
That, disclaiming self-reliance,
We should yield a glad compliance,
With a mind devoutly still
To thy good and perfect will.

596. T. 590.

O LORD, the contrite sinner's friend,
Most wretched should I be,
Did I not know thy precious blood
Was shed for worthless me:
Nought could console me in distress,
Or give my soul relief; [breast,
When troubles seize my anxious
Nought could appease my grief.

2 O give me, Jesus, give me still
My poverty to know;
Increase my faith, may I in grace
And in thy knowledge grow;
More clearly to me manifest
The mystery of thy cross;
And for this precious pearl may I
Count all things else but dross.

597.* T. 22.

WHOE'ER in Jesus doth believe,
To soaring thoughts no room can
give;

The blessed fellowship with Christ,
And nothing else by him is prized.

2 Reflecting how our Lord and Head,
When risen, his followers visited,
We pray to share that happiness
Which without sight we may possess.

3 Communing with the Lamb of
God,
With heartfelt gratitude we're
bow'd;
And walk in true humility,
As Christ's disciples constantly.

598.* T. 22.

MY Saviour, that I without thee
Can nothing do, rejoiceth me:
For all the grace thou dost bestow,
I fain my gratitude would show.

2 Though weak and poor, I am thine
own;
All praise is due to thee alone.
That thou, when humbly I appear
'Fore thee, in mercy drawest near.

3 When pride would stir within my
breast,
I find no happiness nor rest;
But, walking in humility,
Have perfect peace and joy in thee.

4 O keep me contrite, low and poor ;
 Thus shall I praise thee evermore :
 Myself thrice blessed I can call,
 When I am nought and thou my all.

599.*

T. 14.

NONE God the Father's favour
 share,
 Or heaven's kingdom win,
 But those who little children are,
 And as such enter in.

2 The high and mighty ones the
 Lord
 Doth from their seats put down ;
 But to the poor doth grace afford,
 And them with blessings crown.

3 O may I with submissiveness,
 Dear Lord, be taught by thee ;
 To thee obedience show through
 And learn humility. [grace,

4 Jesus, I humbly thee implore,
 Grant me thy Spirit's light,
 That he may teach me evermore,
 And guide my steps aright.

5 A lowly mind impart to me,
 According to my prayer ;
 Since those who know their poverty
 To the Most High are near.

6 Thou, who in heaven art adored,
 Dost with the contrite dwell,
 Revive the humble by thy word,
 The broken-hearted heal.

7 Therefore, my soul delight no more
 In this world's vanity ;
 Look forward ; Jesus hath in store
 Unfading joys for thee.

8 Lord Jesus Christ, O may I grow
 In knowledge and in grace ;
 Grant that in me, while here below,
 Thy likeness each may trace.

600.*

T. 583.

THOSE are partakers of our Sa-
 viour's grace,
 Who, while his gifts they share with
 thankfulness,
 Glory in their infirmities, and boast
 Of nothing but his grace wherein
 they trust.

2 His loving kindness those shall
 richly share,
 Who, at a loss, and ready to despair,
 Retire in secret, pray him for relief
 And consolation to assuage their
 grief.

3 To those the Lord will deign his
 teaching mild,
 Who gladly listen as a little child,
 And from experience willingly allow,
 That they are learners, and but little
 know.

601.*

T. 14.

HAPPY the man whose highest
 good
 Is Christ invariably ;
 He shows his love and gratitude
 By true humility.

2 In weakness, power divine he
 gains,
 He dwells in peace and rest ;
 And owns with filial confidence :
 Lord, what thou dost is best ;—

3 For thou art gracious, wise, and
 good,
 Thou know'st how help to afford,
 The time when it should be be-
 stow'd ;
 Thy goodness be adored.

602.*

T. 141.

GO, ye flattering visions,
 Honours, wealth, and lusts :
 He who, lowly-minded,
 In our Saviour trusts,
 Rich in grace, is blessed,
 Freed from anxious care ;
 For the poor in spirit
 Heaven's kingdom share.

603.*

T. 16.

WHEN simplicity we cherish,
 Then the soul is full of light ;
 But that light will quickly vanish,
 When of Jesus we lose sight.

2 He who nought but Christ de-
 sireth,
 He whom nothing else can cheer,
 But the joy which he inspireth,
 Lending to his voice an ear ;—

3 Who sincerely loveth Jesus,
And upon his grace depends;
Who but willeth what him pleases,
Simply following his commands;

4 Who to Jesus humbly cleaveth,
Pays obedience to his word,
Yea, in closest union liveth
With our Saviour, Head, and
Lord;—

5 Who in Jesus Christ abideth,
And, from self-dependence free,
In nought else but him confideth:—
Walks in true simplicity.

6 He who is by Christ directed,
Trusting the good Shepherd's care,
From all harm will be protected,
And no danger needs to fear.

604.* T. 184.

O BLEST condition, happy living,
Which true simplicity imparts,
When we to God are wholly given,
And Jesus' mind rules in our hearts;
This every vain imagination
Casts down, and us subjects to grace;
It shows the ground of our salvation
To be Christ's blood and righteousness.

2 That which is by the world esteemed,

A single mind counts vanity;
What's innocent by others deemed,
Is shunn'd by true simplicity:
Because the love to things terrestrial

We must deny through Jesus' grace,
And, to obtain the prize celestial,
Cast off whate'er impedes our race.

3 The simple heart no care perplexeth,
That robs the world of all content;
Of envy, which so many vexeth,
Simplicity is ignorant;
And carefully preserves its treasure,
Unruffled by the worldling's spite:
If others ask to share this pleasure,
Simplicity tastes true delight.

4 O Jesus, God of my salvation,
Thy single mind impart to me;
Root out the world's infatuation,
However keen the pain may be:

Thrice happy they who tread unwearied
The path of true simplicity:
They as wise virgins are prepared
To meet the Bridegroom cheerfully.

605. T. 22.

MEEK, patient Lamb of God, impart
Thy meekness to my stubborn heart,
Grant me to keep thee full in view,
And thy example to pursue.

2 Thy blood preserve my garments clean
From every spot and stain of sin;
As a wise virgin, to prepare
For meeting thee, be all my care.

3 Bestow on me a simple mind,
To every hurtful fancy blind;
Thy meekness, true sincerity,
And needful wisdom, grant to me.

4 Thou holy, spotless Lamb of God,
My worthless heart make thy abode;
O may I in thine image grow,
And honour thee in all I do.

606. T. 106.

A SINGLE mind to me impart;
Lord, may I sordid lucre flee,
Nor set on earthly gain my heart,
Hate avarice as idolatry;
Fix my desires on things above,
Rich in possession of thy love.

2 Let neither honours, pomp, nor
pride,
Nor this world's gaudy vanity,
Which draw the soul from thee aside,
Beguile me from simplicity:
May this my highest honour be,
To be esteemed, Lord, by thee.

3 Screen me in each unguarded
hour,
Lord, under thy protecting care;
Preserve me from seduction's power,
Lest fleshly lusts my soul ensnare:
May I to avarice, lust, and pride
Say, Christ destroy'd you when he
died.

607.*

T. 15.

LORD, grant to me a simple mind;
By thee may I be guided,
And as thy blessed will design'd,
Have my whole course decided.

2 With this desire 'fore thee I bow,
Ashamed of my demerit;
Ah, take without exception now
My body, soul, and spirit.

608.*

T. 208.

WOULD we, sinners needy,
Here on earth already
Heavenly joys possess;
Jesus nought desireth,
Or of us requireth,
For our rest and peace,
But that we, like children be;
Since he all our wants redresses,
Soothes all our distresses.

609.*

T. 167.

TO belong to Christ our Saviour,
Christian, what doth this imply?
Constantly to seek his favour,
Ever watching faithfully;
To implore his kind direction
Day by day in all we do;
To confide in his protection,
Freed from every earthly view.

610.*

T. 151.

AMIDST this world's profaneness
May I thy truth confess;
In primitive way and plainness,
Thy servant be through grace:
Nor fear, nor interest ever
Cause me to turn aside,
Or my connection sever
With thy redeemed bride.

611.*

T. 69.

LEARN, church of Jesus,
By faith to him to cleave,
And in blest union
With him, thy Lord, to live,
While far
From him sojourning here.

2 Grant that sustained,
Lord, by thy mighty grace,
With love unfeigned
We our appointed race
May run,
Till we the prize have won.

612.*

T. 22.

CHRIST is the Vine, we branches
are;
Without him we no fruit can bear:
For of ourselves we cannot thrive,
'Tis he who gives us power and life.

2 Lord, thou hast chosen us that we
Should bear well-pleasing fruit to
thee:
O make us fruitful to thy praise;
Preserve us from all barrenness.

613.

T. 11.

JESUS, who for me hast died,
Grant I may in thee abide;
Set me, Lord, unto thy praise;
Water me with showers of grace.

2 Make my heart a garden fair,
Which such pleasant fruit may bear,
As affords true joy to thee
And thy Father constantly.

3 In thy garden here below
Water me that I may grow;
When all grace to me is given,
Then transplant me into heaven.

614.*

T. 167.

AS the branches are connected
With the vine, ev'n so thro' grace
A close union is effected
'Twixt the Lord our righteousness
And believers, who, though feeble,
Life and power from him derive,
And thereby are render'd able,
Bearing fruit, to grow and thrive.

615.*

T. 10.

WOULD we by our behaviour
Show that we love our Saviour;
He only can instruct us,
And in the way conduct us.

2 Through his atonement's powers
O may we bloom like flowers,
And by his grace and blessing
Bear fruit to him well-pleasing.

616.* T. 185.

IN thy love and knowledge, gracious
Saviour,
May we more and more abound;
Thy complete atonement shall for
ever
Of our doctrine be the ground:
Grant that all may, in thy word be-
lieving, [cleaving,
And to thee, the Vine, as branches
Through thy Father's nursing care
Fruit unto thy honour bear.

617.* T. 4.

LORD Jesus, be near,
Thou seest us here;
Unite us in heart:
Dear Lord, come and bless us, our
brother thou art.

2 Soon make us to be
Well-pleasing to thee;
'Tis time and 'tis right
To bring forth some fruit which may
yield thee delight.

3 From this very day
We will not delay
To follow the Lamb,
To serve him with gladness and
honour his name.

618.* T. 228.

THIS one thing needful grant to us,
By faith to view thee on the cross,
Bleeding for our salvation;
Then 'midst all weakness we indeed
Shall still from grace to grace proceed,
Lord, in thy congregation;
May none ground on
Empty notions or good motions
His religion,
Without power and life's fruition.

619. T. 228.

BE this our happy destiny,
Lord Jesus, to be one with thee;
Grant, through thy Spirit's leading,
That we may gain yet firmer root
In thee, and bear abundant fruit,
From grace to grace proceeding:
From thee daily
Strength receiving,—to thee cleaving,
Blessed Jesus;
Thus we shall show forth thy praises.

XXVIII. PATIENCE UNDER AFFLICTION, AND CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

620. T. 14.

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage
take:
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

621.

T. 22.

DESPONDING soul, thou need'st not
fear, [hear;
Since God thy every prayer doth
In his own time he'll surely grant,
As he thinks fit, what thou dost
want;—

2 For he thy case doth understand;
Himself will take thy cause in hand;
The scale will turn, and thou shalt be
Ashamed of thy anxiety.

622.*

T. 151.

IS God my strong salvation,
No enemy I fear;
He hears my supplication,
Dispelling all my care:
If he, my Head and Master,
Defend me from above,
What pain or what disaster
Can part me from his love?

2 Of this I am persuaded;
With joy I can declare,
His love to me ne'er faded,
He listens to my prayer;
He aid to me dispenses,
He stands at my right hand;
Yea, when a storm advances,
'Tis calm at his command.

3 The ground of my profession
Is Jesus and his blood;
He gives me the possession
Of everlasting good:
Myself and whatsoever
Is mine I cannot trust;
The gifts of Christ my Saviour
Remain my only boast.

4 My Jesus and his merit
Are all my aim and care;
Were he not with my spirit,
Ah, I should soon despair:
To appear 'fore my Creator
I never could desire;
He would to my fall'n nature
Prove a consuming fire.

5 'Tis Jesus Christ who taketh
Away sin, death, and wo,
And by his blood he maketh
Each spot as white as snow;
Free from that condemnation,
Which sinners else must find,
I joy in his salvation
With an embolden'd mind.

6 His Spirit is the sovereign
Possessor of my heart;
There he alone shall govern,
And slavish fear depart:
He gives his benediction,
Yea, helpeth me to cry
Abba, when in affliction,
With child-like fervency.

7 His Spirit cheers my spirit
With many a precious word,
That I shall joy inherit,
By trusting in the Lord;
Since after tribulation
All those who Jesus love,
Have that blest expectation
To live with him above.

8 Should earth lose its foundation,
He stands my lasting rock;
No temporal desolation
Shall give my love a shock:
I'll cleave to Christ my Saviour,
No object, small or great,
Nor height, nor depth, shall ever
Me from him separate.

623.

T. 14.

GOD is my Saviour and my light,
Why should I be dismay'd?
'Tis he defends my life; of whom
Then need I be afraid?

2 Hear my requests, O Lord, and give
An answer full of grace:
Thy face thou bidst me seek, and I
Reply, I'll seek thy face.

3 Lord, do not in displeasure hide
Thyself, nor me reject;
The aid which I have had before,
From thee I still expect.

4 Wait still on God, my soul, from
All needful strength derive: [him
Though he delay, he will at length
The fainting heart revive.

624.*

T. 159.

LOOK up, my soul, to Christ thy joy,
With a believing mind;
With all the ills which thee annoy,
The way to Jesus find:
Here in this world thou hast no
home,
Nor lasting joy; to Jesus come,
He is the pearl of greatest price,
Who all thy wants supplies.

2 Steadfast in faith to Jesus cleave,
His faithfulness review,
And every burden with him leave,
Whose love is daily new:
His ways with thee are just & right,
He puts thy enemies to flight,
However threat'ning they appear;
Take courage, he is near.

3 Thy closet enter, pray, and sigh,
To Jesus tell thy grief:
His ear is open to thy cry,
His hand to give relief:
Though men thee hate, forsake, and
grieve,
Thy Saviour thee will never leave,
His word is pass'd; he'll aid afford;
Rely upon the Lord.

4 Lift up thy heart to him on high,
And leave this sordid earth;
Behold with a believing eye
God's excellence and worth:
Devote thy life, thy all to him,
Who did thy soul from death re-
deem,
In love to thee the cross endured,
And life for thee procured.

5 Arise and seek the things above;
Let heaven be all thy aim,
Where Jesus dwells in bliss and love,
And earth and sin disclaim:
The world and all its empty joy
His potent breath will once destroy;
Abiding rest and peace of mind
In Christ alone we find.

625. T. 590.

SINCE we can't doubt God's equal
love,
Unmeasurably kind;
To his unerring, gracious will
Be every wish resign'd:
Good, when he gives, supremely
good;
Nor less when he denies;
Ev'n crosses from his sovereign hand
Are blessings in disguise.

2 What'e'r I ask, I surely know
And steadfastly believe,
He will the thing desired bestow,
Or else a better give:
To thee I there'ore, Lord, submit
My every fond request,
And own, adoring at thy feet,
Thy will is always best.

626. T. 591.

IF to Jesus for relief
My soul hath fled by prayer,
Why should I give way to grief,
Or heart-consuming care?
Are not all things in his hand,
Hath he not his promise pass'd?
Will he then regard'less stand,
And let me sink at last?—

2 While I know his providence
Disposeth each event;
Shall I judge my feeble sense,
And yield to discontent?
If he worms and sparrows feed,
Clothe the grass in rich array;
Can he see a child in need,
And turn his eye away?—

3 When his name was quite un-
known,
And sin my life employ'd,
Then he watch'd me as his own,
Or I had been destroy'd:
Now his mercy-seat I know,
Now by grace I'm reconciled;
Would he spare me while a foe,
To leave me when a child?

4 If he all my wants supplied,
When I disdain'd to pray;
Now his Spirit is my guide,
How can he answer nay:
If he would not give me up,
When my soul against him fought;
Will he disappoint the hope,
Which he himself hath wrought?

5 If he shed his precious blood,
To bring me to his fold;
Can I think, that meaner good
He will from me withhold?
Vain is Satan's each device,
Here my hope rests well assured;
In that great redemption-price
I see the whole secured.

627. T. 22.

WHO can condemn, since Christ
hath died?

I by his blood am justified:
He ever lives to intercede,
And sends me help in time of need.

2 What can from Christ me separate?
Shall trials howsoever great,
Shall tribulation or distress,
Shall peril, sword, or nakedness?—

3 O no, I shall in all things prove
Conqueror through him who me did
My Lord obtain'd the victory, [love;
Sufficient is his grace for me.

4 O love unbounded! refuge sure!
My helpless soul now lives secure:
Long as in thee, O Lord, I trust,
I know I never shall be lost.

628. T. 590.

NO more with trembling heart I try
A multitude of things,
Still wishing to find out the source
From whence salvation springs:
My anchor's cast, cast on a ground,
Where I shall ever rest
From all the labour of my thoughts,
And workings of my breast.

2 What is my anchor? if you ask:
A hungry, helpless mind,
Diving, with misery for its weight,
Till firmest grace it find:
What is my ground?—'Tis Jesus
Christ,

Whom faithless eyes pass o'er;
Yet here the humble sinner may
Ride safe, though tempests roar.

629. T. 14.

HOW happy we, when guilt is gone
This alters our whole frame:
The same occasions still come on,
But we are not the same.

2 The load which caused us anxious
care,
No more doth weigh us down;
For Christ the burden helps to bear,
We bear it not alone.

3 While we at honest labour toil,
Our hearts may be at ease:
For if our Saviour on us smile,
'Midst trouble we have peace.

4 Sick outwardly or in distress
We may be, 'tis confess'd:
But the believer ne'ertheless
In trials finds he's blest.

5 Have we through dangerous paths
to rove,
The shades of death to pass:
Our shield eternal is his love,
Our light his glorious face.

6 Thy secret hand we bless; on thee,
O Lord, we can depend;
Thou between us and misery
Of every kind dost stand.

630. T. 22.

WHEN by adversity I'm tried,
In God, my rock, I will confide;
'Midst trials, whatsoe'er they be,
Rely on his fidelity.

2 I'll trust my great Physician's
skill,
Resign'd obey his blessed will;
For each disease he knows what's fit,
He's wise and good, and I submit.

3 Although his medicine cause me
smart,
And wound me in the tend'rest part,
It is with a design to cure;
I must and will his touch endure.

4 Lord Jesus Christ, afford me grace,
In every trial thee to praise;
O let thy sacred will be mine,
To thee myself I now resign.

631. T. 590.

WHAT tremblings seize the travel-
ler's soul

Beneath the dark'ning sky,
While awful thunders round him
And lightning flashes nigh: [roll
Soon as the sun again is view'd
The clouds are all dispersed,
The face of nature is renew'd,
Joys on the pilgrim burst.

2 While passing thro' this shadow'd
To yonder blissful land; [vale
Black storms and tempests us assail
O'er which we've no command:
Unerring Wisdom thus permits
His children to be tried,
But he that to God's will submits,
With strength shall be supplied.

3 Afflicted souls, await the end
Appointed by your God:
From him deliv'rance shall descend
With great increase of good:
Whate'er the dispensation be,
Which he to send finds meet,
His aim obtained, each shall see,
For him it was most fit.

4 By Christ we're screened with ten-
der care
From vain and worldly noise:

Ye who God's happy children are,
Can in the Lord rejoice,
And walk in union with your God
Who is your nearest friend,
Upon life's rough and dangerous road
In safety to the end.

632. T. 167.

HERE, in constant, quick succession,

Bright and gloomy days are seen ;
But there, without variation
Skies unclouded and serene ;
Sufferings here are transitory ;
Light are even the most severe,
Set against the weight of glory,
Which awaits the conqueror there.

5 Though by threat'ning storms surrounded,

Or oppress'd by pain and grief,
This poor heart is not confounded ;
For in God I find relief :

On his powerful arm reclining,
I affliction's load sustain,
Bear the cross without repining,
Till the glorious crown I gain.

633. T. 14.

HOW condescending 'tis, that He
Who worlds to being spake,
One promise unto worthless me
Should ever deign to make.

2 Yet countless are his promises,
And who can doubt his truth ?
He'll lead me on throughout my race,
To hoary hairs from youth.

3 What is his covenant of love ?
A covenant firm and sure ;
Hills may depart and mountains
And yet it shall endure. [move,

4 'Tis that the kindness of our God
Shall ne'er from us depart,
That equally his smile or rod
Displays his loving heart ;—

5 That he will guide us, whom no power

Nor craft can e'er withstand,
That not temptation's darkest hour
Shall wrest us from his hand ;—

6 That truth and mercy, while we've breath,
Shall compass us around,
And that with him shall after death
Our glorious lot be found.

7 In all distress to him I'll cry,
I'll humbly trust his word ;
Nothing I ask will he deny,
For is he not my Lord ?

8 O the rich blessings which accrue
To all who love his name !
His gifts are every morning new,
His bounty still the same.

634.* T. 212.

THE will of God is always best,
His will be done for ever ;
Those who confide in him are blest,
And prove his love and favour :
He helps indeed—in time of need,
'Midst chastisements he saveth ;
Those who depend—on God their
He never, never leaveth. [friend,

2 His comforts daily me sustain,
He lends me his assistance ;
To what he doth for me ordain
I'll yield without resistance :
True is his word,—that e'en my hairs

The Lord in mercy numbers ;
He guards and wakes,—care of me takes,
And all my wants remembers.

635.* T. 79.

AS thy will, O my Saviour,
Unto thy Father's ever
Was subject and resign'd :
Grant that, in deep subjection,
To follow thy direction
I may be cheerfully inclined.

2 I'll spare all needless thinking,
Nor shall my mind be shrinking
Concerning what may be ;
May I in each proceeding
Submit to thy wise leading,
That thou 'rt my all sufficeth me.

636. T. 9.

WHAT, my soul, should bow thee
Perils or temptation ?— [down ?
Is not Christ upon the throne,
Still thy strong salvation ?

2 Cast thy burden on the Lord,
Thy almighty Saviour ;
He who death for thee endured,
Surely will deliver.

3 Mention to him every want,
Yea, whate'er doth grieve thee;
If for comfort thou dost pant,
Jesus will relieve thee.

4 Turn, my soul, unto thy rest,
Quickly turn to Jesus;
In his presence thou art blest,
He to thee is gracious.

5 Mourn whene'er thou hast forgot
Him whose great compassion
Never fails, whose blood hath bought
Thy complete salvation.

6 Earthly things do not regard,
Trust in Jesus' favour;
He will be thy great reward
And thy shield forever.

637.* T. 16.

STORMS of trouble may assail us,
Yea, life's vessel overwhelm;
Yet no danger need appal us,
If our Saviour guide the helm.

2 If with willing resignation,
Free from care, we acquiesce
In his ways, his consolation
Will alleviate our distress.

3 God is mighty to deliver,
None his power can withstand;
In all trials whatsoever
He will be our gracious friend.

4 When his hour strikes for relieving
Help breaks forth amazingly,
And, to shame our anxious grieving,
Often unexpectedly.

638.* T. 83.

MY Redeemer knoweth me,
Both in joy and in affliction;
O my soul, now joyful be,
Trust thy Shepherd's kind direc-
tion:

His own sheep he knows by name,
And to bless them is his aim.

2 Unexampled is that love,
By which we're with him con-
nected;

If we aught distressing prove,
Jesus is thereby affected:
We his watchful love and care
In all trials richly share.

639.* T. 142.

O FOUNTAIN eternal of life and of
light,

Where all find refreshment, who
seek it aright,

Pure spring of salvation
And true consolation,

From God's holy temple thy living
stream rolls,

Whose waters flow ample for all
thirsty souls.

2 Let him that is thirsty, encourag-
ing call, [for all;

Now drink of the waters, abounding
The promised blessing

Is sweetly refreshing; [nigh,

All ye who are ailing and needy draw
This we'll-spring ne'er failing your
wants will supply.

3 Here come I, my Shepherd, athirst
after thee, [my plea;

In mercy receive me, for mercy's
The word thou hast spoken

Can never be broken;
Thou know'st I am needy and great-
ly distress'd,

Thou callest the weary to come and
find rest.

4 Thou, river of life, dost refresh
heart and mind,

Those whom thou enrichest eternal
good find:

Amidst tribulation
The cup of salvation [by thee,

I take; thus with gladness inspired
All sorrow and sadness far distant
must flee.

5 I plead thy rich promise, O give
me to drink:

With fervour of spirit I wholly
would sink

Into thy love's ocean;
O let true devotion

My heart be impelling still onward
to move [love.

To Zion thy dwelling, the city of

6 Should bitter be mix'd with the
sweet of my cup, [give up:

O grant me with joy all self-will to
The cup of dire sorrows,

Which thou hast drank for us,
To thine thou dost offer in this world
of pain;

With thee they here suffer, with thee
they shall reign.

Though painful at present, 'twill
cease before long,
And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song.

643. T. 89.

YES, since God himself hath said it
On his promise I rely,
His good word demands my credit,
What can unbelief reply?
He is strong and can fulfil,
He is truth and therefore will.

2 In my Saviour's intercession
Humbly still I will confide:
Lord, accept my free confession,
I have sinn'd but thou hast died:
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need.

644. T. 244.

NONE e'er shall be ashamed,
Who wait upon the Lord:
Their shield and rock he's named,
Who build upon his word:
He stands their constant friend;
When danger is at hand,
With confidence unshaken
On him they can depend.

645.* T. 195.

DOTH our gracious Saviour,
In so many evils,
Which the foe at Christians levels,
Kindly guard and keep us:
Ah, how should we praise him,
In all things extol and bless him:
Love should so—ardent glow,
As to make us ever
Cleave to Christ our Saviour.

646.* T. 90.

THRICE happy is the feeble soul
Whose strength is only in his God;
The fiercest powers he can control
By faith in Jesus' precious blood:
In combat can maintain the field,
Because Jehovah is his shield.

647. T. 79.

THAT I am thine, my Lord and God,
Ransom'd and sprinkled with thy
blood,
Repeat that word once more,

With such an energy and light,
That this world's flattery nor spite
To shake me ever may have power.

2 From various cares my heart re-
tires;
Tho' deep and boundless its desires,
I'm now to please but One,
Him, before whom the elders bow;
With him I am engaged now,
And with the souls that are his
own.

3 This is my joy which ne'er can
fail,
To see my Saviour's arm prevail,
To mark the steps of grace;
How new-born souls convinced of
sin,
Yet by his precious blood made clean,
Extol his name in every place.

4 With these my happy lot is cast,
Through the world's deserts rude and
waste,
Or through its gardens fair:
Whether the storm of malice sweeps
Or all in dead supineness sleeps,
Still to go on be all my care.

5 See the dear sheep, by Jesus drawn,
In blest simplicity move on;
They trust his Shepherd-crook:
Beholders many faults will find
But they can guess at Jesus' mind,
Content, if written in his book.

6 O all ye just, ye rich, ye wise,
Who Christ's atoning sacrifice
Deem foolishness, and slight,
Grant but I may, (the rest's your
own,)
In shame and poverty sit down
At this one well-spring of delight.

7 Indeed had Jesus ne'er been slain,
Or could aught make his ransom vain,
That it avail'd no more;
Were his unbounded mercy fled,
Were he no more the church's head,
Nor Lord of all, as heretofore;—

8 Then, so refers my state to him,
Unwarranted I must esteem,
And wretched all I do;
Ah, my heart throbs, and seizeth fast
That covenant which will ever last,
It knows, it knows these things
are true.

9 Yes, my dear Lord, in following
Not in the dark uncertainly [thee,
This foot obedient moves;

'Tis with a brother and a king,
Who many to his yoke will bring,
Who ever lives and ever loves.

10 Now then my Way, my Truth,
my Life, [strife,
Henceforth let sorrow, doubt, and
Drop off like autumn-leaves;
Henceforth as privileged by thee,
Simple and undistracted be
My soul, which to thy sceptre
cleaves.

11 Let me my weary mind recline
On that eternal love of thine,
And human thoughts forget;
Childlike attend what thou wilt say,
Go forth and do it, while 'tis day,
Yet never leave my safe retreat.

12 At all times to my spirit bear
An inward witness strong and clear,
Of thy redeeming power;
This will instruct thy child aright,
This will impart the needful light,
For exigence of every hour.

13 Now then the sequel is well
weigh'd,
I cast myself upon thy aid,
A sea where none can sink;
Yea, thereon I depend, poor worm,
Believing that thou wilt perform
Beyond whate'er I ask or think.

648.

T. 22.

GOD of my life, on thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to
fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the
faint,
Where should I lodge my deep com-
plaint? [door
Where but with thee, whose open
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's
plea?
Doth not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in
vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer
prayer; [God,
But a prayer-hearing, answering
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to
plead.

649.*

T. 79.

JESUS, our Guardian, Guide, and
Friend,
Now thy protecting wings extend,
Thy children save from harm;
Would Satan seek us to devour,
Against his malice, craft and power,
Defend us by thy outstretch'd arm.

650.*

T. 208.

JESUS, source of gladness,
Comfort in all sadness,
Thou canst end my grief;
While for thy salvation
I with expectation
Wait, I find relief:
Slaughter'd Lamb, thy saving name
Yields to me far greater pleasure,
Than all worldly treasure.

2 God is my salvation,
Joy, and consolation;
With the world I've done:
To pride's vain pretension
I pay no attention,
Avarice I disown;
Perils, loss, shame, death, and cross,
Sufferings e'er so keen, shall never
Me from Jesus sever.

3 If the Lord protect me,
Sin cannot infect me,
Nought can do me harm;
Although Satan rageth,
Christ the storm assuageth
By his mighty arm:
Would the foe his malice show,
Since Christ is my strength and
I dread not his power. [tower,

4 Gloomy thoughts must vanish,
Jesus doth replenish
Me with heavenly peace:
Who the Saviour loveth,
By experience proveth,
Grief is changed to bliss:
Though I here reproach must bear,
Yet he turneth all my sadness
Into joy and gladness.

651.*

T. 22.

JESUS, my All, my highest good,
Who hast redeem'd me with thy
blood,

When confidence in thee I place,
My soul is fill'd with joy and peace.

2 Where should I turn, or how thee
leave?

Jesus, to thee my mind doth cleave;
With thee my heart hath always
found,

True counsel, comfort, help abound.

3 All who possess true faith and
love,

This daily by experience prove,
That they who simply put their trust
In Jesus Christ, can ne'er be lost.

4 None can be so o'erwhelm'd with
grief,

But he in Christ may find relief;
All misery, however great,
His comforts can alleviate.

5 Jesus, my only God and Lord,
What comfort doth thy name afford;
No friend on earth can ever be
Compared for faithfulness with thee.

6 Were health, and strength, and
friends withdrawn,

Were every earthly comfort gone,
If I have thee, I have howe'er
What me eternally can cheer.

7 O Lord, preserve me sound in
faith,

Thine let me be in life and death;
May nothing pluck me from thy
Lead me in safety to the end. [hand,

652.*

T. 234.

JESUS, my All, my soul's best
Friend,

To thee myself I now deliver:

Whate'er comes from thy faithful
hand,

How hard it be, how strange soever,
I'll take it with a passive heart;

And tho' I cannot shout for gladness,
But keenly feel affliction's dart,
O may I not be sunk in sadness!

May I with cheerfulness
In thy ways acquiesce,
Nor murmur at thy dispensation;
But simply trusting thee,
On thy fidelity
Depend with humble resignation.

653.*

T. 583.

AT last he's bless'd who by the Sa-
viour's blood

Was cleans'd while here, and made
an heir of God;

Ev'n now the acceptable year draws
nigh,

The day which turns our sorrows
into joy.

2 At last God's servants ceaseless
joys shall reap,

Who, bearing precious seed, go forth
and weep;

If they 'midst suffering faithful here
abide,

They shall with Jesus there be glori-
fied.

3 My soul, though here by various
trials proved,

Believe that by thy Saviour thou art
loved:

Submit thy will to his; with patience
wait;

He soon to perfect bliss will thee
translate.

654.*

T. 189.

WHO overcometh shall abide for
ever

A pillar in God's temple through his
grace,

Adorned with the name of God our
Saviour,

And of Jerusalem his chosen place:
Lord, make the feeble

Watchful and able,

That they be stable,

And victory gain.

655.*

T. 68.

THANKS for ever be,

Jesus, unto thee,

That thy strength doth us enable

To adhere to thee, though feeble;

That thou hear'st our prayers,

And regard'st our tears.

656.

T. 205.

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past:
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 All in all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind:
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is
 found,
 Grace to pardon all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within:
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

XXIX. PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

657.*

T. 235.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

LORD God, thy praise we sing,
 To thee our thanks we bring:
 Both heaven and earth do worship
 Thou Father of eternity; [thee,
 To thee all angels loudly cry,
 The heavens and all the powers on
 high:
 Cherubs and seraphs thee proclaim,
 And cry thrice holy to thy name:
 Holy is our Lord God,
 Holy is our Lord God,
 Holy is our Lord God,
 The Lord of Sabaoth.

With splendour of thy glory spread
 Are heaven and earth replenish'd:
 The apostles' glorious company,
 The prophets' fellowship praise thee;
 The noble and victorious host
 Of martyrs makes of thee its boast;
 The holy church, in every place
 Throughout the earth, exalts thy
 praise.

Thee, Father, God on heaven's
 The only and beloved Son, [throne,
 The Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
 The church doth worship and re-
 vere.

O Christ, thou glorious King, we
 Thee to be God's eternal Son: [own
 Thou, undertaking in our room,
 Didst not abhor the virgin's womb:
 The pains of death o'ercome by thee
 Made heaven to all believers free:
 At God's right hand thou hast thy
 seat,
 And in thy Father's glory great;
 And we believe the day's decreed,
 When thou shalt judge the quick and
 dead.

Promote, we pray, thy servants'
 good, [blood:
 Redeem'd with thy most precious
 Among thy saints make us ascend
 To glory that shall never end;
 Thy people with salvation crown,
 Bless those, O Lord, that are thine
 own: [vance
 Govern thy church, and, Lord, ad-
 For ever thine inheritance.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
 Highly exalt and honour thee;
 Thy name we worship and adore
 World without end for evermore:
 Vouchsafe, O Lord, we humbly pray,
 To keep us safe from sin this day:
 O Lord, have mercy on us all;
 Have mercy on us, when we call:

Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
According to thy confidence:
Lord, we have put our trust in thee,
Confounded let us never be: Amen.

658.* T. 583.

TO thee, the Lord of all, I'll humbly
sing,
To thee, my Maker, I'll thank-offer-
ings bring;
But how can language worthily dis-
play
Thy lauds, or to thy name due ho-
mage pay?

2 I've nought to give: for what I
have is thine,
Thine are my soul and body, and
not mine,
My reasoning powers, my health, my
daily food,
Are all thy gifts, and show that thou
art good.

3 That I'm an honourable vessel
made,
Is all the work of love unmerited,
And not because I'm worthy; mercy
free
Redeem'd my soul from sin and
misery.

4 Now, while on earth I stay, to
thee I'll live, [give,
And to thy shame alone all glory
Till I with all thy saints my voice
shall raise,
And join in everlasting songs of
praise.

659.* T. 132.

ALL glory to the sovereign good,
And Father of compassion,
To God, our help and sure abode,
Whose gracious visitation
Renews his blessings every day,
And taketh all our griefs away:
Give to our God the glory.

2 The heavenly hosts with awe show
forth
The praise of their Creator:
All creatures both in heaven and
Whate'er exists in nature, [earth,
Speak their divine Original,
Impress'd most wisely on them all:
Give to our God the glory.

3 What is created by our God
Enjoys his preservation;
He doth extend o'er all abroad
His father-like compassion;
Throughout the kingdom of his
grace
Prevail his truth and righteousness:
Give to our God the glory.

4 In my distress I raised with faith
To God my supplication;
My Saviour rescued me from death,
And gave me consolation;
This makes my heart with thankful-
ness
Rejoice before the God of grace:
Give to our God the glory.

5 The Lord hath ever to his flock
Kept without separation;
He doth abide our shield and rock,
Our peace and our salvation;
He leads us with a mother's care,
Protects from danger, guards from
Give to our God the glory. [fear:

6 Yea, when all creatures here deny
Their help and consolation,
Our great Creator then is nigh
With succour and compassion,
And sets the humble souls at rest,
That live forsaken and oppress'd:
Give to our God the glory.

7 As long as I have breath in me
I will sound forth his praises:
His precious, saving name shall be
Exalted in all places:
My heart, with all thy strength
adore
The God of grace, the God of power,
And give him all the glory.

8 Ye who profess his sacred name,
Give to our God the glory:
Ye who his power know and pro-
claim,
Give to our God the glory:
Rejoice from all vain idols freed,
The Lord is God, he's God indeed:
Give to our God the glory.

9 Now then before his face appear,
With praises and thanksgiving;
With awe his holy name revere,
And join with all the living,
To extol the wonders he hath
wrought,
His mighty deeds surpassing thought:
Give to our God the glory.

660.*

T. 14.

I'LL praise thee with my heart and
O Lord, my soul's delight, [tongue,
Declaring to the world in song
Thy glory, praise and might.

2 Thou art the eternal source of
grace,
The source of lasting bliss:
From thee unto the human race
Flows every happiness.

3 What are we? what do we possess
While here on earth below,
Which thy great love and tenderness
Do not on us bestow?

4 Who spread the lofty firmament
And starry skies around!
Who makes the dew and rain de-
To fructify the ground?— [scend

5 Who doth preserve our life and
Our ease and safe abode? [health,
Who doth secure our peace and
Our ever gracious God. [wealth?

On thee, almighty Lord of hosts,
Depend our life and all;
Thou keepest watch around our
Protectest great and small. [coasts,

7 Thy chastisements are nought but
love;
When we our sins confess,
We thy forgiveness richly prove;
'Tis thy delight to bless.

8 Thou count'st thy children's sighs
and tears, [mourn;
And know'st well why they
No tear too mean to thee appears
To put into thy urn.

9 Thou, when we are oppress'd with
grief,
Dost us with pity view,
Administ'ring thy kind relief,
And lasting comfort too.

10 Why need we mourn, as in des-
pair,
And grieve both day and night?
On him we'll cast our every care,
Who gave us life and light.

11 Hath he not from our earliest
days,
Us nourish'd and maintain'd?
Safe-guarded us in all our ways,
In dangers proved our friend?

13 God never yet mistakes hath
In his vast government; [made
No, what he doth permit or aid
Is blest in the event.

13 Then murmur not, but be resign'd
To his most holy will;
Peace, rest, and comfort thou wilt
My soul, in being still. [find,

661.*

T. 227.

NOW unite to render praises
To Jehovah, to our God, and mag-
nify

His great name in all your places,
Ye his people, ye who are his pro-
perty;

For his goodness, love, and favour
To his children last for ever:
He is full of truth and grace,
Pardoning all our trespasses;
Still his name by you be praised,
Who are seed to Abram raised,
Out of every tribe and nation;
Give him praises, give him thanks
and adoration.

2 Yea, with joy ourselves address-
ing

To our gracious, heavenly Father,
we'll proclaim

His great mercy without ceasing,
Join with angels to exalt his glori-
ous name;

They, adoring on their faces,
With thrice Holy sing his praises,
We too, will extol the name
Of our God and of the Lamb;
Be his glory ever sounded,
And his works which are unbounded:
We, his ransom'd congregation,
Thank and praise him for our blessed
destination.

3 To the throne go undismayed,
Go with boldness and approach the
mercy-seat,

Since from God in Christ displayed,
Nought but goodness, grace and
favour you can meet;

Full of love, he longs to bless us,
And is ready to embrace us;
Yea, to give his flesh and blood
To us as our highest good;
To his table we're invited,
And through grace with him united,

So that nought which may await us,
Can from Jesus and his love e'er
separate us.

4 He hath now his Godhead's treasure

To the needy open'd, and hath
stores enough,

Therefore 'tis his sovereign pleasure
That no sinner, that not one should
stand aloof:

Each may take, as were he named,
Grace for grace nor stand ashamed;
Hungry souls who but believe,
Of his fulness may receive;
And his fulness never ceaseth,
Our enjoyment still increaseth;
Hence we drink in richest measure
From life's fountain draughts of in-
exhausted pleasure.

5 These our faltering lays, dear Sa-
viour,

Which, tho' feeble, yet our grate-
ful hearts express,

Condescend to accept in favour,
Till in glory we shall see thee face
to face:

Then for all thy works our praises
Shall resound in heavenly places;
There we shall to thee, our King,
Joyful Hallelujahs sing:
May from every thing in nature
Praise be given to the Creator,
And our lives and whole demeanour
To Jehovah, to our God give praise
and honour.

662.* T. 195.

GOD reveals his presence;
Let us now adore him,
And with awe appear before him;
God is in his temple,
All in us keep silence,
And before him bow with reverence:
Him alone—God we own;
He's our Lord and Saviour:
Praise his name for ever.

2 God reveals his presence,
Whom the angelic legions
Serve with awe in heavenly regions:
Holy, holy, holy,
Sing the hosts of heaven;
Praise to God be ever given;
Condescend—to attend
Graciously, O Jesus,
To our songs and praises.

3 O majestic Being,
Were but soul and body
Thee to serve at all times ready!
Might we, like the angels
Who behold thy glory,
Deep abased sink before thee,
And through grace—be always,
In our whole demeanour,
To thy praise and honour.

4 Grant us resignation,
Hearts before thee bowed,
With thy peace divine endowed:
As a tender flower
Opens and inclineth
To the cheering sun which shineth;
So may we—be from thee
Rays of grace deriving,
And thereby be thriving.

5 Lord, come dwell within us,
While on earth we tarry;
Make us thy blest sanctuary:
O vouchsafe thy presence;
Draw unto us nearer,
And reveal thyself still clearer:
Us direct—and protect;
Thus we in all places
Shall show forth thy praises.

663.* T. 341.

THOU, Jesus, art our King:
Thy ceaseless praise we sing:
Praise shall our glad tongues employ,
Praise o'erflow the grateful soul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.

2 Thou art the eternal light,
And shinest in deepest night:
Wond'ring gazed the angelic train,
While thou bow'dst the heavens
beneath,
Taking thy abode with man,
Man to save from endless death.

3 Thou for our griefs didst mourn,
Thou hast our sickness borne:
All our sins on thee were laid;
Thou with unexampled grace
All the mighty debt hast paid,
Due from Adam's helpless race.

4 Thou hast o'erthrown the foe,
God's kingdom fix'd below:
Conqueror of all adverse power,
Thou heaven's gates hast open'd
wide;
Thou thine own dost lead secure,
And to life eternal guide.

5 Above the starry sky
Thou reign'st, enthroned on high;
Prostrate at thy feet we fall:
Power supreme to thee is given,
As the righteous Judge of all,
Sons of earth and hosts of heaven.

6 The mighty seraphs join,
And in thy praise combine;
All their choirs thy glories sing:
Who shall dare with thee to vie,
Mighty Lord, eternal King,
Sovereign both of earth and sky?

7 The venerable train,
Patriarchs, first-born of men,
And the Apostles of the Lamb,
By whose strength they faithful
proved,
Join to extol his sacred name
Whom in life and death they loved.

8 The church, thro' all her bounds,
With thy high praise resounds:
The confessors fearless here
Boldly praise their heavenly King:
Children's feebler voices there
To thy name hosannas sing.

9 'Midst danger's blackest frown
Thou hosts of martyrs own:
Pain and shame alike they dare,
Firmly trusting in their God;
Glorying thy cross to bear,
Sealing thus their faith with blood.

10 Arise, exert thy power,
Thou glorious Conqueror:
Help us to obtain the prize,
Help us well to close our race;
That with thee above the skies
Endless joys we may possess.

664.

T. 79.

JESUS, the whole creation's Head,
Lord of the living and the dead,
Endless thy glories shine: (own;
Thy blood-bought church in mercy
The church assembled round thy
throne,
Or pilgrims here; we all are thine.

2 Pilgrims on earth, here may we
rest,
The sparrow here hath found a nest,
Thine altars, O Lord God;

For all thy blessings and thy care,
Our gratitude in praise and prayer
Shall still ascend to thine abode.

3 Ye spirits of the just above,
With Christ now perfected in love,
Once our companions here;
In higher strains join us to sing
Blessing and honour to our King,
Till he in glory shall appear.

4 Hail, Lamb once slain, thy pre-
cious blood
Hath brought us sinners nigh to God,
Worthy art thou alone:
Accept, O Lord, Ancient of days,
Thy universal church's praise,
Here and around thy glorious
throne.

665.*

T. 101.

THANKSGIVING, honour, praise
and might

Unto the slaughter'd Lamb be ren-
der'd, (light,
Who brought us to his kingdom's
And bought us from all tongues and
kindred;

Before the world was form'd we were
ordain'd
By him to happiness and life which
hath no end.

2 To him who ever doth abide,
Be ceaseless songs of praise repeated
By Christendom, his chosen bride,
And those in heavenly mansions
seated; (name,
The angelic hosts exalt his saving
And we with all created beings do
the same.

3 By all the saints around his throne,
And all the angelic choirs in heaven,
With shouts of glory to God's Son,
Our King and Shepherd, praise be
given:

They join with us his goodness to
rehearse;
His glorious name be praised through-
out the universe.

666.*

T. 146.

NOW let us praise the Lord
With body, soul, and spirit,
Who doth such wondrous things
Beyond our sense and merit;

Who, from our mother's womb
And earliest infancy,
Hath done great things for us;
Praise him eternally.

2 O gracious God, bestow
On us, while here remaining,
An ever-cheerful mind;
Thy peace be ever reigning:
Preserve us in true faith
And Christian holiness;
That when we go from hence
We may behold thy face.

667.* T. 206.

ALMIGHTY Lord, ::
Eternal Word,
Creation's Head,
By whom :: the worlds were made,
Which in heaven's spacious sphere ::
Appear;
Who by thy blood
Brought'st us to God;
Thee we confess ::
The Lord our righteousness. ::

2 Sure as thou livest, ::
And as Lord movest
On cherubim,
And awest :: the seraphim,
Jehovah, great I AM, ::
And Lamb;
So sure's thy blood
The highest good
Of sinners poor, ::
Till death shall be no more. ::

668.* T. 9.

TILL permitted hence to go,
To behold my Saviour,
Whom ev'n here by faith to know,
I enjoy the favour:—

2 Till to heaven I go in peace,
Where no sin assaileth,
Sorrows, sighs, and tears must cease,
Love alone prevaileth:—

3 Till the day when I shall tread
Those celestial mountains,
Where the Lamb himself will lead
Me to living fountains:—

4 Till that time mine eyes I'll raise
Unto him in spirit,
And my feeble tongue shall praise
My Redeemer's merit.

669. T. 90.

THE Lamb was slain! let us adore,
With grateful hearts his mercy own;
May all within us evermore
In silence at his feet fall down;
Serve without dread, with reverence
love
The Lord, whose boundless grace we
prove.

2 The Lamb was slain! both day and
night
The angelic choirs his praises sing;
To him enthroned above all height,
Heaven's hosts celestial anthems
bring;
While here poor sinners join the
song,
And praise him with a stammering
tongue.

3 Gladly our own poor works we
leave,
For him despise wealth, pleasure,
fame,
To him our souls and bodies give,
His death doth our affections claim:
Henceforth we own him as our
Lord,
His name be by us all adored.

4 Through him alone we live, for he
Hath drowned our transgressions all
In love's unfathomable sea:
Fall prostrate, lost in wonder fall,
Ye sinners, for the Lamb was slain;
He died that we might life regain.

5 As ground, when parch'd with
summer's heat,
Gladly drinks in the welcome shower,
So may we list'ning at his feet,
Receive his word and feel his power:
May nothing in our hearts remain,
But this great truth, The Lamb was
slain.

670. T. 159.

ADORED be the Lamb of God,
That he upon the cross
To God, by his most precious blood,
Hath reconciled us:
All praise be given to him, that we
Were born the day of grace to see,
When he his love to us reveal'd,
And thus our pardon seal'd.

2 To be his priests and witnesses
Is now our happy lot,
To sing in songs of endless praise
To Jesus who us bought :
We now like Mary wish to sit
In spirit list'ning at his feet,
Waiting with lamps prepared and
dress'd
For Jesus's marriage-feast.

3 Meanwhile his promises we trust,
And join our grateful lays
In concert with the ransom'd host,
To sing redeeming grace :
While they who round his throne
appear,
The wonders of his love declare,
And sing, The Lamb for us was
slain ;
Our hearts reply, Amen.

671. T. 132.

SING praises unto God on high,
To him who us created ;
Sing praises to the Lord, so nigh
To sinful man related :
Rejoicing Hallelujah sing,
Jesus Jehovah is our King,
And gracious Mediator.

2 He calls us brethren, not ashamed
To bear our human nature ;
Yea, heirs of life we now are named,
Joint-heirs with our Creator :
He ever lives our cause to plead,
Grants help in every time of need ;
Praise to his name for ever.

672. T. 39.

YE servants of God, your great
Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his most excel-
lent name :
The name all victorious of Jesus
extol,
His kingdom is glorious, he rules
over all.

2 God ruleth in heaven almighty to
save,
And yet he is with us, his presence
we have :
The great congregation his triumphs
shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our
King.

3 Salvation be brought unto God on
the throne,
Let all sing rejoicing, and honour
the Son ;
The praises of Jesus the angels pro-
claim,
Fall down on their faces and wor-
ship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore him and give
him his right,
All glory, and power, and wisdom,
and might,
And honour, and blessing, with
angels above,
And thanks never ceasing for infi-
nite love.

673. T. 11.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace ;
Let our praise to him be given,
Who is Lord of earth and heaven.

2 Jesus, lo, to thee we bow,
Thou art Lord, and only Thou ;
Thou, the woman's promis'd Seed,
Glory of thy Church, and Head.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing,
Thee we praise, our Priest and King ;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 We thy little flock adore
Thee our Lord for evermore :
Ever more show us thy love,
Till we join the choirs above.

674. T. 22.

BLESS, O my soul, the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise :
How can the wonders he hath
wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?

2 'Twas he, my soul, that sent his
Son
To die for crimes which thou hast
done :
He paid the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

3 Our youth decay'd his power re-
pairs, [years :
His mercy crowns our growing
He satisfies our souls with good,
And filleth us with heavenly food.

4 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let all mankind adore his grace;
Let us with all our powers sing
Praise to our Saviour, God, and King.

675.

T. 14.

COME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne:
Ten thousand thousands are their
tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they
To be exalted thus; [cry,
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can
Be, Lord, for ever thine. [give,

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

676.

T. 22.

WE sing to God, whose tender love
Caused him to leave his throne
above,
To dwell with sinful worms below,
And save them from eternal wo.

2 On fallen men he cast his eye,
In depths of misery saw them lie;
Pitied their state, resolv'd to come
And suffer freely in their room.

3 A mortal body he assumed,
Groan'd, bled, and died, and was en-
tomb'd:
At length the work thus finished,
He rose triumphant from the dead.

4 To heaven's bright realms he took
his flight,
Beyond the reach of mortal sight:
There pleads with God for ransom'd
men,
Thence will in glory come again.

5 To Jesus, our exalted Head,
Immortal honours now be paid;
The glory of his saving name
Our tongues shall evermore pro-
claim.

677.

T. 14.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 Jesus, the name that charms our
fears,
That bids our sorrows cease:
'Tis music in poor sinners' ears,
'Tis life and health and peace.

3 His grace subdues the power of sin.
He sets the prisoners free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avail'd for me.

4 He speaks, and list'ning to his
New life the dead receive: [voice
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye
dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ:
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

678.

T. 14.

NOT all the angels of the sky,
Nor happy saints above,
Have greater cause to praise than I
The Saviour's dying love.

2 Had I an angel's heavenly tongue
Or seraph's melody,
My theme should be his praise, who
hung
Upon the cross for me.

3 For thee he hangs, my soul, rejoice,
For thee, my soul, expires:
Then sing his love with thankful
voice;
Sing what his love inspires.

4 Till fleeting time shall have an end,
And years shall cease to roll,
Due praise shall from his church as-
cend,
And spread from pole to pole.

5 How sweet the precious gospel
In the believer's ear; [sounds
This balsam heals his cank'ring
wounds,
And dries each anxious tear.

6 But tears of joy must ever flow
For Jesus' wondrous love;

And when I leave this world below,
I'll sing his praise above.

679. T. 595.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb:
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For us whose sins he bore.

3 Ye pilgrims on the road
To Zion's city, sing:
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,
In Christ, the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
Ye blessed children, come:
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

5 There shall our raptured tongues
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

680. T. 595.

TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 The Saviour's ransom'd race
Shall meet around the throne,
Extol him for his saving grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God,
Wisdom and power belong;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And heaven's eternal song.

681. T. 90.

WITH thanks before the Lord ap-
pear,
Adore his precious, saving name;

His patience, faithfulness, and care,
Our humble, grateful praises claim:
His goodness none can comprehend,
His tender mercies know no end.

2 Worthy the Lamb, that every
breath
His lauds in ceaseless strains repeat:
Worthy the Lamb, that for his death
Each pulse should to his honour
beat;
That to his throne the sacrifice
Of prayer and praise like incense rise.

682. T. 208.

THANKS, beloved Saviour,
For thy every favour
On thy church conferr'd;
Fervent be our praises,
While each soul retraces
All thy mercies, Lord:
Every day we would extol
Thee, our constant benefactor,
Guardian, guide, instructor.

2 All our wants thou knowest,
And such gifts bestowest,
As our need requires;
Each disease thou healest,
And our pardon sealest,
Granting our desires:
For thy countless benefits,
Lord, our souls shall bless thee ever:
We'll forget them never.

683. T. 14.

FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From God, by my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Yet this acknowledgement I'll
For all he hath bestow'd, [make
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

3 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is, from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

684.* T. 166.

THANKS be to thee, O Lamb of
God,
For thy unfathomable grace:

How many benefits bestow'd
 Forgotten and unnoticed pass:
 When I thy love astonished see,
 What lengths, breadths, heights, and
 depths appear;
 Eternity, immensity,
 These, these its only limits are.

685. T. 83.

NOW with joyful songs appear,
 And with humble adoration,
 'Fore the Lord; he's always near
 To his ransom'd congregation:
 With the poor he deigns to dwell:
 He is named Immanuel.

686.* T. 121.

IN joyful hymns of praise.
 Like one man, sweetly raise
 Voices quite united;
 With our liturgic lays
 Our Saviour is delighted;
 He'll with gracious ear
 Our thanksgivings hear,
 And we feel him near.

687.* T. 58.

WHEN all thy mercies, Lord, to
 mind we call, fall:
 Astonish'd at thy feet we humbly
 Grant us still in future thy kind di-
 rection,
 Till in us all the aim of thy election
 Be quite obtain'd.

688.* T. 155.

THOU, our Light, our Leading star,
 Who hast kindly us directed
 And protected;
 When thy mercies, daily new,
 We review,
 In the dust we fall before thee,
 Lost in wonder we adore thee;
 None can give thee praises due.

689. T. 590.

O GOD, at thy command we rise
 Thy glorious name to bless:
 Thee, the great Lord of earth and
 We joyfully confess: [skies,
 Our joy is now to sing of thee,
 To triumph in thy love,

And this (transporting thought!)
 shall be,
 Our endless work above.

690. T. 167.

WORSHIP, honour, praise, and
 blessing,
 Christ is worthy to receive:
 Grateful praises without ceasing
 It is meet that we should give:
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays,
 Help to sing the Saviour's merits,
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

691.* T. 114.

THE Lamb of God unspotted, pure,
 and holy,
 Who by his death us reconciled to
 God,
 And from our sins hath wash'd us in
 his blood,
 Is worthy, that each knee bow 'fore
 him lowly,
 That every tongue with gladness
 him confess
 The only Lord, unto the Father's
 praise.

692. T. 249.

WITH holy awe we sing,
 To God :: the glory bring:
 To thee, eternal King,
 Blessing and praise be ever given,
 By all on earth, and all in heaven:
 Amen, Hallelujah,
 Hallelujah,
 Amen, Hallelujah.

693.* T. 39.

O THAT we with gladness of spirit
 for ever
 Adored and praised our crucified Sa-
 viour;
 O might each pulsation thanksgiving
 express,
 And each breath we draw be an an-
 them of praise.
 2 The Lamb who by blood our salva-
 tion obtained,
 Took on him our curse, and death
 freely sustained,

Is worthy of praises, let with one
accord
All people say, Amen, O praise ye
the Lord.

694. T. 249.

IN humble, grateful lays,
The Lord :|| of hosts we praise,
His saving name confess;
Yea, fill'd with holy awe, revere
The Father, Son, and Comforter:
Amen, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah,
Amen, Hallelujah.

2 Praise to the slaughter'd Lamb:
His love :|| we will proclaim,
Who died us to redeem; [beat,
O might each pulse thanksgiving
And every breath his praise repeat:

From angels and from men,
To the Lamb slain
All honour doth pertain.

695. T. 230.

PRAISES, thanks, and adoration
Be given to God without cessation,
To Jesus Christ, our gracious Lord:
For his mercy, love, and favour
To us, his flock, endure for ever;
Bless, bless his name with one ac-
cord:

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Three in One,
Hallelujah!
In highest strain
Praise the Lamb slain:
Let heaven and earth reply,
Amen.

XXX. PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION.

696. T. 582.

BEHOLD the throne of grace,
The promise calls me near,
There Jesus shows his cheering face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God
An all-prevailing plea.

3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold:
Since his own blood for thee was
spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Beyond thy utmost wants
His love and power can bless;
To praying souls he always grants
More than they can express.

5 Since 'tis the Lord's command,
My mouth I open wide;
Lord, open thou thy bounteous hand,
That I may be supplied.

6 My soul, believe and pray,
Without a doubt believe;

Whate'er we ask in God's own way
We surely shall receive.

7 Here stands the promise fair,
For God cannot repent,
To fervent, persevering prayer
He'll every blessing grant.

697. T. 11.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself hath bid thee pray,
And sends none unheard away.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 Lord, I will not let thee go,
Till the blessing thou bestow;
Oh, do not my suit disdain!
None shall seek thy face in vain.

698.* T. 10.

THE prayers of the needy,
Thou, Lord, to hear art ready,
Thy mercy and forbearance
We every day experience.

2 When thee in faith addressing,
Thou no good gift nor blessing
Unto thy church deniest,
But all her wants suppliest.

3 In thee we trust for ever,
Since thou to each believer
Afford'st that consolation :
I've heard thy supplication.

699. T. 583.

THE love of Christ to me is greater
far [pear;
Than outwardly it doth to man ap-
When I before him my complaints
make known,
He sympathizeth with them as his
own.

2 As oft as I approach the holy place,
And bow 'fore him by whom I live
through grace, [quest,
Most graciously he answers my re-
And thus my troubled heart is soothed
to rest.

700.* T. 136.

THIS yields me joy,
That God, in his compassion,
Does not reject my prayer and sup-
But graciously [plication,
Regards my poverty ;
That with unwearied patience he is
ready
At all times to attend to me, his
child most needy,
And to relieve my wants is nigh :
This yields me joy.

2 Long as I live,
The promises of Jesus
I'll to myself apply, to me they're
When I to him, [precious ;
My faithful Saviour, cleave,
And pond'ring on his wonders, kneel
before him,
Praise him with tears of joy, and in
the dust adore him,
I of his love fresh proofs receive
While here I live.

3 I'm well assured
His love to me is tender :
Therefore I now my all to him sur-
He's merciful, [render ;
A kind, forgiving Lord :

Though I may not immediately expe-
rience
The succour which I ask, I'll wait
with faith and patience ;
For he at last will help afford,
I'm well assured.

4 Praise ye the Lord,
Whose kindness, grace, and favour,
Unto his congregation last for ever ;
Whose presence cheers
His chosen witnesses :
Where'er we are, to him ourselves
addressing
In prayer, we surely shall not fail to
share his blessing ;
We therefore sing with one accord :
Praise ye the Lord.

701.* T. 16.

QUITE alone, and yet not lonely,
I'll converse with God my friend ;
Now from worldly cares receding,
I my time in prayer will spend.

2 O how blessed are the moments,
When the Lord himself draws near,
When I feel his gracious presence,
And he listens to my prayer.

702. T. 14.

MANY complaints to Christ I can
Ev'n by a sigh relate,
Which I can't represent to man,
They are too delicate.

703. T. 16.

NE'ER dejected—unaffected,
May I walk before thee here ;
What distresses—or oppresses,
Pouring in thy faithful ear.

704.* T. 79.

WITH ardent longing, at thy feet,
Lord Jesus Christ, I humbly wait :
O lend a gracious ear
Unto my manifold complaints :
I trust thou wilt relieve my wants,
And deign thy needy child to hear.

2 Grant me an upright simple heart,
A cheerful mind to me impart,
Free from sin's gallant load :

O may I of my sinfulness
 Always retain a consciousness,
 But not serve sin; forbid it, God!

3 Grant me a harmless, dove-like
 To true humility inclined; [mind,
 Thy will be mine indeed:
 O may I labour, constantly
 Endow'd with spirit's poverty,
 From every hurtful influence freed.

4 In peace with all may I be found,
 Clearly thy gospel-truth propound,
 In praying faithful be;
 A share in others' welfare take,
 The schemes and plots of Satan break,
 Fast bound unto thy church and thee.

5 Presence of mind on me bestow;
 A readiness O may I show
 To execute thy will:
 When I enjoy the highest good,
 Partaking of thy flesh and blood,
 My soul with thy love's ardour fill.

6 May I be serious, childlike too,
 In all essentials firm and true;
 Give me a trusty ear:
 A sympathising, tender heart,
 In joy and sorrow to take part,
 And gladly others' burdens bear.

7 In converse make me tractable
 And mild; in storms invincible,
 And never prone to yield:
 May I maintain incessantly
 A tender fellowship with thee,
 From day to day by grace upheld.

8 Thy unction O may I obey,
 And tread the pilgrim's rugged way;
 Grant I may shun no toil:
 In all my senses render me
 Well exercised, and let me be
 Anointed with thy gladd'ning oil.

9 What for myself I thus request,
 That pray I also for the rest
 Of those who cheerfully
 Go forth, salvation to proclaim
 Thro' faith in thy most holy name,
 Wherever they are sent by thee.

10 Thou of all nations the desire,
 With zeal thy ministers inspire;
 And grant that every field,
 With gospel-seed already sown,
 In Gentile lands, or in our own,
 May an abundant harvest yield.

11 O Father, as with pleasure own,
 The dear-bought purchase of thy Son;
 O Spirit, be our guide,
 To us thy saving light afford;
 O Christ, the church's Head and Lord,
 May we for ever thine abide.

705.*

T. 36.

LORD Jesus Christ, thy body's Head
 and Saviour,
 On us, thy children, deign to look in
 favour;
 Our grateful hearts with thanks are
 overflowing,
 Before thee bowing.

2 What peace do we derive, what
 consolation,
 What strength from thy atoning
 death and passion:
 Impress'd with holy reverence we
 adore thee,
 And fall before thee.

3 Thy goodness, as thy power, is
 past expression;
 We trust that thou, whene'er with
 supplication
 We seek thy face, in mercy wilt ac-
 cept us, And not reject us.

4 O Lord, thou great High-priest of
 our profession,
 Who at God's right hand makest in-
 tercession,
 And by thy powerful prayers to help
 the needy Art ever ready:—

5 The many drops of blood which
 from thee flowed,
 The streams of tears which oft thy
 cheeks bedewed,
 Are all in our behalf for mercy plead-
 ing And interceding.

6 O may thy church before thee
 bloom like flowers,
 Unto thy praise, through thy atone-
 ment's powers;
 Yea, glorify thy name in us, dear
 Saviour, Both now and ever.

706.*

T. 83.

FLOCK of Christ, in fellowship
 Offer fervent supplication,
 Whether to rejoice or weep
 We may now have most occasion;

When the lips no more can pray,
Sighs will find to him their way.

2 O may he so sensibly
Bless us with his grace and favour,
That we in humility
May rejoice in him, our Saviour,
May he in his mercy grant
All we weep for, all we want.

3 May his presence constantly
Yield us joy and consolation,
In the certain hope that he
Will regard our supplication,
Grant our prayers, and much more
give
Than we're worthy to receive.

4 This be our supreme delight,
To remain in closest union
With our Lord both day and night,
And enjoy his sweet communion;
This our heaven while here we stay,
Him to love, serve, and obey.

707.* T. 79.

O THOU, who in the sanctuary
Dost minister, thy church supply
With incense for her prayer;
Grant to us all a cheerful heart;
A burning steady light impart,
Defended from all noxious air.

2 Lord, give us an attentive ear,
Which may thy voice distinctly hear,
An eye to view thee still;
And priestly lips to tell thy praise,
And feet earth's rugged, craggy ways
To traverse without fearing ill.

3 Our hands for blessing hallow'd be,
Our bodies temples be to thee,
Our souls enjoy thy peace;
A breeze divine our spirits cheer,
Grant us thy still small voice to
hear, [grace.
Unknown save to thy flock of

708.* T. 79.

LORD, our High-priest and Saviour,
Pour fire and spirit's fervour
On all thy priestly bands;
When we are interceding,
And for thy people pleading,
Give incense and hold up our
hands.

2 By thine illumination,
Thy church's situation
In the true light we trace:
We rise from prayer with blessing,
O'ercome what is distressing
Through thee, and run with joy our
race.

709.* T. 114.

WHENEVER we with ardent sup-
plication
Survey the kingdom of thy cross, O
Lord,
And recollect the promised, rich re-
ward
For thy soul's travail, bitter death,
and passion,
The hope we cherish that thy flock
of grace [crease.
On earth will still abundantly in-

2 O Father of thy people, we im-
plore thee,
The church, the fruit of Jesus' suffer-
ings, bless;
Refresh thine heritage with showers
of grace,
The cause is thine, and thine alone
the glory:
May Jesus thousands as a spoil ob-
tain,
And his disciples constant victory
gain.

3 Spirit of truth, who Christ's blood-
bought salvation
Sett'st forth, and glorifiest his sacri-
fice,
May hosts of sinners, list'ning to
thy voice,
Receive with joy the gospel invita-
tion,
And, by thee gather'd, see their
names enroll'd
Among the sheep of Jesus' ransom'd
fold.

710.* T. 583.

LORD Jesus, may thy blood-bought
church increase
From day to day in knowledge and
in grace;
To all her choirs those special bless-
ings grant,
Which they in their degree and
measure want.

2 Thy servants and thy handmaids
keep in faith,
And ground them all on thy atoning
death;
Let those who have the care of souls,
by thee
Be taught; thus will their labour
prosperous be.

3 May all our pastors who instruct
thy sheep,
Firm to the word of thy atonement
keep;
To act as in thy sight O give them
grace,
In word and walk may they show
forth thy praise.

4 For all our meetings, for each con-
ference,
We crave the blessing of thy coun-
tenance; [love
Keep in the bond of harmony and
All elders, and their strength in
weakness prove.

5 Remain our Lord, our Shepherd,
Head, and King,
And each to the other in subjection
bring:
Thy flocks preserve in peace and
unity,
And walk among them with com-
placency.

6 From grace to grace still further
lead us on,
And finish the good work thou hast
begun;
That we thy saving name may
magnify,
And for thy bitter torments yield
thee joy.

7 Thy messengers, who storms and
waves disdain,
To teach the nations and their souls
to gain,
Bless thou, and touch their lips with
hallow'd fire;
To witness of thy death their tongues
inspire.

8 On Israel's scatter'd tribes look
down in grace,
In mercy visit soon the old covenant
race,
Their stubbornness subdue, remove
the veil, [hail.
That they may thee as the Messiah

9 May thy whole flock, by thee their
Shepherd led,
Afford thee joy, and in thy footsteps
tread;
Unto eternal life let us by faith
Feed on the merits of thy blood and
death.

10 May all thy people far and near
fulfil,
Supported by thy aid, thy holy will;
To thee all praise, all honour doth
pertain,
Let all who love thy name, reply,
Amen.

711.*

T. 583.

THOU hast thy church appointed,
Lord, through grace,
Thy saving name to honour and con-
fess,
A church that in herself is void of
good,
But yet by thee with power divine
endow'd.

2 Teach us to pray for all the ran-
som'd fold:
Lord, from thy church no needful
gift withhold,
As head and ruler in thy house re-
main,
And be the leader of thy witness-
train.

3 Grant that we all may steadfastly
adhere
To those great truths, by thee to us
made clear:
Although we have but little strength,
may we,
Abiding in thy word, preserved be.

4 O let thy congregation feel thy
peace,
And daily may her joy in thee in-
crease:
Preserve her graciously from every
harm,
Protect her by thy strong and mighty
arm.

5 Grant her to thee an ever free ac-
cess,
That cheerful to the mark she on-
ward press,

And far and near, supported by thy
aid,
Extend thy knowledge, and thy gos-
pel spread.

6 Thou know'st our wants, and
comfort dost impart

Unto each needy, poor, and sin-sick
heart:

Yea, by thy body and thy precious
blood

Thou giv'st to us an ever-strength-
'ning food.

7 By thee as Shepherd of the flock
we're led,

Till we shall join the church now
perfected: [fulfil,

Till then thy blessed aim with us
And teach us in all things to do thy
will.

712. T. 185.

GRACIOUS Saviour, bless thy con-
gregation,

Richly all her wants supply:
Be our only joy and consolation,
Till we quit mortality:

Of each weight may we be more di-
vested,

Live beneath thy sceptre unmo-
lested,

In thy matchless radiance shine,
Filled with thy love divine.

2 Cheer thy chosen witnesses, O
Jesus,

Who thy dying love proclaim:
That with joy they may to distant
places

Bear thy great and glorious name:
By thy arm O may they be defended,
Till their pilgrimage on earth is
ended,

And they are with thee at rest:
Lord, we pray, hear our request.

713.* T. 22.

LORD Jesus, with thy presence
bless,

By land and sea, thy witnesses;
In every danger them defend,
In every trial prove their friend.

2 O may thy word in Christendom
Be blest, and may thy kingdom
come;

May all thy ministers succeed
In bringing fruit to thee their Head.

3 Preserve in constant love & peace,
And thro' thy blessing still increase,
Thy little flocks, which far and near
In towns and villages appear.

4 Thy thoughts of peace o'er us
fulfil,

Incline our hearts to do thy will:
Thy gospel make more fully known;
May all the world thy goodness own.

714.* T. 22.

ACCORDING to thy mercy, Lord,
True Christian faith to us afford,
That we thy kindness, love, & grace,
May taste throughout our future race.

2 Hold over us thy gracious hand;
Protect and keep us to the end
From earthly noise and misery,
Retired and still to walk with thee.

3 O grant that we may thine remain,
And deeper ground in thee obtain;
Yea, give us to our latest breath
To enjoy the merits of thy death.

715. T. 22.

ATTEND, O Saviour, to our prayer;
All things by thy appointment are:
We thee confess the sovereign Lord,
Thy name be every where adored.

2 Thou who on earth the sick didst
heal,

And to the poor thy love reveal,
O comfort, by a look from thee,
All who are now in misery.

3 Nearer and nearer draw us still;
Might all but know thy holy will:
Subdue all pride and stubbornness,
O Lord, by thy prevailing grace.

4 Preserve by thy most gracious aid
Those who have thee their refuge
made;

Grant that, in all things free from
blame,

In meekness they may praise thy
name.

716. T. 205.

JESUS, hear our fervent prayer,
Own thy people, seal us thine;

Thee to obey from day to day
 By thy Spirit us incline.
 Us for ever bless and keep,
 Mark us as thy chosen sheep;
 From thy fulness to us grant
 Every grace and gift we want.

717.* T. 185.

GRACIOUS Lord, with fervent sup-
 plication

We lift up our hearts to thee:
 Bless, we pray, thy ransom'd congre-
 gation,
 Grant that young and old may be
 Plants of thy dear heavenly Father's
 planting,
 That on thy great day none may be
 wanting:
 Unconfounded, without fear,
 Then to meet thee all prepare.

718.* T. 166.

O JESUS, bless thy witnesses,
 Spread over them thy arms of love,
 Behold them in their destined race,
 Where bold in faith's bright path
 they move:
 Support them under every load,
 Console them when they weep 'fore
 thee,
 And help them for thy aid bestow'd
 To praise thy name continually.

719.* T. 159.

ABUNDANTLY our Saviour's hand
 Bestoweth gifts and grace,
 This we in many a distant land
 With inward joy can trace:
 When for his work engaged in
 prayer,
 We know, he our requests will hear,
 And confidently can believe,
 A rich increase he'll give.

720. T. 185.

BLESS, O Lord, we pray, thy con-
 gregation,
 Bless each choir and family;
 Bless the youth, the rising genera-
 tion,
 Bless the children dear to thee;

Bless thy servants, grant them grace
 and unction,
 That they may with care discharge
 their function:
 Lord, on thee we humbly call,
 Let thy blessing rest on all.

721.* T. 1.

O LORD, ashamed and blushing we
 declare,
 That we thy poor insolvent debtors
 are.

2 O lift on us thy gracious counte-
 nance,
 In mercy look upon our indigence.

3 Grant us each blessing purchased
 by thy blood,
 O'erstream our souls with that aton-
 ing flood.

722.* T. 97.

OFT as the church the blessings
 weighs
 Derived from Jesus' saving grace,
 And ponders on his faithful care,
 Which she each day doth richly
 share,
 By love constrain'd to pray she is in-
 clined
 For the prosperity of all mankind.

2 For all put in authority
 We supplicate most fervently;
 The magistrates thou hast ordain'd
 Support by thy almighty hand,
 In guarding church and state give
 them success;
 The land in which we live protect
 and bless.

3 From strife and tumult, God of
 grace, [peace:
 Preserve us; bless the land with
 May all men willingly obey
 Rulers, ordain'd to bear the sway;
 And under their protection, grant
 that we
 May live in godliness and honesty.

723. T. 97.

SINCE rulers are ordain'd that they
 O'er other men should bear the sway,
 To punish evil, and protect
 The good; O grant, that they may act

As in thy name, according to thy
word, [reward.
And be thyself their shield and great

2 Let the whole world thy mercy see,
Bless those, who humbly cleave to
thee,

Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
According to our confidence,
We trust, thou'lt hear our prayers,
yea, for each want, [grant.
More than we ask or think, unto us

724.*

T. 151.

AMEN, this the conclusion
Of our petitions be:
Lord, by thy blood's effusion,
Let us belong to thee;
Thus we await, possessing
True bliss while we are here,
The time, when joys unceasing
We once with thee shall share.

XXXI. THE CHURCH OF CHRIST AND THE CONGREGATION OF THE BRETHREN.

725.*

T. 520.

PRAISE God for ever:
Boundless is his favour
To his church and chosen flock,
Founded on Christ the rock,
His almighty Son,
On fair Mount Zion,
By his Spirit, grace, and word:
Blest city of the Lord,
Thou in spite of every powerful foe
Shalt unshaken stand, and prosper-
ing grow,
'Midst disgrace—to God's praise,
Both in love and unity:
Praise God eternally.

2 It plain appeareth,
As God's word declareth,
That the Lord his flock defends,
Through mercy which ne'er ends;
As he was of old
With his chosen fold,
Thus his power and faithfulness
We in the church may trace:
For our God his people still protects
And 'mongst them his righteous
throne erects:
Praises be—given to thee,
Mighty God, Immanuel,
That thou with us wilt dwell.

3 God our salvation
Feeds his congregation
With his word and sacrament;
All evil doth prevent,

That the weak and poor
Here may dwell secure:
Order is herein maintain'd
By discipline unstain'd,
And God's servants watch with faith-
ful care
O'er his flock, and offer fervent
prayer:
God our Lord—will afford
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Until the end of days.

726.

T. 167.

GLORIOUS things of thee are
Zion, city of our God; [spoken,
He whose word can ne'er be broken
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near:

Thus deriving from their banner
 Light by night and shade by day,
 Safe they feed upon the manna,
 Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
 Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
 Makes them kings and priests to
 'Tis his love his people raises [God:
 In his courts to reign as kings,
 And as priests, his solemn praises
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
 I through grace a member am,
 Let the world deride or pity
 I will glory in thy name:
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
 All his boasted pomp and show;
 Solid joy and lasting treasure
 None but Zion's children know.

727.* T. 69.

HOW amiable
 Thy habitations are,
 Wherein assemble
 Thy Christian people dear,
 O Lord,—thy praises to record.

2 My heart with fervour
 And inward longing pants,
 Thy grace and favour
 To tell there with thy saints,
 Boldly—the truth to testify.

3 For there thou choos'est
 To dwell, my living Tower;
 Sweet rest diffus'est
 From that place evermore,
 Which thou—ordained hast thereto.

4 There is asserted
 The new birth spiritual;
 Souls are converted
 By thy pure gospel's call,
 And there—in Christ's church grafted
 are.

5 For this I'm longing,
 To be throughout my days
 Thereto belonging,
 Thy holy name to praise,
 And thee—to serve incessantly.

6 All those are blessed
 That come into thine house;
 With awe expressed,
 Which deep conviction shows,
 And pray—and to thee homage pay.

7 Thou dost deliver
 Thy church in all distress:
 Thou art our Saviour;
 Whate'er may us oppress,
 Victory—we may obtain thro' thee.

8 One day is better
 Spent in the Christian church,
 Thy praise to utter,
 Than thousands spent in search
 Of joy—in the broad worldly way.

9 This territory
 The Lord as sun doth light,
 Gives grace and glory,
 And sanctified delight
 To all—who on his mercy call.

10 Yea, his condition
 How splendid 'tis, O Lord,
 Whom thou admission
 Dost to thy church afford,
 And so—the heavenly kingdom too.

11 Through grace afford us,
 Dear Lord, church-liberty,
 To each good purpose,
 That we our days employ
 With care—thy holy word to hear.

728.* T. 166.

UNFATHOM'D wisdom of our
 King;

In stillness he collects his flock,
 Leads on, doth to perfection bring,
 And grounds it on himself the rock:
 With little hurry, noise, or show,
 He safely guideth every soul;
 No more the blinded world can do
 Than scorn and ridicule the whole.

2 Thy church, great Saviour, bought
 with blood,
 Despised of men, but dear to thee,
 Esteems thy cross a pleasant load,
 An easy yoke; thrice happy she,
 When bearing thy reproach below,
 She still partakes of thy free grace;
 The grace thou richly dost bestow,
 And which affliction's load out-weighs.

3 Thou hast with shepherd's faith-fulness
 Brought many souls to thy blest fold,
 Made them partakers of thy grace,
 Amongst thy followers them en-
 roll'd;

They yield thee pleasure and delight,
When they thy voice hear and obey,
And while they in thy love unite,
Thou guid'st them through life's narrow way.

4 We humbly pray, support the weak,
Support thy children by thy grace;
Thou know'st for thee athirst we seek,
Kind Master of thy chosen race;
We know thy faithfulness and love,
Thy mercy all our wants supplies;
May spirit, soul, and body prove
To thee a pleasing sacrifice.

5 By thee protected, gracious Lord,
O may we ever live secure,
Led by thy Spirit, grace, and word,
Relying on thy covenant sure:
Thy work O prosper and defend,
We're feeble, but confide in thee;
Let thy true followers to the end
Amidst oppression conquerors be.

729.* T. 22.

AS long as Jesus Lord remains,
Each day new rising glory gains;
It was, it is, and will be so
With his church militant below.

2 Our only stay is Jesus' grace,
In every time and every place;
And Jesus' blood-bought righteousness
Remains his church's glorious dress.

3 All self-dependence is but vain,
Christ doth our corner-stone remain,
Our rock which will unshaken stay
When heaven & earth are fled away.

4 The Spirit which anointed Christ,
By which the apostles were baptized,
Proceeding from the church's Head,
Is given to us, and makes us glad.

5 That cause shall never suffer harm
Which rests on Jesus' mighty arm;
What men can do we need not fear,
No foe shall even touch a hair:—

6 For these our God hath number'd all,
Without his leave not one can fall;
If in the least he be so true,
What will he not in greater do?

7 He is and shall remain our Lord,
Our confidence is in his word;
And while our Jesus reigns above,
His church will more than conqueror prove.

730.* T. 22.

AS birds their infant brood protect,
And spread their wings to shelter them;

Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
So will I guard Jerusalem.

2 And what is then Jerusalem,
The darling object of his care?
What is its worth in God's esteem?
Who built it? who inhabits there?

3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son:
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
The sinners whom he calls his own.

4 Though foes on every side assail,
This city hath a sure defence;
Against her they shall ne'er prevail,
While guarded by Omnipotence.

731.* T. 126.

THE Lord, ere he appeared
Upon this earth as man,
Already had prepared
The great and glorious plan,
A church to gather to his praise,
And had before ordained
How this should come to pass.

2 Though man, by sin deceived,
God's image forfeited,
Yet Christ this loss retrieved,
By dying in his stead;
Thou Bridegroom of the church, once slain,
What anguish did it cost thee,
Thy faithless bride to gain!

3 O days of solid blessing,
When Christ, the sun of grace,
All other light surpassing,
His healing beams displays:
Then walking on the narrow way,
Our path we can discover,
Till dawn of endless day.

4 When we shall see our Jesus,
In majesty most bright,
O how will this abase us,
When in his kingdom's light

And heavenly glory we shall share :
 Lord Jesus, for thy coming
 Thy church on earth prepare.

5 We shall possess for ever
 Those joys divine in heaven,
 Of which to the believer
 A foretaste here is given ;
 And our redemption by his blood
 Shall be our song eternal
 Before the throne of God.

732.

T. 97.

HOW sweet thy dwellings, Lord,
 how fair ;
 What peace, what bliss, inhabit
 there :

With ardent hope, with strong de-
 sire,
 My heart, my flesh, to thee aspire ;
 How oft I long thy heavenly courts
 and thee,
 My Lord and God, the living God, to
 see.

2 One wish, with holy transport
 warm,
 My heart hath form'd, and still doth
 form ;
 One gift I ask, that to my end
 Thine hallow'd house I may attend :
 There may I joyful find a safe abode,
 There may I view the beauty of my
 God.

733.

T. 90.

THE consecrated house we love,
 Where God vouchsafes to place his
 name ;
 Nor will we, Lord, from thence re-
 move, [claim,
 But jointly there thy praise pro-
 And daily to thy courts repair,
 To seek thee in the house of prayer.

2 But oh, the house of living stones
 We never can neglect nor leave ;
 That temple which the world dis-
 owns,
 To that in life and death we cleave,
 Thro' faith to every member join'd,
 The church diffused through all man-
 kind.

734.*

T. 9.

ONE there is to Christ well known,
 And by him approved,
 Poor and needy, yet his own,
 His bride, his beloved.

2 She to Christ, her matchless friend,
 Love sincere declareth,
 And with a devoted mind
 His cross gladly beareth.

3 We one Lord and Saviour own,
 Even Christ our brother,
 Of our flesh and of our bone ;
 We know of none other.

4 He upon his heart doth bear
 All his souls redeemed,
 All his Father's children dear
 Now through grace esteemed.

735.*

T. 234.

THOU sovereign Lord of earth and
 heaven,
 And of our hearts, to thee for ever
 Be homage paid and praises given,
 For thy eternal love and favour ;
 The subjects of thy government,
 Who from thy death have life ob-
 tained,
 Their souls and bodies now present
 To thee as trophies dearly gain'd :
 Thou, Lord, this gift entire,
 Dost of us all require,
 As justly due by thee 'tis claimed ;
 And until all have grace
 To live unto thy praise,
 The faithful part must stand
 ashamed.

2 We worship thee with filial fear,
 As part of thy blest congregation,
 With all who with us grounded are
 On Apostolic truth's foundation,
 Where Jesus is the corner-stone,
 And give thee praise for our elec-
 tion ;

In thee we put our trust alone,
 Thou, Lord, wilt lead us to perfec-
 tion :

O grant us to make known
 Thy truth, and freely own,
 That faith from works can't be
 That piety on grace [disjoined ;
 Must rest, and faithfulness
 With faith must ever be combined.

736.*

T. 221.

THOU Monarch of all, thou Lord
 God of creation,
 How wonderful, and yet how blest,
 Appears in the church thy wise ad-
 ministration, [fess'd:
 Of which thou art the Head con-
 'Tis here for the needy all help
 abounds;
 To keep the eye steady fix'd on thy
 wounds,
 The sum is and substance with poor
 contrite sinners
 Of all the wise maxims whereby they
 are winners.

2 What is it that makes us stand
 fast in one spirit,
 Lord Jesus, author of our faith?
 What is it cements us?—'Tis only
 thy merit,
 Thy wounds and all-atoning death:
 Ye heralds of mercy, with courage
 good [blood:
 Redemption proclaim now in Jesus'
 No heart e'er dissolved by Sinai's
 thunder,
 But rocks at the message of peace
 cleave asunder.

3 Art thou not refresh'd with divine
 consolation,
 Thou ransom'd, highly favour'd flock,
 When drinking with joy of the wells
 of salvation,
 Which freely flow from Christ the
 rock? [bled;
 Who now would be fearful? for us he
 Who would not be cheerful? 'tis
 finished!
 This doctrine we'll hold and declare
 without ceasing;
 His cross brings us peace, 'tis the
 source of all blessing.

737.*

T. 26.

CHRIST is the church's Lord and
 Head; [fidence,
 This makes us hope with con-
 fidence
 That he will be our sure defence
 And help in every time of need.

2 O may our fellowship abide
 An honour to his blessed name;
 May he in us fulfil his aim,
 That we throughout be sanctified.

738.*

T. 14.

THE great salvation of the Lord
 Abides his church's joy,
 To honour him with sweet accord,
 Our fav'rite, blest employ.
 2 Into the bosom of our Friend
 Both joy and grief we pour,
 Until our griefs shall have an end,
 And sorrows be no more.
 3 What comfort, what supreme de-
 do we enjoy, what bliss, [light,
 When the Lamb slain appears in
 sight:
 Might the whole world know this.

739.*

T. 14.

HAPPY, O Lord, are they who wait
 Thy pleasure to fulfil,
 Upon thy statutes meditate,
 And learn to do thy will.
 2 How blessed is thy family;
 Thy kind support they prove:
 All may be done by faith in thee,
 From strength to strength they
 move.

740.

T. 168.

O HOW blessed is the station
 Of all those who love the Lord,
 Who partake of his salvation,
 Trusting in his sacred word:
 Blest who, in love's bond united,
 To his altars are invited;
 In his courts on earth they dwell,
 There his matchless praise to tell.

741.

T. 14.

HAIL, church of Christ, bought with
 his blood!
 The world I freely leave;
 Ye children of the living God,
 Me in your tents receive.

2 Bride of the Lamb, I'm one in
 heart
 With thee, thro' boundless grace,
 And I will never from thee part:
 This bond shall never cease.

3 Closely I'll follow Christ with thee,
 I'll go thy safest road;
 Thy people shall my people be,
 And thine shall be my God.

4 And am I, Jesus, one of those
Who in thy fold have place?
Who, gather'd round the erected
Enjoy redeeming grace?— [cross,
5 O yes, nor would I change my lot
For all this world can give;
By grace I'll keep the place I've got,
To thee alone I'll live.

742.* T. 205.

RISE, exalt our Head and King;
Praise the Lord who ever lives;
Glad we are his praise to sing,
He his people's praise receives:
On his powerful day they rise,
Offering free-will sacrifice;
His victorious triumph this,
Since hell's host defeated is.
2 Ye who Jesus' death proclaim,
Service yield to him with joy;
Praise with every breath his name,
Grace to extol be your employ:
Grace supports us every day,
Leads us in the narrow way;
'Tis through grace alone that we
Can obtain the victory.

3 Gracious Lord, may we believe,
Venture all on thy free grace;
Boldly things not seen achieve,
Trusting in thy promises:
Faith thy people's stronghold is;
Their employment daily this,
To proceed on paths unknown,
Leaning on thy grace alone.

4 Christ, thy all-atoning death
Is our life while here below;
Strengthen thou our feeble faith,
Constantly thy aid bestow;
In thy mercy we confide,
Safely to the end us guide:
Zion, if thy Head depart,
Void of life and strength thou art.

5 Lord, thy body ne'er forsake,
Ne'er thy congregation leave;
We to thee our refuge take,
Of thy fulness we receive:
Every other help be gone,
Thou art our support alone;
For on thy supreme commands
All the universe depends.

743.* T. 26.

WHO can the love of Christ express
To those who, by his blood re-
deemed,

Are as the heirs of life esteemed?
He owns them as his chosen race.

2 With thanks before his throne ap-
pear,
And praise his name, dear congre-
gation, [tion,
For every proof and demonstra-
That you his favour'd people are.

3 We know his boundless love and
grace, [favour,
Enjoy his goodness, care, and
He keeps his covenant for ever;
Can aught exceed his faithfulness?

4 O might this church of Christ
always
Be to the world a bright example,
How by the Holy Ghost a temple
May be constructed to his praise.

744. T. 155.

JESUS, Prince of life once slain,
Thy remembrance ever raises
Thanks and praises;
And thy love, when shed abroad,
Lamb of God, [thee,
Prompts us, gather'd here before
With abasement to adore thee
For thy sufferings, wounds, & blood.

2 To redeem us from the fall,
Thou hast death for us endured,
And procured
For all those who trust in thee
Mercy free;
Now thy ransom'd congregation
Has thee for her sole foundation,
Here and in eternity.

3 Since thou hast deliver'd us
From the yoke of every stranger
And all danger,
In thee, Saviour of the lost,
Is our boast:
From thy all-sufficient merit
We eternal life inherit,
For thy blood hath paid the cost.

4 May thy ransom'd people, Lord,
To thy inmost courts admitted,
For priests fitted,
Offering prayer and praise to thee
Willingly,
Prize their glorious destination,
Yield to thee their ministration,
And thy faithful followers be.

5 Sanctify us for thyself,
From each thing by thy soul hated
Separated:
Freed from this world's sinful ways,
Grant us grace
In our walk and whole demeanour
As new creatures thee to honour,
And thy holy name to praise.

6 Deep engrave it on our hearts,
How by thee we are esteemed,
Why redeemed;
Ev'n to practise in these days
Heaven's ways:
'Midst all poverty and weakness,
To grow up into thy likeness,
And at judgment be thy praise.

7 O lift up thy countenance
On thy church; in love remember
Every member;
Might none who would not be thine
Enter in;
May we all, in thee believing,
Grace for grace from thee receiving,
Needful strength and succour win.

745.* T. 166.

THY church, O Lamb of God appears

Before thee, fill'd with humble shame:
Our eyes o'erflow with grateful tears,
With melted hearts we praise thy name,

For the discoveries of thy grace,
And proofs of all thy faithful care,
Experienced in so various ways,
Of which each soul can witness bear.

2 With thanks we call to mind the day,

On which the power of thy blood
We felt, when chain'd by sin we lay,
As sinners dead and void of good;
The willing slaves of sin and death
We were, and enemies to thee;
But granting us a living faith,
Thou from the curse didst set us free.

3 Is there a thing that warms the heart,

That stirs up gratitude and love?
It is the grace thou dost impart,
Thy blood, the power of which we prove:

We sink astonish'd at thy feet,
Thy mercy's an unfathom'd sea,
How can we find expressions meet,
Who but so lately loved thee?

4 The word of Jesus' bloody sweat,
Of his dire passion, wounds, and death,
[trate,
With power our souls doth pene-
And quicken with life-giving breath:
The powers of hell this vanquishes,
Supports the church in every need;
Though Satan to the threshold press,
Christ's blood his entrance doth forbid.

5 Who in the Spirit's light can trace
The church of God he must declare,
It is alone through Jesus' grace
That she abiding fruit can bear:
To him all honour doth pertain,
Who by his blood made her his own:
Her choirs repeat in cheerful strain,
The Lord for us great things hath done.

6 The church of Christ who views aright,

He sees a glorious master-piece,
And must with wonder and delight,
Adore him who the author is;
Her beauty plainly doth appear
To those who have discerning eyes;
Her songs delight the ravish'd ear
Of all who know celestial joys.

7 She Christ, her faithful Shepherd, knows,

Attends to his instructive voice;
Amidst adversity she grows,
In her election doth rejoice;
Is by the holy Spirit led,
The blood of covenant maintains
Her union with the Lord her Head,
In whom she constant victory gains.

746. T. 164.

O THOU, who out of sin's dark night,

Hast us, thy children, called,
And hast thy glorious gospel-light
Unto our hearts revealed;

Abased with shame we all
Before thee humbly fall,
And render for electing grace
To thee, Lord Jesus, thanks and praise.

2 The patience, love, unwearied care,

Abundant grace and blessing,
Thou dost bestow from year to year,
Are truly past expressing;

Great mercy thou hast shown
To us, we freely own,
Yet hath thy aim, most faithful
Friend,
With us not fully been obtain'd.

3 What rich returns of thankfulness
From us might be expected;
Who, that we might show forth thy
praise,
Have been through grace elected;
But here we blush for shame,
Unworthy of the name
We bear, while of our heavenly call
As yet so very short we fall.

4 May we show forth continually,
In our whole conversation,
What we to others testify
Of thee and thy salvation:
May all men in us see,
Our words and works agree;
Then shall we of redeeming love
To others a sweet savour prove.

5 But are there such among us still,
Whose hearts thy love ne'er
warmed,
Who, tho' their wretched state they
Are not thereby alarmed? [feel,
O rouse them from death's sleep,
That they may pray and weep,
And flee as sinners to thy wounds,
Where for the vilest grace abounds.

747.

T. 79.

THRICE happy congregation
For thy predestination
Adore the suffering Lamb:
Who, moved by love unbounded,
To purchase thee was wounded,
The cross endured, despised the
shame.

2 It ne'er can be expressed
In words, how thou art blessed;
Thy happy lot hold fast:
Thy ransom, so expensive,
Is surely more extensive,
Than barely to be saved at last.

3 O yes, our free election,
By our kind Lord's direction,
Is of a nobler kind;
John's portion to inherit,
To be with Christ one spirit,
Rightly acquainted with his mind:

4 To this world crucified,
For his use sanctified,
In body and in soul,
Till we to his full stature
Are grown, and of his nature
Partakers are, throughout the
whole:—

5 A bow of grace, appearing
To the world, witness bearing
That God is well inclined;
A light, whose radiation,
From Christ's illumination
Derived, may shine to all man-
kind.

6 In each state and condition,
Teach us, Lord, with precision
To execute thy will:
Be our heart's inclination
Thy every intimation,
To understand, and to fulfil.

7 The Father's kind inspection,
His blessing and protection,
Be daily our support;
The holy Spirit's leading,
And Jesus' powerful pleading,
Convey us through this world un-
hurt.

748.*

T. 155.

CHURCH of Christ, sing and rejoice,
Bring the Lord, thro' all thy classes,
Thanks and praises,
Glory, honour, might, and power
Evermore;
Since he is our Head and Saviour,
And his mercy, grace, and favour
Richly doth on us bestow.

2 When we on his faithfulness,
Love and mercy duly ponder,
Lost in wonder,
We desire his name to praise:
For his grace,
Love, and goodness never ceaseth;
He the number still increaseth
Of the church in which he rules.

3 Highly favour'd church, thou art
Still beyond all contradiction,
'Midst affliction,
By the Lord who thee redeem'd,
Much esteem'd;
Therefore may thy whole behaviour,
Be an honour to thy Saviour,
Whose great mercy never ends.

4 Tho' thou hast but little strength,
Let thy faith be manifested
And attested
By unfeigned love to him;
Serve his name
With true zeal in every station,
As his feeble congregation,
Which relies on his support.

749. T. 161.

HIGHLY favour'd congregation,
Founded firm on Christ the rock,
Own with thanks and adoration,
He's the Shepherd, we his flock;
He's our Saviour,—whose great fa-
vour
We've 'midst many trials proved;
We're unworthy, yet beloved.

2 Church of Christ, within thy
borders
Truth prevail and love unfeign'd;
Be thy government and orders
With due faithfulness maintain'd;
Lord, most holy,—may we truly
Prize our great predestination
In thy chosen congregation.

3 Think, my soul, how great the
favour
In Jehovah's courts to dwell;
There poor sinners meet their Sa-
viour,
There the sin-sick souls grow well:
Was not Jesus—always gracious,
When we, conscious how we failed,
To his loving heart appealed?

4 Here by faith we're humbly eyeing
Our Redeemer on the cross;
We behold him bleeding, dying,
To gain endless bliss for us:
Here is ready—for the needy
Meat and drink at Jesus' table,
Which to explain we are not able.

5 In thy family, O Jesus,
Love should more and more abound;
This thy word and Spirit teach us,
As its mark to all around:
May we learning—and discerning
Both thy doctrine and example,
Be in truth thy holy temple.

6 Grant that with thy chosen people
Each may serve thee evermore,
Following thee as thy disciple,
And in spirit thee adore:

Gracious Saviour,—with heart's fer-
vour,
May we walk as thine anointed,
In the path thou hast appointed.

750.* T. 26.

REDEEMED souls, adore and praise
Our merciful and gracious God,
For all the blessings he bestow'd,
For all the wonders of his grace.

2 The Lord for us great things hath
done, [due:
Our warmest thanks to him are
We trace his goodness when we
view [throne.

His church, where he erects his
3 We humbly take what he'll be-
stow, [grace?

Who would refuse his boundless
O may his church in every place
His blessed views more fully know.

4 We all in spirit are agreed
To follow Jesus as his flock,
To build on him, our only rock,
And on the path of life proceed.

5 And though a rugged path it be,
On which we oft with trials meet,
And many dangers us beset,
It leads to true felicity.

6 The Father's garden here below
With patience must be watch'd
indeed;
For as in nature 'tis, the seed
Must die before the plant can grow.

7 Here is our hand; us, Lord, assist
To serve thee, 'midst reproach and
shame,
And thy atonement to proclaim,
Until we in thy presence rest.

8 In mutual love and harmony,
Our solemn covenant we renew;
Say thou in grace, Amen, thereto:
We give our hearts and hands to
thee.

751.* T. 16.

CHURCH of Christ, thy destination
Is to joy in him by faith;
He hath purchased thy salvation,
He hath ransom'd thee from death.

2 Sin-sick souls, repair for healing
To his stripes and bleeding wounds;

Then retain a grateful feeling
Of the grace which there abounds.

3 In all wants, in all distresses,
Thence deriving sure relief;
Looking daily unto Jesus,
Who to gladness turns your grief;—

4 Join his church in this confession:
I am sinful, weak, and poor,
But my Saviour's birth and passion
Prove to me the richest store;—

5 Nought but Jesus' grace, his merit,
And his blood-bought righteousness,
Is the cause why I inherit
Life, and peace, and holiness.

6 Jesus' death thy strength abideth,
Church of Philadelphia;
He who in aught else confideth
Goes Laodicea's way.

752.* T. 126.

THOU ransom'd church of Jesus,
The Saviour's happy bride,
Arise, show forth his praises
Who for thee bled and died:
Ye, though a people poor and mean,
Of God are highly honour'd
Because the Lamb was slain.

2 In our degree and measure
His love we will proclaim
In lowliness with pleasure
Yield service to his name;
The church with tender care he'll
And will in every trial [guide,
Our sure support abide.

753.* T. 68.

CHURCH of Christ be glad,
Praise thy Lord and Head;
Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,
That thou'rt filled with his Spirit
Is perceived, and this
Proves that thou art his:—

2 For the Lamb of God
Fixeth his abode
In his ransom'd congregation;
And true joy and consolation,
Grace and truth abound
Where the Lord is found.

3 All thy strength and life
From Christ's death derive,

And proclaim his bitter passion
As the cause of man's salvation;
Showing forth his praise
Till the end of days.

754.* T. 114.

BRIDE of the Lamb, thou favour'd
congregation,
Thou fruit of Jesus' cross, dear cove-
nant-flock,
Securely built on him, the eternal
rock,
Rejoice in him, the God of thy salva-
tion,
Reap all the blessings he design'd for
thee,
Grow in his grace and knowledge
constantly.

2 Thy glory be to all the world dis-
played,
To all mankind his dying love pro-
claim;
Awake, put on thy strength, Jeru-
salem,
And in thy beauteous garments be
arrayed;
Break forth, extend thyself both far
and near,
That thousands still thy happiness
may share.

755. T. 16.

HIGHLY favour'd congregation,
Loved by Jesus and esteem'd,
Ne'er forget thy destination,
Why from this vain world re-
deem'd.

2 Grounded on thy Saviour's merit,
Blest in his communion sweet,
Destined heaven to inherit,
And the church above to meet:—

3 Witness here to all around thee
Of thy Saviour's dying love;
Testify, He sought and found me,
Else I still should restless rove:—

4 Evidence by word and action,
That thy faith is not in vain,
That thy highest satisfaction
Centres in the Lamb once slain.

5 By love's closest bonds united,
As the Lord's own family,
Be to serve his name excited,
Be to him a fruitful tree,

6 Grant, Lord, to thy congregation,
What adorns her in thy sight:
Let her walls be called salvation,
Be her glory, shield, and light.

756.

T. 119.

PRAISE the Lord ! ::
Bounteously he deals with thee,
Highly favour'd church of Jesus:
Thee he chose through mercy free,
To show forth his matchless praises,
And rich fruit meet for the master's
use, To produce. ::

2 Gracious Lord, ::
Blessed is our lot indeed,
In thy ransom'd congregation:
Here we on thy merits feed,
Here the well-springs of salvation,
All the needy to revive and cheer,
Open are. ::

3 As thy sheep ::
May we all thy voice obey,
And not listen to a stranger;
Keep us, lest we go astray,
Shelter us from every danger:
No where else can we secured be,
But in thee. ::

4 Might we all, ::
Young and old, be witnesses
Of the power of thy salvation,
And extol redeeming grace
'Midst a crooked generation:
Thus will many souls around us be
Gain'd for thee. ::

5 We entreat, ::
Lord, lift up thy countenance
On thy ransom'd congregation;
Grace to every choir dispense:
May we all, each in his station,
Daily in thy great salvation share:
Hear our prayer. ::

757.

T. 595.

O CHURCH, thy Saviour praise,
He chose thee for his own;
Rejoice in his electing grace,
He much for thee hath done.

2 Thanks for his boundless love,
And constant faithful care;
We, for the mercies which we prove,
Insolvent debtors are.

3 Ye servants of our God,
Who in his presence stand,
Extol him for his aid bestow'd,
Upon his word depend.

4 Chief Shepherd of thy fold,
Thy servants' only Guide,
Them with thy mighty arm uphold,
And in their midst preside.

5 Thy children laud thy name;
Thy mercies daily new,
O Lord, our grateful praises claim,
To thee our thanks are due.

6 Thee for thy care we bless,
Adore thy grace and truth,
Since thou delight'st to perfect praise
Out of the sucklings' mouth.

758.

T. 16.

YE, who freely offer praises,
Glorify your Saviour's name:
Do not his unbounded mercies
Justly our thanksgivings claim?

2 Yes, with grateful hearts' sensation
We his love and goodness trace,
That on earth a congregation
He hath formed to his praise.

3 O how kindly hath he led us,
O'er us watch'd with faithful care,
On the richest pastures fed us,
Saved from danger, freed from
fear.

4 Yet while we with joy adore him,
We indeed have cause to mourn,
To confess our faults before him,
And to him as sinners turn.

5 O forgive each deviation;
Lord, while we for mercy sue,
Let us joy in thy salvation:
As of old our days renew.

759.

T. 155.

CALLING gratefully to mind,
How by Christ we are elected
And protected,
As a flock which he hath led,
Richly fed,
On the pastures of his merit,
We as one man, glad in spirit,
Magnify the church's Head.

2 Yet amidst our songs of praise,
We abased fall before him,
And implore him,
Taking to ourselves with shame
All the blame:
Grant us, Lord, full absolution;
Unto us belongs confusion,
But all glory to thy name.

760.

T. 16.

ON thy ransom'd congregation,
Lord, lift up thy countenance;
Be our help, joy, and salvation;
Life and health to us dispense.

2 In each heart O fix thy dwelling,
There erect a monument
Of thy love, all love excelling,
There fulfil thy blest intent.

3 Take us under thy protection,
Grant us to obey thy voice,
Simply follow thy direction,
To thy will resign our choice.

4 Of each weight still more divested,
Freed from every earthly view,
Be our purpose, unmolested
Our high calling to pursue.

5 Thus may we, as thine anointed,
Walk 'fore thee in truth and grace;
In the path thou hast appointed,
Lead us, Lord, unto thy praise.

761.*

T. 58.

O THOU, whose goodness words can
ne'er express,
Daily lift up thy friendly, loving
face
On the congregation, her choirs and
classes,
Let us perceive in all our streets and
places
Thy peace divine.

2 In labour or at rest, O Lord, be-
dew
With thy most precious blood what-
e'er we do;
Let thy gracious presence surround
us ever,
As though our longing eyes enjoy'd
the favour

Thee to behold.

3 With fervour all thy people's hearts
inspire,
And to enjoy thy grace be our desire;
May thy love, dear Saviour, to love
constrain us,
And closely in the bond of peace
maintain us, As one 'fore thee.

4 We surely are a work of thy own
hand,
Sinners on whom thou 'st deigned
thy blood to spend,
By the holy Spirit to thee directed,
A covenant-people, by free grace
elected To serve thy name.

5 Grant that we all, both young and
old, may prove
True witnesses of thy redeeming
love;
Showing forth thy praises, may we
adore thee,
And humbly walk in grace, and
truth before thee,
Till we go hence.

6 May'st thou with us thy gracious
aim obtain:
Grant that thy church may constant
victory gain:
May we, truly conscious that we are
needy,
To look to thee in faith be always
ready, And trust thy power.

7 Might every one who knows us,
clearly trace
In all thy people unction, truth, and
grace;
That whoe'er approacheth thy con-
gregation,
May feel and own it from a clear
persuasion, The Lord is here.

762.

T. 227.

GRACIOUS Lord, who us hast
called
By thy gospel out of sin's dark, dis-
mal night,
To our hearts thy love revealed,
And in mercy brought us to thy saving
light;
Thou hast by thy kind direction,
Thanks be to thy free election,
Form'd the Brethren's Unity,
As a favour'd flock, to be
In one covenant closely joined,
To thy blessed will resigned,

Pledged, wholly thee to follow,
And to serve thee—spirit, soul, and
body hallow.

2 Bless, O Lord, thy congregation,
As thy planting, as a work of thine
own hand;

Visit her with thy salvation,
Be the sacred bond of love therein
maintain'd:

Grant that we, in thee remaining
And thy perfect aim attaining,
Through thy faithful nursing care,
Copious fruit to thee may bear:
Thus, from this world separated,
To thy service dedicated,
We in our degree and measure,
For the travail of thy soul shall yield
thee pleasure.

763.*

T. 26.

O LORD, lift up thy countenance
Upon thy church, and own us
thine;

Impart to us thy peace divine,
And blessings unto all dispense.

2 'Tis our desire to follow thee,
And from experience to proclaim
Salvation in thy blessed name:
O bless thy servants' ministry.

3 Thy mercy is our only stay,
Direct us by thy holy word,
Thy Spirit's light to us afford,
Preserve us lest we go astray.

4 O Well of life, we pant for thee;
In copious streams thy thirsty
flock

Desires to drink of thee the Rock
And thirst no more eternally.

5 Thy grace thou freely dost bestow,
This is our only plea and claim:
We blush 'fore thee with conscious
shame,

Our many faults and wants we
know.

6 To thee, O Lord, our righteous-
ness,
Who by thy blood hast wash'd us
clean

From every spot and stain of sin,
We give unfeigned thanks and
praise.

764.*

T. 244.

LORD, may the congregation,
Establish'd on thy death,
Enjoy thy great salvation
And daily live by faith;
Believing in thy blood,
That all atoning flood,
Grant we may cleave for ever
To thee our highest good.

2 Unfold thy grace's treasure,
And all our hearts prepare,
That we may in full measure
In thy salvation share:
O may thy looks of grace
Insure our happiness;
Uphold us, and for ever
Set us before thy face.

3 Let us 'fore thee abased,
Be daily more and more
To taste thy friendship raised;
Prepare, we thee implore,
Amidst thy chosen race
Still many witnesses,
Who can from heart's experience
Proclaim redeeming grace.

4 We will of Jesus' passion
And meritorious death
Ne'er cease to make confession,
Till we give up our breath;
Till we in heavenly light
Shall see his face most bright,
And with the saints in glory
In songs of praise unite.

765.*

T. 30.

LIFT up thy pierced hands, most
gracious Saviour,
O'er thy church, and pour out all
that favour,
Which in thy loving
And kind heart for us is ever mov-
ing.

2 To thy care ourselves we now sur-
render,
Of our lives to thee we make a
tender,
Protect and lead us,
As our faithful Shepherd daily feed
us.

766.*

T. 58.

HOLD o'er thy church, Lord, thy
protecting hand,
And in thy truth O may she ever
s'and:

May thy ransom'd people show forth
thy praises,
And be devoted to thy name, Lord
Jesus, Until thou comest.

2 Preserve thy church, Lord Jesus,
every where,
And grant that she rich fruit for thee
may bear,
Build her outward structure, fill her
with glory,
And let each member praise thee and
adore thee,
And serve thy name.

767.*

T. 595.

THE happy church of Christ
Stands to this very day;
Those who are chosen daily find
To her an open way.

2 Lord Jesus, when we trace
Thy gracious call and aim
With us thy flock, we render praise
Unto thy holy name.

3 Thou open'st us a door,
Our little strength thou know'st;
Assist us, Lord, we thee implore,
To call to thee the lost.

768.*

T. 583.

HOW bold and vain the attempt to
overthrow
The blessed church of Jesus Christ
below;
For Salem's bulwarks, holy walls,
and towers,
Shall stand in spite of all opposing
powers.

769.*

T. 132.

THE spirit of the witnesses
Rests on the congregation,
Excites her to proclaim free grace
In Christ's propitiation;
And teacheth her when to rejoice,
When to lift up her cheerful voice,
And when to weep in silence.

770.*

T. 56.

THOU, whose name is :: inexpressible,
And whose counsels :: are unsearchable,

Thou, who from eternity
Didst the time and place decree
Where securely :: thy dear flock
should dwell;—

2 Spread thy blessing :: here and
every where,
Far surpassing :: all our thought and
prayer:
When we have performed all,
And fulfill'd thy gracious call,
After labour :: we sweet rest shall
share.

771.*

T. 590.

O THOU, whose mercies far exceed
All we can think or say,
As in thy people thou indeed
Dost daily more display:
Let for our happiness, O God,
On us while here below,
By virtue of thy death and blood,
Still thousand blessings flow.

2 Lord Jesus, let us be thine own,
And ever thine remain,
We now ourselves to thee commend
With thy whole chosen train;
Till thou shalt fully have obtain'd
With us thy thoughts of peace,
When we in joys which never end,
Shall see thee face to face.

3 Shelter our souls most graciously
Within thy open'd side,
Move them from every harm away,
And in thy safeguard hide:
O let our names in life's blest rolls
Inscribed be ever found,
And in life's bundle may our souls
Be fast and firmly bound.

4 Now may the very God of peace
Us wholly sanctify,
And grant us such a rich increase
Of unction from on high,
That spirit, soul, and body may,
Preserved free from stain,
Be blameless until thy great day,
Lord Jesus Christ: Amen.

772.*

T. 79.

THOU know'st the congregation
Hath thee for her foundation,
Whate'er the world may say:
Grant us to cleave for ever
To thee, our faithful Saviour;
May love among us bear the sway.

773.*

T. 106.

LORD, may not one among us be
Who trifles with his call of grace,
None who believes not heartily
In thee, the Lord our righteous-
ness; [love,
But grant that, prompted by thy
We all to thee may faithful prove.

774.*

T. 151.

O JESUS Christ, most holy,
Head of the church, thy bride,
Each day in us more fully
Thy name be magnified;
O may in each believer
Thy love its power display,
And none among us ever
From thee, our Shepherd, stray.

775.*

T. 208.

LORD, thy body's Saviour,
Shepherd and Preserver,
If times numberless
We, thy congregation,
Paid our adoration
For electing grace,
Yet should we—great debtors be:
Take us all as an oblation
For thy bitter passion.

776.

T. 586.

HIGH-PRIEST of thy church-dis-
pensation, [hand,
Lift up, we pray, thy pierced
And bless thy ransom'd congrega-
tion,
In every place by sea or land;
Before thy Father's throne remember
By name each individual member;

Thy face upon us shine,
Grant us thy peace divine,
For we are thine.

777.*

T. 121.

IN Jesus' love and peace,
On earth's extended face,
Dwell our congregations;
Both here, and o'er the seas,
We raise our supplications,
That the God of grace
All of us may bless,
Till the end of days.

778.*

T. 161.

JESUS, hear our supplication,
'Tis thy pleasure
Those to bless who to thee cleave:
Grant us stronger demonstration
Of thy favour,
Than our weak minds can conceive;
Help the feeble,—us enable,
In thy blest path of salvation,
Bold and joyful
To go through faith's each gradation.

779.*

T. 221.

O LORD, let thy countenance friend-
ly and gracious
Shine clearly on thy chosen race;
To thee we commend ourselves joint-
ly, to bless us;
Let every member feel thy peace:
Thy servants protect, O most gra-
cious Lord,
And always direct by thy holy word;
Yea, grant them with boldness thy
death to proclaim,
And life and remission of sins
through thy name.

780.*

T. 121.

LORD Jesus, by thy death,
Whereon we trust by faith,
Thy wounds, thy pierced side,
Thy agony and sweat,
Preserve the church, thy bride,
Till thou comest again,
Prince of life once slain. ::

XXXII. FOR FESTAL OCCASIONS.

781.*

T. 22.

LORD Christ, reveal thy holy face,
And send the Spirit of thy grace,
To fill our hearts with fervent zeal,
To learn thy truth, and do thy will.

2 Lord, lead us in thy holy ways,
And teach our lips to tell thy praise :
Revive our hope, our faith increase,
To taste the sweetness of thy grace :

3 Till we with angels join to sing
Eternal praise to thee, our King ;
Till we behold thy face most bright
In joy and everlasting light.

4 To God, the Father and the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

782.*

T. 141.

OWN thy congregation,
O thou slaughter'd Lamb ;
We are here assembled
In thy holy name ;
Look upon thy people,
Whom thou by thy blood
Hast in love redeemed,
And brought nigh to God.

2 Thou hast kindly led us
For these many years ;
Ah, accept our praises
And our grateful tears :
Grant us all the favour
To obey thy voice,
Yea, what thou directest
Be our only choice.

3 Church, who art arrayed
In the glorious dress
Of thy Lord and Saviour's
Spotless righteousness,
Be both now and ever
By his blood kept clean,
And in all thy members
May his grace be seen.

783.*

T. 155.

SLAUGHTER'D Lamb, Immanuel,
Who hast gained our salvation
By thy passion,
Ah, we give thee thanks and praise
For thy grace ;
Grant that we may all inherit
The anointing of thy Spirit,
Which instructs us what to do.

2 Let thy Spirit, which is truth,
Raise our grovelling thoughts to
Us enliven ; [heaven,
Thus adorn'd and beautified
As thy bride,
May our walk and conversation
Be a striking demonstration
That thou dwell'st and walk'st in
us.

3 Lord, for grace we thee intreat ;
Grace, the anchor firm and stable
Of the feeble ;
Grace, whereon we must depend
To the end ;
Grace, the sinner's consolation,
Sure support in each temptation,
Confidence in life and death.

4 God with us, we vow to thee
Due allegiance now and ever ;
Gracious Saviour,
We to serve thee ready stand ;
Take the hand,
As a pledge and declaration
Of the grateful heart's sensation,
Which thy dying love excites.

784.*

T. 341.

LORD, in thy name we meet
Before thy mercy-seat ;
Sacred may each moment be,
Spent in solemn worship here :
May our incense rise to thee,
Songs of praise, the voice of prayer.

2 Here are we richly fed,
Refresh'd and comforted,

Nourish'd with celestial food,
 Blest with streams from thee, the
 Rock;
 We with humble gratitude
 Praise thee, Shepherd of thy flock.

3 O grant us new displays
 Of glory and of grace;
 Touch our lips with hallow'd flame,
 While, to sinners far and near,
 Of salvation in thy name
 Joyfully we witness bear.

4 O give us that good part,
 A pure and holy heart;
 Every needful gift and grace,
 Faith, and hope, and charity;
 Form us, Lord, unto thy praise,
 That we pleasure yield to thee.

5 Thou Lamb of God once slain,
 Thy people's strength remain;
 O preserve us in thy love,
 Us in thy pavilion hide;
 Ne'er thy hand from us remove,
 Be in life and death our guide.

785.

T. 583.

LORD Jesus, in thy presence we are
 blest, [for guest;
 And thou art even now our wish'd-
 Without thee all our meetings would
 be cold, [old.
 And soon become a custom dead and

2 Thou canst alone to us true life
 impart,
 Canst comfort, bless, and cheer each
 needy heart:
 We are assembled here before thy
 face [grace.
 To take out of thy fulness grace for

3 Lord Jesus, be for evermore adored,
 We thee confess our Master, Head,
 and Lord;
 Thy faithfulness and truth we daily
 prove,
 Grant us to live for thee, constrain'd
 by love.

786.*

T. 161.

CHOSEN souls, who now assemble
 Under Christ's protecting care:
 Though you're weak, your foes must
 tremble,
 If by him you guarded are:

Of his goodness—bear ye witness;
 Know ye not your high vocation
 As the Lord's own congregation?

2 To his name give thanks and
 praises,
 Him with deepest awe adore;
 May his people in all places
 Join to exalt him evermore:
 Christ, our Saviour—be for ever
 Of your building the foundation,
 And the God of your salvation.

3 Herrnhut,† the Most High's own
 structure,
 Built upon the grace of God.
 May thy walls be without fracture;
 Sprinkled be thy gates with blood:
 God's election—and protection
 Founded and maintain our union;
 Christ's the ground of our commu-
 nion.

4 May this place exist no longer
 Than Lord Jesus, thy own hand,
 Uncontroll'd, rules in its border:
 And be love our sacred band:
 May we by thee—be found worthy
 As a good salt to be used,
 That some fruit may be produced.

5 Bless our covenanting together;
 Make us like a burning torch,
 Kindled by our heavenly Father,
 In these last days of the church:
 To thee joined—and resigned,
 May by each of us be further'd,
 What thy holy will hath order'd.

6 Now, dear Brethren, know ye
 Jesus?
 Happy who him truly knows:
 He's the head, and we are members,
 From him every blessing flows:
 Who believeth—to Christ cleaveth,
 Can rejoice in every station,
 'Midst reproach and tribulation.

787.*

T. 114.

THOU Source of love, we pray, im-
 part thy favour
 Each day unto thy house and family,
 Who as one man united are in thee;

† The first congregation of the re-
 newed Church of the Brethren.

O grant that every one thy grace
may savour,
And that thy church for ever may
rejoice
In thee, and praise thy name with
heart and voice.

2 O thou, whose love extends be-
yond all measure,
Thou hearest us already, ere we cry;
No soul that calls on thee thou
passt by,
But to relieve thy children is thy
pleasure:
Thou art our light, our strength, our
shield and rock,
Our faithful Shepherd, and we are
thy flock.

788. T. 341.

OUR souls with inmost shame
Address thy holy name:
Jesus in our midst appear
Present to each waiting soul,
Every contrite sinner cheer,
Breathe thy Spirit thro' the whole.

2 We sinners humbly crave
Thy presence here to have,
In this place to find thee true
To thy promises of grace,
Still to own the gather'd few,
Giving them thy life and peace.

3 From thy majestic throne
In mercy, Lord, look down;
View the souls athirst for thee,
Turn to them thy cheering face:
Each adores, with bended knee,
Thee, O Jesus, for thy grace.

789.* T. 155.

MY soul waiteth on the Lord,
And shall never be ashamed;
He is named
God our sun, our shield and rock,
By his flock;
He is merciful and gracious,
And his goodness doth refresh us,
When we long and pant for him.

2 His enlivening countenance
To lift up on all the needy
He is ready,
And enricheth evermore
All the poor;

In our peaceful habitations,
O how many demonstrations
Of his favour do we prove.

3 We reply Amen thereto,
For his bounty never ceaseth,
Yea increaseth,
And are filled with amaze
At his grace;
Each himself unworthy deemeth
Of his love; his goodness claimeth
Our unfeigned gratitude.

790. * T. 9.

M. CHRIST our Saviour look on
Ransom'd congregation. [thee,
C. We to him belong, for he
Purchased our salvation.

M. 2 In electing grace rejoice,
Prize his love and favour;
Then his calling, gifts, and choice
He'll maintain for ever.

C. 3 Yea, his sympathizing heart
Yields us consolation;
May we ne'er from Christ depart
Till our consummation.

M. 4 To his voice attentive be,
Thankfully adore him,
And with heart's fidelity
Humbly walk before him.

C. 5 Thus in number and in grace
We shall be increasing,
Showing forth our Saviour's praise,
And to him be pleasing.

791. T. 185.

GRACIOUS Lord, our Shepherd and
salvation,

In thy presence we appear;
Own us as thy flock and congrega-
tion,

Let us feel that thou art near:
May we all enjoy thy grace and
favour,

And obey thee as our Head and Sa-
viour,

Who, by thy most precious blood,
Mad'st us, sinners, heirs of God.

2 Lord, receive our thanks and
adoration,

Which to thee we humbly pay,
For our calling and predestination,
Gracious Saviour, on this day:

Give us grace to walk as thine
 anointed, [pointed;
 In the path thou hast for us ap-
 We devote most heartily
 Soul and body unto thee.

3 Chosen flock, thy faithful Shep-
 herd follow,
 Who laid down his life for thee;
 All thy days unto his service hallow,
 Each his true disciple be:
 Evermore rejoice to do his pleasure,
 Be the fulness of his grace thy trea-
 sure;
 Should success thy labour crown,
 Give the praise to him alone.

792.* T. 166.

O THOU, the church's Lord and
 head,
 Our only refuge, shield and rock,
 The pilgrim's guide, support, and aid,
 Thou faithful Shepherd of thy flock:
 Vile as we are, we're surely thine,
 Thro' mercy we have life obtain'd;
 As monuments of grace divine,
 To our astonishment we stand.

2 As part of thy church militant,
 An emblem of the church above,
 To thy dear Father us present,
 Thou in the bosom of his love;
 That us as children he may own,
 Since we're thy dearly earn'd re-
 ward,
 And send his holy Spirit down,
 To train us up for thee our Lord.

3 We cast ourselves into thy arms,
 While we with inward rapture
 glow,
 The flame, which thy pure bosom
 warms,
 Thy never-failing love we know;
 Thou, who for us once tastedst death,
 And wast restored to life again,
 Thy quick'ning Spirit on us breathe,
 Come, heavenly Vine, each branch
 sustain.

4 We wish, (and what we wish is
 gain'd
 Since we thy chosen followers are,
 And have thy power divine ob-
 tain'd,)
 To thee well-pleasing fruit to bear;

Thy servants we will be thro' grace,
 Thy handmaids, who look up to
 thee;
 Set us, O Lord, unto thy praise,
 Grant we may serve thee faithfully.

793. T. 151.

HEAD of thy congregation,
 Kind Shepherd, gracious Lord,
 Look on us with compassion,
 Met here with one accord;
 Accept our thanks and praises
 For all thy love and care,
 Which we in various cases
 Repeatedly did share.

2 Our lips would gladly mention
 Thy patience, love, and grace,
 Our hearts with due attention
 Thy loving kindness trace,
 Which under thy protection
 'Midst trials we have proved;
 Thy fatherly correction
 Show'd us that we're beloved.

794.* T. 101.

BOW down, ye followers of the
 Lamb,
 These are your hours of consolation:
 With awe adore his saving name:
 His cross and wounds are of salva-
 tion
 The lasting source for sinners who
 believe;
 Come then, and grace for grace freely
 from him receive.

2 His mercy claims our highest
 praise,
 'Tis by his grace we were elected;
 Freed from the world's deceitful
 ways,
 We're to his chosen flock collected:
 His faithful heart we know, and
 search it still;
 May thousands more believe, and
 do his holy will.

3 Ourselves, dear Lord, we now to
 thee
 Resign anew with soul and body;
 As thy redeemed property
 Accept of us, tho' poor and needy;
 Out of the mouths of sucklings per-
 fect praise,
 And magnify in us thy name and
 saving grace.

4 O let thy love our hearts constrain,
That, in one covenant united,
The bond of peace we may maintain,
And be to mutual love excited:
To God and to the Lamb be praises given
By sinners here below, and by the
saints in heaven.

795.*

T. 9.

JESUS CHRIST, who bled and died
For mankind's salvation,
Shows his wounds and pierced side
To his congregation.

2 Yea he, with uplifted hands,
Mark'd with nail-prints bloody,
'Midst his chosen people stands,
Saviour of his body.

3 While he doth himself reveal,
Oh, what consolation
In his presence do we feel!
'Tis beyond expression.

4 Teach us, Lord, to follow thee
With entire devotion;
As thy willing subjects we
Wait thy Spirit's motion.

5 Jesus, all-creating Word,
King of every nation,
But especially the Lord
Of thy congregation,—

6 To thy name be evermore
Praise and glory given;
Thee we worship and adore,
Lord of earth and heaven.

796.*

T. 10.

WHEN we rejoice that Jesus
From year to year doth bless us,
And that his grace and favour
Towards us never waver:—

2 Or he that consolation
Grants to his congregation,
That we shall rest for ever
With him our gracious Saviour:—

3 Then we forget distrésses,
And what would else oppress us;
Are we with Christ connected,
We need not be dejected.

797.*

T. 166.

HEAD of thy church, behold us
here,
Direct and rule us by thy grace;
Hear thou each humble sinner's
prayer,
Confirming thus thy promises:
O help us, that we may fulfil
What in thy name we take in hand,
Concordant with thy holy will,
And may it to thy glory tend.

2 One suit in mercy to us grant:
Let us from all divested be
Which furthers not our covenant,
Or is displeasing unto thee;
All that whence hurt to souls accrues,
Whate'er thy doctrine doth disgrace
Or counteracts thy blessed views,
Root out and utterly erase.

798.*

T. 15.

LORD, when before the Father's
'Thou in thy ministration, [face
Presentest the redeemed race,
Gather'd from every nation;—

2 In love remember this thy flock
Bought by thy bitter passion:
To thee, who art the church's Rock,
We pay our adoration.

3 We here unite in prayer to thee,
And praise thee, Lord Jehovah;
We join to sighs for mercy free
A joyful Hallelujah.

799.*

T. 97.

JESUS, O may we thee obey,
Who art the life, the truth, the way;
Since thou didst for our sins atone,
With right thou claim'st us as thine
own;
Thou wast obedient unto death, that
we
Might not be lost, but live eternally.

2 O let each member of thy fold
Be in the book of life enroll'd;
The Holy Ghost to us impart
To bear the sway in every heart:
Us with thy gracious presence daily
bless, [grace.
And evermore vouchsafe to us thy

800.

T. 167.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again:
 Keep no longer at a distance,
 Smile upon us from on high;
 Lest, for want of thine assistance,
 Every plant should droop and die.

2 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
 Every plant looked fresh and green,
 Then thy word our spirits nourish'd;
 Happy seasons we have seen:
 But a drought has since succeeded,
 And a sad decline we see;
 Lord, thy help is greatly needed,
 Help can only come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayer;
 Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,
 Shun the world's bewitching snare;
 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh.

801.

T. 22.

WHERE two or three, with sweet
 accord,
 Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise:

2 There, saith the Saviour, I will be,
 Amidst this little company:
 To them I will unveil my face
 And shed my glories round the
 place.

3 We meet at thy command, O
 Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word;
 Now send thy Spirit from above,
 And fill our hearts with heavenly
 love.

802.*

T. 185.

GRACE and peace from God our
 blessed Saviour

Be with all who love his name:
 Church of Christ, his service deem a
 favour,
 Joyfully his death proclaim:

Be prepared for rest or for employ-
 ment,
 With activity combine enjoyment;
 Serve with zeal and faithfulness,
 Love enraptured with his grace.

2 Gracious Father, bless this congre-
 gation
 As the purchase of thy Son;
 For his sake behold us with compas-
 sion,
 And us all thy children own;
 Jesus, grant to us thy peace and
 favour;
 Holy Ghost, abide with us for ever,
 And to us Christ's love explain;
 Hear us, Lord our God: Amen.

803.

T. 26.

OUR lot of grace how truly blest,
 Since we are called to assemble,
 And daily worship in thy temple,
 Where thou dost cause thy Name to
 rest.

2 To thee, our Shepherd ever kind,
 We now ourselves anew surrender;
 O plead our cause, in love remember
 Thy people, closely to thee join'd.

804.

T. 136.

GOOD Shepherd, hear:
 Thou, who thine Israel leadest,
 And with thy word and sacrament
 Who us redeem'dst (us feedest;
 That thou might'st purify
 Unto thyself a people who might
 praise thee,
 And, both in word and deed, before
 the world confess thee;
 To us thy ransom'd flock appear:
 Good Shepherd, hear.

2 Turn us to thee;
 Thus from the world estranged,
 Transform'd in mind, into thine
 image changed,
 We thee shall praise:
 Lord, as of old, renew
 Our days, restore the joy of thy sal-
 vation
 To us; forsake us not, but with di-
 vine compassion
 Bear with and tend us constantly:
 Turn us to thee.

805.*

T. 22.

LORD, with thy glorious presence
bless,

Fill and adorn this hallow'd place,
Wherein is preached thy holy word,
And sacramental grace conferr'd.

2 That this redeemed, happy flock
Be firm'y built on Christ the rock,
And of those blessings be possess'd
Which on the Spirit's union rest.

3 With power from on high endue
Thy flock, O Lord, this day anew,
That many souls with us may feel
Thy pardoning grace, the Spirit's
seal:—

4 That thousands by our ministry
May to the truth converted be,
And we may see them flock with us
Unto the standard of thy cross.

5 As long as we on earth remain,
We will confess the Lamb once
Until we for his victory (slain,
Shall praise him in eternity.

806.

T. 101.

BEFORE thy throne we now ap-
pear,

Head of thy ransom'd congregation;
Unto our songs of praise give ear,
And listen to our supplication:

Hear from the heavens, thy lofty
dwelling-place,

And when thou hear'st forgive thy
people's trespasses.

2 In heaven and earth who is like
thee?

Thou keepest covenant for ever,
Maintain'st thy cause most glori-
ously,

And to thy servants showest favour:
In us, O Lord, thy word be verified,
That thou the church's Head and
Shepherd wilt abide.

3 Thine eyes be open on this house,
This temple unto thee devoted;

O consecrate it for thy use,
Thy glory be by us promoted:
And since thou chocest us, and didst
ordain

That we should fruit produce, O may
our fruit remain,

4 Now to the Lamb upon the
throne,

Who by his precious blood hath
bought us,

That he might claim us as his own,
And to his fold in mercy brought us,
All praise and honour evermore per-
tain:

Let all who love his name, reply
thereto, Amen.

807.

T. 214.

PEACE be to thy every dwelling,
City by Jehovah blest,
Who, his grace to thee revealing,

Thee preserves in peace and rest:
May his presence still attend thee,

Mayst thou sit by day and night,
In his shadow with delight;

His all powerful arm defend thee:
Prize, O prize thy lot of grace;
Live unto thy Saviour's praise.

2 Grant, we fervently implore thee,
That while pilgrims here below,
We may walk in truth before thee,

Lord, and in thy knowledge grow,
Showing forth thy matchless praises;

Thou, who out of sin's dark night,
Hast to thine own marvellous light
Call'd thy people, O Lord Jesus,

Keep and seal us ever thine,
Leave with us thy peace divine.

808.

T. 167.

PEACE be to this congregation,
Peace to every soul therein;

Peace, which flows from Christ's sal-
vation,

Peace, the seal of cancell'd sin;
Peace, that speaks its heavenly giver,

Peace, to earthly minds unknown;
Peace divine that lasts for ever,

Here erect its glorious throne.

809.

T. 230.

FROM thy holy habitation,

O God of grace and consolation,

Behold us, met before thy throne;

Saviour, to believers precious,

With sanctified delights refresh us,

And us, as thine, in mercy own:

We humbly cry to thee,
Send now p. osperity;
Let thy beauty
On us appear,—establish here
Our work, the work of praise and
prayer.

810. T. 71.

'FORE thee, Lord, we appear,
Thou list'nest to our prayer,
Wait'st to be gracious,
Thy goodness to display
Unto thy church this day,
To own and bless us.

2 Thy pierced hands, for us
Once nailed to the cross,
Give benediction;
Thy blood from sin us cleanse,
And pardoning grace dispense,
Without restriction.

811.* T. 69.

THIS habitation
And all who dwell therein,
Fill with salvation;
O may in each be seen
True grace,—and Christian holiness.

812.* T. 37.

O CHURCH, thy strength abide
Joy in thy Saviour;
Thy Friend himself draws near,
Come, taste his favour:
Await, devout and still,
The grace he giveth;
With all who seek his face,
His peace he leaveth.

813.* T. 185.

JOY divine and heavenly peace
with unction,
Church of Christ, thy portion be:
Holy Ghost, preserve the deep com-
punction
Flowing from Christ's agony:
Father, bless and keep without ces-
sation
Thy Son's dearly purchased congre-
gation:
Slaughter'd Lamb, thy peace divine
Seal our covenant, we are thine.

814. T. 159.

THIS day is holy to the Lord,
This day the Lord hath made;
We will rejoice with one accord,
And in his name be glad:
Come, let us worship and bow down,
With thanks appear before his
throne:
He to our songs of praise and prayer
Will lend a gracious ear.

2 We now return, each to his tent,
Joyful and glad of heart,
And from our solemn covenant
Through grace will ne'er depart:
Once more we pledged both heart and
hand,
As in God's presence here we stand,
To live to him, and him alone,
Till we surround his throne.

815.* T. 166.

LORD Jesus, for our call of grace,
To praise thy name in fellowship,
We're humbly met before thy face,
And in thy presence love-feast keep:
Shed in our hearts thy love abroad,
Thy Spirit's unction now impart;
Grant we may all, O Lamb of God,
In thee be truly one in heart.

816. T. 14.

SHEPHERD of souls refresh and
Thy chosen pilgrim-flock, (bless
With manna in the wilderness,
With water from the rock.

2 Hungry and thirsty, faint and
As thou when here below, (weak,
Our souls the joys celestial seek,
That from thy sorrows flow.

3 We would not live by bread alone,
But by that word of grace,
In strength of which we travel on
To our abiding-place.

4 Be known to us in breaking bread,
But do not then depart:
Saviour, abide with us and spread
Thy table in our heart.

5 Then sup with us in love divine:
Thy body and thy blood,
That living bread, that heavenly
Be our immortal food. (wine,

817.* T. 159.

THE Sabbath is for man, that he
Therein may find repose,
And that the soul refreshed be
By Christ the church's spouse:
Now doth his ransom'd, happy bride,
Fruit of his anguish when he died,
Enjoy a true sabbatic rest,
In his communion blest.

818. T. 205.

GRACIOUS Lord, with one accord,
We're assembled in thy name;
Deign to hear our fervent prayer,
Mercy is our only claim,
While with tears and blushing face
We our sins to thee confess,
And our hearts with thanks o'erflow
For the grace thou dost bestow.

819. T. 590.

JESUS, knit all our hearts to thee,
Unite us all in one,
And in our meetings every where,
Be thou our aim alone:
Reign thou sole monarch of our
Without a rival reign: [hearts,
Till we with angels join above,
To praise the Lamb once slain.

820.* T. 79.

O KING of peace, our Sovereign,
Thou shalt alone us govern;
Come, form us soon to be
To others an example,
The Holy Spirit's temple,
The Father's pleasure constantly.

2 O thou our first-born Brother,
Thou Master at the rudder,
Who guidest thy church, to thee
We hearts and hands deliver,
And promise thee for ever,
That we thy faithful souls will be.

821.* T. 185.

WE who here together are assembled,
Joining hearts and hands in one,
Bind ourselves with love that's undissembled,
Christ to love and serve alone:

O may our imperfect songs and praises
Be well-pleasing unto thee, Lord Jesus:
Say, My peace I leave with you:
Amen, Amen, be it so.

822.* T. 166.

WELCOME among thy flock of
With joyful acclamation, [grace
Thou, whom our Shepherd we confess:

Come, feed thy congregation:
We own the doctrine of thy cross
To be our sole foundation:
Accept from every one of us
The deepest adoration.

2 Lord Jesus, to our hearts reveal
Thy grace and love unceasing;
Thy hand, once pierced with the nail,

Bestow on us a blessing,
That hand which to thy family,
With tender love's affection,
Ere thou ascendedst up on high,
Imparted benediction.

3 Though thou 'rt unseen, yet we by sight
Should scarce be more assured;
As yet thy glorious heavenly light
Can't be by man endured:
The time will come, when these our eyes

Shall see thy face for ever;
Faith here the want of sight supplies
In every true believer.

4 Ye who from Jesus Christ have stray'd,
And his communion slighted,
To him return, be not afraid,
You're graciously invited;
Come all, whatever be your case,
Come without hesitation,
He'll now impart to you thro' grace
Peace, pardon, and salvation.

5 O thou, who always dost abide
Thy body's Head and Saviour,
Who art the pilgrim's constant guide,

Direct thy servants ever:
O may they an example be
Unto thy congregation,
And in thy temple faithfully
Perform their ministration.

6 Thy statutes to thy church declare,
Thy truth be our confession;
Take of each member special care,
Bless pilgrims in their station:
In danger constantly defend
And aid thy chosen people;
Of all contention make an end;
Support the weak and feeble.

7 O thou, the Church's Head and Lord,

Who as a shepherd leadest
Thy flock, and richly with thy word
And sacrament it feedest:
What shall we say? we can't ex-
press

In words our heart's sensation;
None thee sufficiently can praise,
Thou God of our salvation.

8 Our heavenly Father, hear our prayer:

By virtue of Christ's passion,
In whom we all accepted are,
O bring into completion
The hidden counsel of thy love;
Its steps still more unravel:
May we, without exception, prove
The fruit of thy Son's travail.

9 O Spirit in the Godhead's throne,
Accept our adoration;

Thou ever didst attend the Son,
And aid his ministration;
Thou teachest us the way to bliss:
Keep under thy protection
That church of which He ruler is;
We'll follow thy direction.

823.*

T. 230.

JESUS, God of our salvation, [tion,
Behold, thy church, with supplica-
Humbly appears before thy face;
We, by fervent love constrained,
Since from thy death we life ob-
tained, [praise:

To thee give glory, thanks, and
O listen to our prayer,
To meet thee us prepare
With due reverence;

No tongue can tell
What joy we feel, [veal.
When thou, Lord, dost thyself re-

2 Thee to approach with awe we
venture,
Intreating thee our gates to enter;

Our souls and bodies are thine own:
Speak to every church division,
We'll hear thy voice with deep im-
pression,

For we are bound to thee alone:
To thee in each concern
We'll always humbly turn;

Want we insight
May we by thee—instructed be,
Then in thy light the light we see.

3 Be especially intreated
To own thy servants, who are seated
Before thy face, though poor they
And in all their conferences [are;
Grant them thy Spirit's influences,

Be present with them every where:
This we request of thee,
O let us constantly

Do thy pleasure;
All our distress,—O Lord, redress,
For without thee there's no success.

4 Ruler of the congregations,
Which thou hast gather'd from all
nations, [lead;

We thee implore thy church to
Shepherd, who so kindly guidest
Thy flock, and over it presidest,

Thy sheep for ever tend and feed;
What joy, what matchless grace
Will still in future days

Be displayed,
When our good Lord,
Who keeps his word,
To the stray'd sheep will help afford.

5 In the dust we sink before thee,
And for thy boundless love adore
thee;

Thee, Lord, our All in all we own:
We, thy people, make confession,
Thy love is great beyond expression,
Tho' to the world it be unknown;
The power which doth abound
In thee, we've always found
Efficacious:

We will proclaim—thy saving name,
O Lord, who ever art the same.

6 Thus our bliss will last for ever;
While we enjoy thy love and favour,
By thee our Shepherd led, we're
blest;

We with joyful acclamation
Adore thee in the congregation,
Whose Head and Lord thou art
confess'd:

To the Ancient of all days
 Might, honour, power, and praise
 Be for ever :
 Lord, grant that we
 Eternally
 May place our confidence in thee.

824.

T. 341.

TO Christ we homage pay,
 We covenant this day
 Him to serve with all our strength,
 Him to love with all our heart,
 Him to follow, till at length
 We obtain in heaven our part.

825.*

T. 79.

INCLINE thine ear in favour
 To us, most gracious Saviour,
 Accept our promises :
 Thy death, thy wounds, and passion
 Abide our heart's confession,
 Till we shall see thee face to face.

826.*

T. 185.

HEAD and Ruler of thy congrega-
 tion,
 Whom thou lovest unspeakably,
 And to whom thou often a sensation
 Givest of thy complacency ;
 Graciously regard the inward glow-
 ing
 Of our hearts, and tears our cheeks
 bedewing :
 Lord, we blush with humble shame,
 And adore thy holy name.

2 Jesus, great High-priest of our pro-
 fession,
 We in confidence draw near ;
 Condescend in mercy the confession
 Of our grateful hearts to hear :
 Thee we gladly own in every nation,
 Head and Master of thy congrega-
 tion,
 Conscious that in every place
 Thou dispensest life and grace.

3 Thy blest people, trusting in thy
 merit,
 On the earth's extended face,
 From each other far, but one in
 spirit,
 Sound with one accord thy praise ;

May we never cease to make con-
 fession,
 That thy death's the cause of our
 salvation ;
 We to thee, our Head and King,
 Joyful Hallelujahs sing.

827.

T. 97.

THOU, who so graciously didst lead,
 Israel of old, from bondage freed,
 And by thine own almighty hand
 Didst guide them to the promised
 land,
 A cloud thy brightness veiling in the
 day,
 By night thy pillar'd fire did mark
 their way ;--

2 That mighty power thou then didst
 show,
 We are assured attends us now ;
 We still thy tender, watchful care,
 Though undeserving, richly share,
 If we thy leadings faithfully pursue,
 Following thy Spirit's teaching, as
 'tis due.

3 May we to thee, our Shepherd,
 cleave,
 Thy Holy Spirit never grieve,
 And love each other heartily ;
 Thereby the scorning world will see
 That we are temples of the living
 God,
 A chosen people, bought with Jesus'
 blood.

828.*

T. 146.

O MAKER of my soul,
 My every hair's Creator,
 Who turn'st my tears to joy,
 And heal'st my sin-sick nature ;
 Chief Shepherd of thy flock,
 Thy servants' only guide :
 The church's Lord and Head
 Thou ever dost abide.

829.

T. 230.

O THOU God of our salvation,
 Behold thy blood-bought congrega-
 tion,
 Assembled here before thy face ;

Pondering on thy gracious dealing,
We would express our grateful feeling,

And joyful Hallelujahs raise:
But when we in thy light
Discern, how we requite
Thee, O Jesus,
We blush for shame
Ours is the blame,
But praise is due unto thy name.

2 Deeply conscious of transgression,
To thee we turn, hear our confession,

Assure us of thy pardoning love:
O root out whate'er impedeth
Thy Spirit's work, or discord breed-
eth, [move:]

Each stumbling-block from us re-
Those who have gone astray,
Cause to return, we pray,

Faithful Shepherd:
With thee our guide,
May we abide:
Preserve us, lest we turn aside.

830. T. 68.

LORD, thy church's Rock,
Who dost rule thy flock,
Elder of this congregation,
We with humble adoration
Thee, and thee alone,
Our chief Shepherd own.

831.* T. 166.

WHEN our great Sovereign from on
high,

Our Lord and Saviour, was aware
That he his chosen family, [care,
O'er whom he watch'd with tender
Would be constrained soon to leave;
He, fill'd with love and grief in-
tense,

To them his farewell-blessing gave,
Before his sufferings did commence.

2 Feeling before-hand all the weight
Of those dire scenes of pain and wo,
Which he well knew did him await;
His love towards his own did show,
He water in a basin pour'd,
And washed his disciples' feet;

Their souls already by his word,
Save one, were cleansed every whit.

3 Lord Jesus-Christ, we pray be near,
Forgive us all our trespasses;
With joy divine our spirits cheer,
Impart to us thy pardoning grace:
As our High-priest lift up thy hand,
That hand, the nail once pierced
Thy mercy unto us extend. [thro';
Rich blessings upon all bestow.

4 Inspire our hearts with mutual
O may we truly humble be, [love,
Thy faithful servants ever prove,
Who yield in all things joy to thee:
In due obedience to thy word
We now have wash'd each other's
feet,
Thy blest example, gracious Lord,
To follow, we find always meet.

5 Sure as thou art the church's Head,
Though we but dust and ashes are,
Yet we by faith in thee are freed
From guilt, and stand absolved and
clear: [mains
And while thy church on earth re-
To the blind world a spectacle,
Thy Holy Spirit in her reigns,
And thou dost in thy temple dwell.

832.* T. 22.

(RECEPTION LITURGY. A.)

IN the name of Jesus Christ our
Lord,

The church's Head by us adored,
The Brethren's congregation now
Into her fold receiveth you;—

2 With us in Jesus to be one,
To follow him, and him alone,
To enjoy his faithful shepherd-care,
And his reproach and joy to share.

3 O may our Lord, the God of grace,
While you receive the kiss of peace,
Own you his blood-bought property,
And lead and bless you constantly.

4 With heart and hand you now we
own;
The Lord, to whom your heart is
known,
Cause your whole walk 'mongst us
to be
His joy and your felicity.

5 The God of peace you sanctify,
With us to yield him praise and joy;
That spirit, soul, and body may
Be blameless till his perfect day.

833.*

T. 22.

(RECEPTION LITURGY. B.)

THIS flock of Christ receiveth thee;
While, conscious of her poverty,
She weepeth often contrite tears,
When 'fore her Saviour she appears.

2 But yet she can in truth rejoice,
Because she hears the Shepherd's
voice,
And owns that by her Lord and
Head, (led.
She's gently govern'd, train'd, and

3 While we the kiss of peace im-
part,
We own thee one with us in heart,
In Christ, who is the only ground,
That in one covenant we are
found.

4 Enjoy then, with the church,
Christ's spouse,
The privileges of his house;
And in our joy and grief and care,
With us take thy allotted share.

5 As his redeem'd from this world's
thrall,
With us make sure thy blessed call;
That when the Bridegroom comes
we may
Be found wise virgins in that day.

XXXIII. THE SERVANTS OF CHRIST.

834.*

T. 166.

HIGH on his everlasting throne,
The Lord of hosts his work surveys,
He marks the souls which are his
own,
And smiles on his peculiar race;
He rests well pleased their toil to
see,
Beneath his easy yoke they move,
With all their heart and strength
agree
In the sweet labour of his love.

2 See, where the servants of their
God,
A busy multitude appear,
For Jesus day and night employ'd,
The ground for him they toil to
clear;
The love of Christ their heart con-
strains,
And strengthens their unwearied
hands:
They spend their blood, and sweat,
and pains,
To cultivate Immanuel's lands.

3 Where'er these faithful labourers
are,
The steps of industry we view,
They Satan's seed root up with
care,
And in its stead the gospel sow;
This seed they water with their
tears,
They long for the returning word,
Happy, if all their pains and cares
Produce some fruit to please their
Lord.

4 Jesus their work delighted sees,
Their industry vouchsafes to crown:
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,
And sends the promised blessing
down:
Then plenteous showers of grace
bedew
And fructify the parched ground,
The plants spring up, they thrive
and grow,
The earth looks fruitful all around.

5 He prospers all his servants' toils,
And us his flock in mercy chose;
Yea, on us undeserved smiles,
And choicest blessings he bestows:

As humble followers of the Lamb,
We firmly to his word adhere;
Of him, amidst reproach and shame,
With joy we testimony bear.

6 Here many faithful souls are
found, (dow'd,
With genuine love to Christ en-
Full of the light of life, and crown'd
As kings and priests to serve their
God;
Burning with zeal, by love divine
Constrain'd, themselves they freely
give,
Their wealth and life for Christ re-
sign,
For him they gladly die or live.

7 What can we offer thee, O Lord?
How worthily set forth thy praise?
Fain would we preach thy saving
word
And dying love in every place,
In thee believe, thee love and serve;
To thee our life, our all we owe,
Who dost 'midst danger us preserve
And mercies numberless bestow.

8 O may our lives thy power pro-
claim,
Thy grace for every sinner free,
That thousands still may know thy
name,
Humbly adore and worship thee:
Open a door, which earth and hell
Striving to shut, may strive in vain:
Grant that thy word may richly
dwell
Among us, and our fruit remain.

835.*

T. 90.

PRAISE be to God the Holy Ghost,
Who Jesus in the heart displays,
That he the numerous faithful host
Of blest departed witnesses,
Who now in heaven are perfected,
To Christ by his instruction led.

2 Christ crucified we own as God,
Though we were scorn'd by all
mankind,
He is our motto most avow'd;
To such in spirit we are join'd,

And them as brethren gladly own,
Who by this Shibboleth are known.

3 He who was scorned on the tree,
He whom his nation still disown,
Who marks with glorious infamy
All who are as his followers
known;
He is the church's Lord and Head,
By whom we graciously are led.

4 We stand unto this very hour
In one firm bond of peace and love;
We are at enmity no more,
But reconciled to God above:
As children we by him are own'd,
Since Christ for all our sins aton'd.

5 All ye who gospel-preachers are,
Adhere to Jesus crucified,
And watch with unremitting care,
That you in your first love abide;
Whoe'er forsakes it can't but feel
A want of apostolic zeal.

6 Heralds of grace would ye com-
mence,
Of grace first self-experienced be;
And by the gospel you dispense
Yourselves be reconcil'd and free;
When pardon, grace and life you find,
Then publish it to all mankind.

7 We join the ransom'd church of
God,
His blood-bought, blood-besprinkled
train,
To publish the good news abroad,
That only through the Lamb once
slain,
The world may gain a full release
From all their sins, and endless grace.

8 Christ's ransom'd people rest en-
joy,
Upon his arm they lean in peace;
To follow him is their employ,
In this most blessed time of grace:
They preach their Saviour crucified.
Determined nought to know beside.

9 In life they witness this, with
power (heart;
That strikes and fastens in the
And when this mortal period's o'er,
And they in peace to Christ de-
part,
Their dying looks, serene and fair,
Bear witness that they Christians
are.

836.* T. 595.

A MESSENGER of peace
No higher pleasure knows,
Than to direct the human race
To flee to Jesus' cross,
To Jesus' healing wounds,
And precious cleansing blood;
The source, whence life to us re-
dounds,
The fountain of all good.

2 Servant of God, be fill'd
With Jesus' love alone,
Upon a sure foundation build,
On Christ the corner-stone;
By faith in him abide,
Rejoicing with his saints;
To him with confidence, when tried,
Make known all thy complaints.

3 A cheerful life enjoy,
A life of faith in God,
An interest, nothing can destroy,
In Christ's atoning blood;
Then, though the heathen rage,
And devils envious roar,
The Saviour's grace in every age
Extol for evermore.

837. T. 90.

THE doctrine of our dying Lord,
The faith he on mount Calvary
seal'd,
We sign, asserting every word,
Which in his gospel is reveal'd,
As truth divine; and cursed are they
Who add thereto or take away.

2 We steadfastly this truth main-
tain, (one;
That none is righteous, no not
That in the Lamb, for sinners slain,
We're justified by faith alone;
And all who in his name believe,
Christ and his righteousness receive.

3 Our works and merits we dis-
claim,
Opposing all self-righteousness,
Ev'n our best actions we condemn
As ineffectual, and confess
Whoe'er thereon doth place his
trust,
And not on Jesus, will be lost.

4 Christ is our Master, Lord, and
God,

The fulness of the Three in One;
His life, death, righteousness, and
blood,
Our faith's foundation are alone,
His Godhead and his death shall be,
Our theme to all eternity.

5 On him we'll venture all we have,
Our lives, our all to him we owe;
None else is able us to save,
Nought but the Saviour will we
know,
This we subscribe with heart and
hand,
Resolved through grace thereby to
stand.

6 This now with heaven's resplen-
dent host
We echo thro' the church of God;
Among the heathen make our boast,
Of Jesus' saving death and blood:
We loud like many waters join,
In showing forth his love divine.

838.* T. 82.

PREACHERS of the gospel word,
Seek ye first to know the Lord,
And to live in the enjoyment
Of his grace; then your employment
Rays of light will shed abroad
In the family of God;—

2 Not for your own worthiness
(All you are, you are through grace)
But because your Lord and Saviour,
Whose blest purposes ne'er waver,
Is your sure support and aid,
Counsellor and friend in need.

3 Leaders, would ye faithful prove,
Every other gift above,
Of obedience be possessed:
With this duty unimpressed,
How could you at home preside?
How the flocks of Jesus guide?

839.* T. 22.

SHALL I, thro' fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's fire in me restrain?
Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
Conceal the word of God most
High?—

2 Shall I to soothe the unholy
throng,
Softened thy truth, and smoothed my
tongue;

To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee
The cross, endured, my God, by
thee?—

3 No, fearless I'll in deed and word
Witness of thee my gracious Lord:
My life and blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent.

4 For this let men revile my name,
No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
I no reproach nor sufferings dread;
Is Christ with me, I'm not afraid.

5 Give me thy strength, O God of
power;
Then let winds blow, or thunders
roar,

I need not fear by sea or land,
For thou, my God, wilt by me stand.

840.* T. 166.

WE often in our course thro' time
Have rugged roads to travel;
Faith's fortitude must sometimes
And paths uneven level: (climb,
But Jesus, through his tender care,
Which is at all times present,
Revives the weary traveler
Again by ways more pleasant.

2 O thou, the sole defence and aid
Of all the weak and feeble,
Thou strong support in time of need,
And Saviour of thy people;
Uphold us, Lord, most powerfully
With thy divine assistance,
And grant us constant victory
When meeting with resistance.

3 We offer gladly unto thee
Our spirit, soul, and body;
We promise thee fidelity,
And loyalty most steady: (tain,
Thou surely wilt thy cause main-
Nor leave thy work unfinish'd;
Thy servants many conquests gain,
Though in appearance vanquish'd.

841. T. 56.

YE who called :|| to Christ's service
are,
Join together :|| both in work and
prayer;

Venture all on him our Lord,
Who assures us in his word,
That we're constant :|| objects of
his care.

2 Show'rs of blessing :|| from the
Lord proceed,
Strength supplying :|| in the time of
need;

For no servant of our King
Ever lacked any thing
He will never :|| break the bruised
reed.

3 Lord, have mercy :|| on each land
and place,
Where thy servants :|| preach the
word of peace;

Life and power on them bestow,
Them with needful strength endow,
That with boldness :|| they may thee
confess.

4 May we faithful :|| in our service
be,
Truly careful :|| in our ministry;
Keep us to thy church fast bound,
In the faith preserve us sound,
Often weeping :|| grateful tears 'fore
thee.

842.* T. 14.

LORD JESUS, who hast called us
To magnify thy name,
And preach the doctrine of thy cross
Amidst reproach and shame;—

2 We thee entreat with one accord,
Thy ministers prepare
To lead thy flock, and preach thy
word,
With meekness, zeal, and care.

3 Without thy aid we nought can
But by thy power we know, (do,
Weak as we are, we're heroes too,
Who conquer where we go.

843.* T. 583.

SINNERS' Redeemer, gracious
Lamb of God,

We thy poor children, purchased by
thy blood,

With gratitude acknowledge, that
we share

Thy boundless favour and protecting
care.

2 From day to day may we with rapture feel
Thy life, thy unction, and thy Spirit's seal,
The powerful drawings of thy love and grace,
And zeal to serve thy cause with faithfulness.

3 With each of us fulfil thy gracious aim,
That we, thy servants, may exalt thy name;
Enabled by thy grace, may we declare
The greatness of thy ransom everywhere.

4 We feel our insufficiency to bear
The weighty charge committed to our care;
To thee, who dost thy people's cause defend,
We the concerns of thy whole church commend.

844. T. 166.

O GLORIOUS Master of thy house,
Thou know'st the thoughts of every breast,
To thee each servant gladly goes,
Like Noah's dove, for peace and rest,
Indeed the waters overflow
The world all o'er, and us withstand;
Few will our mind and purpose [know,
Few comprehend thy blest command.

2 But we can hope thy word and grace
Will soften many a heart of stone:
What means can help the human race?
The same which our poor hearts have won:
Though carnal reason stand to faith opposed,
The wounded conscience flies
To the blest doctrine of thy death,
And all-atoning sacrifice.

3 Thy powerful presence, Lord, display,
Or else in vain the sun we see;
Thou art our life, our truth, our way,
We have no comfort but in thee:

Vouchsafe to us thy unction, Lord;
Where'er obedient to thy call
We go, thy help to us afford,
And ever be our All in all.

845.* T. 58.

REDEEMER of mankind, God of all grace,
Pour fire and Spirit on thy witnesses,
Preaching thy salvation, by love constrained:
Thus thousands more for thee shall still be gained

By thy blest word,

2 O may thy ransom'd people every where
Of this great truth for ever witness bear,
That whoe'er believeth in Christ's redemption,
May find free grace, and a complete exemption

From serving sin.

3 Our elders and all other servants bless,
To all their undertakings give success;
Gracious Lord, afford them thy Spirit's unction,
That they may faithfully fulfil the function

To which they're call'd:

4 Grant none amongst us may inactive be,
Enable us to serve thee cheerfully;
Render thou successful each step and action
Which we perform, Lord, under thy direction,

And in thy name.

5 Let more unto thy church collected be [thee,
In every quarter, to yield joy to Here, and o'er the ocean, in all her stations;
And, O impart to the most savage nations Thy saving grace.

846. T. 22.

BE present with thy servants, Lord,
We look to thee with one accord:
Refresh and strengthen us anew,
And bless what in thy name we do.

2 O teach us all thy perfect will
To understand and to fulfil:
When human insight fails, give light:
This will direct our steps aright.

3 The Lord's joy be our strength and
stay,
In our employ from day to day:
Our thoughts and our activity
Through Jesus' merits hallow'd be.

847.* T. 146.

LORD, grant thy servants grace,
The needful gifts and unction,
That with due faithfulness
They may discharge their function;
That all things as they ought
May punctually be done;
And with success, when wrought,
Their work vouchsafe to crown.

2 We pray thee, bless them all,
And prosper their endeavour,
In their important call
To serve thee, gracious Saviour:
Thou listen'st to our prayers,
And surely wilt uphold
The faithful ministers
Of thy redeemed fold.

848.* T. 26.

MOST faithful Lord, thyself reveal:
My eyes with contrite tears o'erflow,
My heart with gratitude doth glow,
But adequate expressions fail.

2 Give me what thy own mind de-
crees,
And what thy children must possess,
If they shall serve thee with success,
A neck which with thy yoke agrees.

3 Give me a lowly, faithful mind,
With patience and undauntedness;
If thou my weak endeavours bless,
Action and rest may be combined.

4 Give me an inly cheerful heart,
Besprinkled with thy blood, made
clean;
O may it in my works be seen
That thou its sole possessor art.

5 Grant me to know thy blessed
ways;
With all both joy and grief to share;

And lips thy mercy to declare
To all that mourning seek thy face.

849.* T. 185.

SINCE our Saviour call'd us to in-
Everlasting happiness, [herit
And without the unction of his Spirit,
We the way to him can't trace;
Grant us, therefore, Holy Ghost, the
favour, [viour,
Both in doctrine and in our beha-
By thee to be taught and led,
Till in Christ we're perfected.

2 Faithful Lord, my only joy and
pleasure,
Shall remain, while here I stay,
Thee, my matchless Friend and high-
est Treasure,
To adore, serve, and obey;
Tho' I in myself am weak and feeble,
Yet I trust thy grace will me enable,
By obedience to thy will,
All thy purpose to fulfil.

850.* T. 282.

BODY and soul's at thy command,
And we with gladness ready stand
To serve thy name, Lord Jesus:
Since thy blest Spirit did explain
Unto our hearts, why thou wast
slain,
Nought else on earth can please us:
O no, although
We are feeble and unstable,
Thou'rt our treasure,
And to serve thee is our pleasure.

2 Unto ourselves no praise is due;
And should we even something do,
That in thy sight were pleasing,
To thee we render all the praise:
Thou givest thereto enabling grace,
And grantest us thy blessing;
Unless thy grace
Sway our nature, every creature
Is unwilling
Aught that's good to be fulfilling.

851.* T. 166.

TAKE me into thy hands anew,
Out of which none is plucked,

By which thy children are brought
through,
And servants are conducted:
Lord Jesus, lead and bless thou me
In every future station,
That I may serve thee faithfully
Until my consummation.

2 With mouth and hand I give to
Myself as thy own booty, [thee
To increase each talent thou gavest
Shall be my pleasant duty: [me,
O let my soul ne'er moved be
From thee, my faithful Saviour;
Both late and early show to me
Thy mercy and thy favour.

852.

T. 39.

LORD, grant us tho' deeply abased
with shame,
With true Christian courage to act
in thy name;
May we in thy blessed work always
abound,
And may with success all our labour
be crown'd.

2 Give grace, that as brethren we
join hands in love, [prove,
Engaging to thee ever faithful to
Where'er to thy service appointed we
stand,
To sow or to reap, at thy call and
command.

853.*

T. 4.

O JESUS, my Lord,
For ever adored,
My portion, my all, [fall.
At thy holy feet with abasement I

2 As sure as I prove
Thy mercy and love
To me, thy poor child,
As sure as thou art my reward and
my shield,—

3 So sure may I be
Devoted to thee,
And cheerfully stand, [mand.
Prepared to follow thy every com-

4 Keep me through thy grace
So minded always,
That I nought beside,
May know but thee only, and thee
crucified.

5 Whene'er I survey
In stillness and weigh
The proofs of thy grace,
Experienced by me in so manifold
ways,—

6 I then at thy throne
Adoring sink down
With joy and deep shame;
Thy love to my grateful return hath
a claim.

7 For ever be blest,
Thou source of true rest;
Thanks be to thy hand,
Which led me, and safely will lead
to the end.

8 Now am I, though dust,
Thy property just,
With thee one in heart;
May nought from thy love, me, poor
sinner, e'er part.

9 Soul, spirit, and mind
To thee be resign'd,
Thy throne there erect,
Till thou thy whole purpose in me
canst effect.

10 Whatever I do
With thy blood bedew;
May every thought be
Intent on enjoying communion with
thee.

11 Make me thine abode,
A temple of God,
A vessel of grace,
Prepared for thy service, and formed
to thy praise.

12 The covenant is made,
With thee as my Head:
Lord, grant my request,
To love and to serve thee, till with
thee I rest.

854.*

T. 97.

ATTEND, Lord Jesus, to my prayer,
Unto thyself O draw me near;
Thou know'st the frailty of my heart,
Thy unction unto me impart;
For vain were all my zeal and faith-
fulness,
Unless supported by thy aiding grace,

2 May I in thy communion blest
 Enjoy an undisturbed rest;
 Make soul and body thine abode,
 A temple of the living God:
 Thus, Lord, for thy appearing may
 I wait,
 Then will my joy in thee be quite
 complete.

855.* T. 14.

O GRANT thy servant through thy
 An understanding heart, [grace
 Thy dealings with thy church to trace,
 And counsel to impart.

2 With heavenly wisdom me endow,
 Thy peace O may I feel;
 Presence of mind on me bestow,
 To execute thy will.

3 Thus strengthened in the inner
 Supported by thy aid, [man,
 I shall thy gracious aim obtain,
 And in thy path proceed.

856. T. 9.

SHEPHERD, help thy chosen few,
 Thee in truth to follow;
 With thy blood, whate'er we do,
 Be thou pleased to hallow.

2 Show us daily more and more
 Of thy church's beauty:
 Give the impulse and the power
 For each sacred duty.

3 Thus shall we with willing feet
 On thy service venture;
 Thy hard labour makes all sweet,
 When on toil we enter.

857.* T. 22.

IN mercy, Lord, this grace bestow,
 That in thy service we may do
 With gladness and a willing mind,
 Whatever is for us assign'd.

Grant we, impelled by thy love,
 In smallest things may faithful prove;
 Till we depart, we wish to be
 Devoted wholly unto thee.

858.* T. 155.

FIT us for thy service, Lord,
 Each one in thy congregation,
 In his station;

Set us in the appointed place
 To thy praise:
 Make us in thy service stable,
 Willing, lively, faithful, able,
 Till in thee we end our race.

859.* T. 166.

O MAY the witness-spirit rest,
 Lord, on thy congregation,
 May godly zeal inspire each breast,
 To publish thy salvation:
 We gladly promise faithfulness
 To do what we are able;
 Sufficient is for us thy grace,
 Which doth support the feeble.

860.* T. 79.

WITH gladness we will follow thee;
 We vow allegiance, bend the knee
 To thee, our Lord and Head:
 We'll venture freely, every thing,
 At thy command, O Christ our King;
 By thee alone we will be led.

861. T. 590.

O GLORIOUS Master of thy house,
 Thy chosen flock's defence,
 Upon thee stay'd, my mind is kept
 At ease, though in suspense:
 Most graciously I'm onward led
 Beneath thy tender care;
 Thy arm prepares my way, thine eye
 Looks out before me far.

862. T. 146.

O BLESS the ministry
 To which I am appointed;
 'Midst weakness may I be
 With power divine anointed:
 A lowly mind bestow,
 Obedient, sway'd by grace;
 Give me thy will to know,
 Then will my works thee praise.

863. T. 97.

THOU Master of thy family,
 In humble faith we look to thee:

Dispose our hearts, thy blessed will
With resignation to fulfil:
Call forth thy servants, grant them
needful grace,
And say to each, I leave with thee
my peace.

864.* T. 232.

JESUS, who died upon the cross,
And shed his precious blood for us,
To God—a pure oblation,
Is the blest object of our faith;
We show the virtue of his death,
Of him we make confession:
O may his love our hearts inspire,
And touch our lips with hallow'd
fire:
Led by his Spirit and his grace,
May we set forth his matchless
praise;
Thus will the Lord—his due reward
Well-pleased regard,
Receiving honour through our word.

865.* T. 205.

LET thy presence go with me,
Saviour, else I dare not move;
With thy aid and led by thee
I will go, constrain'd by love;
Serve thy cause with all my might,
Deeming every burden light;
And, if favour'd with success,
To thee render all the praise.

866.* T. 14.

THE day will come, when Jesus
Christ,
The righteous Judge declared,
Will be his servants' crown of joy,
Their endless, great reward.
2 Meanwhile they tread the narrow
path,
From worldly fetters freed;
Obedient to their Lord, in hope
They sow the gospel seed.

XXXIV. THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

867.* T. 22.

ALL is the Lord's; the spacious
earth

Sets his creative wisdom forth;
What man of all the human race
Is not an object of his grace?

2 Gladly we spend our life and blood
To serve our Lord, the living God;
Ourselves to Christ an offering give,
Who died that we through him might
live.

3 What true disciple e'er would
choose

At home to follow selfish views,
If, tho' with hardship and with pain,
One soul for Jesus he might gain?

4 God sends you forth—his will be
done, (run;

Your destined race with patience
To all mankind his word declare;
Christ's ransom publish every where.

5 But lay your own foundation sure,
Be clean in heart, in spirit poor,
Devoted wholly to the Lord;
Then will he needful strength afford.

6 Fall down in faith beneath his
Cry, God be merciful to us; (cross,
Lord, let us hear thy cheering voice,
And ever in thy name rejoice.

868.* T. 590.

IS this indeed our happy lot,
To exalt thee, slaughter'd Lamb?
Who art thou? who can right de-
scribe

Thy great and glorious name?
And who are we, that we should
This mighty task in hand? (take
We helpless sinners, base and vile;
Sure we must blushing stand.

2 Yet we are thine, most gracious
King;
To thee our hearts are bound:

Our knowledge yet extends not far,
 O grant us deeper ground;
 That each beholder may in us
 Thy image clearly trace,
 And in our words and walk discern
 That we are led by grace.

3 Thy mercy, Lord, to us dispense,
 Thy blessing on us shower;
 Lift up thy gracious countenance
 Upon us evermore:
 O may we fully know thy mind,
 Thy saving word proclaim,
 That many heathen tribes may find
 Salvation in thy name.

4 In these our days exalt thy grace,
 Thy precious gospel spread;
 That for the travail of thy soul
 Thou mayst behold thy seed:
 O may thy knowledge fill the earth;
 Increase the number still
 Of those who in thy word believe,
 And do thy holy will.

5 Thanks, Jesus, for thy sacred
 blood,
 That precious healing stream:
 All without this is cold and dead,
 However good it seem:
 That virtue is of no avail,
 Which takes not hence its rise;
 Thy blood were else of no effect,
 That blood of so great price.

6 Lord, by thy Spirit us prepare
 To follow thy command,
 To execute thy utmost aim,
 And in thy presence stand,
 As servants willing to be used,
 Who in thy work delight,
 And offer freely praise and prayer
 As incense day and night.

7 Hereto we cheerful say, Amen;
 We have this truth avow'd,
 That we in spirit, body, soul,
 Are bound to serve our God:
 Who touch'd, and drew, and woo'd
 our hearts,
 And conquer'd us by love;
 To him we have engaged ourselves:
 O may we faithful prove.

869.* T. 166.

O LORD, we highly magnify
 And bless thy saving Jesus' name:
 The love that prompted thee to die
 We will to all mankind proclaim:

Thou bidst the sparks of grace arise,
 Which kindle many a lifeless heart;
 Thou hear'st the needy sinner's
 cries,
 And pardon freely dost impart.

2 If we are to thy cause but true,
 Upright, obedient to thy will,
 Enabling grace thou wilt bestow,
 Thy thoughts of peace in us fulfil:
 In all things we may trust thy grace,
 And rest on thy almighty arm:
 Keep thou our souls in constant
 peace,
 And shelter us from every harm.

870.* T. 22.

IN our short warfare here below
 May our experience daily show,
 That in our weakness thro' thy aid
 Thy strength divine is perfected.

2 Without thy blessing how could
 we
 Be servants pleasing unto thee?
 But we can by experience sing,
 Thy word hath power, and fruit
 doth bring.

3 Ah, could we preach in every
 place
 Our Saviour's boundless love and
 grace,
 That thousands who are yet en-
 slaved,
 Might in these gospel-times be saved.

4 There's but a small beginning
 made,
 The earth is still o'ercast with shade:
 Break forth, thou Sun of righteous-
 ness,
 And spread thy all-enlivening rays.

5 Whene'er we to mankind pro-
 claim
 Thy dying love and precious name,
 Support thy servants' weakness,
 Lord,
 By thy blest Spirit, grace, and word.

6 Lord of the harvest, lab'ers send,
 Who willing are their lives to spend,
 In scorching heat and chilling cold,
 To bring the heathen to thy fold.

7 When all our labour here is o'er,
And when our light shall burn no
more,
When our endeavours have an end,
Then let our souls to thee ascend.

871.* T. 114.

THOU Saviour of the world, great
Mediator,
O mayst thou for the travail of thy
soul
Behold thy seed extend from pole to
pole :
Thy boundless mercy show to every
creature ;
With old and young thy gracious
aim obtain ;
Thy prayers and tears can never
plead in vain.

2 Thy glorious gospel spread thro'
every nation, (name
Give us an open door, thy saving
In the most distant regions to pro-
claim,
With power and with the Spirit's
demonstration ;
And grant us joyfully to feed by
faith
In peace upon the merits of thy
death.

872. T. 74.

THINK on our brethren, Lord,
Who preach the gospel-word,
In spirit free and bold,
In hunger, heat, and cold ;
Thou art their strength and shield,
Help them to win the field.

2 Give us an open door,
And spirit, grace, and power,
To tell what thou hast done
For mankind to atone ;
That thus in every place
We may declare thy grace.

3 O Lord, before us go ;
To every sinner show
What need he hath of thee,
And then most powerfully
Convince each human heart,
That thou our Saviour art.

4 O let thy strength and might
Subdue the enemy's spite :
Our weakness well thou know'st ;
Of nothing we can boast.

But that we trust thy word,
And know thou art our Lord.

5 Our weak endeavours bless,
And crown them with success :
Thou Workman great and wise,
Who shall thy work despise ?
A tool that's used by thee
Can wonders do, we see.

873.* T. 97.

THE Lord himself gave forth the
word ; (Lord :
We preach most gladly Christ the
May thousands, Lord, thy voice
obey,
And turn to thee without delay ;
To those who hear us grant an open
ear,
And when we point thee out, do
thou appear.

2 'Tis the desire of all our hearts,
That in the earth's remotest parts
The love of God to all mankind
Be preached to heathen base and
blind ;
For Jesus saves from sin all who be-
lieve,
And the offer'd pardon in his blood
receive.

3 Thanks, adoration, glory, praise,
To Christ we render for his grace ;
With every breath may we proclaim
His goodness, and extol his name :
O Lord, thy knowledge spread both
far and near,
May all in thy redemption have a
share.

874. T. 97.

AS 'twas of old, we now may trace,
In these most blessed times of grace,
How the reviving gospel sound
Of blood-bought grace is spreading
round ;
We see with joy the work of God
increase,
And thousands who through Jesus
find release.

2 We see in hearts as cold as ice
The Sun of righteousness arise,
And that his all-enlivening rays
Of Satan's slaves make sons of grace,

Who are increasing daily more and more,
And who the slaughter'd Lamb with us adore.

3 Great is the harvest, truly great;
Saviour of all, we thee intreat,
To send forth lab'ers who with joy
Of thy atonement testify,
And to prepare still many witnesses,
Who from experience may proclaim
thy grace.

875.*

T. 22.

LORD, at thy feet amazed we sink,
When on thy wondrous grace we think,
Which now so strikingly appears,
The glory of this vale of tears.

2 The gospel in these blessed days,
Throughout the earth its beams displays;

Nations that never heard of thee
Thy great salvation shout to see.

3 That mystery, from ages seal'd,
God by his Spirit hath reveal'd,
That heavenly thrones and powers
might know
God's wisdom by the church below.

4 Though hated, though despised,
and mean,
Yet while we on thy mercy lean,
Let nations rage, let devils roar,
We will confess thee evermore.

876.*

T. 121.

YE people of the Lord,
Be still, and trust his word;
Bring your supplications
'Fore him with one accord,
That many heathen nations
May his word receive,
And in him believe. :||

2 O might we clearly trace,
In these blest times of grace,
'Mongst the Brethren's people
In each a willingness
To be the Lord's disciple,
To spend life and blood
In the cause of God. :||

877.*

T. 206.

LET the world hear, :||
God's Son and Heir,

Who to us came,
And bore :|| our sin and shame,
Who lived among his own :||
Unknown,
Despised and mean,
And then was slain,
The ransom He :||
For all the world and me. :||

2 Hereby we stand :||
With life in hand,
Us help afford
To bear :|| this witness, Lord:
That thousands may embrace :||
Thy grace:
We will diffuse
The gospel-news
In every land, :||
The Lord will by us stand. :||

878.

T. 221.

THE springs of salvation from
Christ the rock bursting,
And flowing through the wilderness,
Refresh and enliven his heritage
thirsting;
Abundant are the showers of grace:
As rain overstreaming the parched
ground,
With plenty now teeming, spreads
verdure round,
The promised blessing its influence
diffuses,
And fruit, to the husbandman grate-
ful, produces.

2 I'll bless thee and thou shalt be
set for a blessing,
Thus saith the Lord, to all around;
O may we in grace and in number
increasing
In faith which works by love abound:
Upon thy grace founded immove-
ably,
And rooted and grounded in love to
thee;
Thus shall we in doctrine, in word
and behaviour,
To others of life unto life prove a
savour.

879.

T. 583.

THE earth's the Lord's; to cultivate
the land
And sow the gospel-seed we ready
stand;

In hope, that for his travail Christ
may see
A rich reward, and reap abundantly.

2 O Lord, command us what we are
to do,
Where thou wilt call us we desire to
go;
Because thy orders do imply success,
We break thro' roads we else could
never pass.

3 May many wild, uncultivated
parts,
Where Satan bears the sway in
heathens' hearts,
Bear fruit abundantly to thee, O
Lord,
And thousands be converted by thy
word.

880.* T. 205.

WOULD the world our passport see
By which we free entrance gain,
Or ask our authority,
We reply, The Lamb was slain:
This is every where our boast;
He that higher soars is lost:
For that powerful word we raise,
Christ, to thee eternal praise.

2 Every where with shoutings loud,
Shouts that shake the gates of hell,
Thy anointed witness-cloud,
Of thy great redemption tell:
Are our door-posts, Lamb of God,
Sprinkled with atoning blood,
By its virtue we shall be
From the dread destroyer free.

881.* T. 136.

GOD'S boundless grace
Preserves each faithful servant:
All share his aid, in cold and heat
most fervent,
'Midst ice and rocks,
Or on the stormy seas,
Are soul and body under his direc-
tion;
The shadow of his wings affords com-
plete protection:
The Lord will be about our ways,
O boundless grace.

2 Our life, our death,
Be to thy joy and honour,
Who art of life and each good gift
the donor:

We say, Amen,
Thou Author of our faith,
Thy name be glorified in our beha-
viour;
Whether our pilgrimage be rough or
smooth, dear Saviour,
Be thou our strength while we have
breath, Our life in death.

882.* T. 221.

WITH fire and with spirit endow'd
every moment,
Ye ministers of Christ confess'd,
Go forth and proclaim ye the word of
atonement,
Both far and near; and when op-
press'd
By hardships and trials, be bold in
God,
And gladly for him spend your life
and blood:
'Midst tempests and billows, and
through deserts go,
The seed of the gospel 'mongst hea-
then to sow.

883.* T. 205.

GROUNDLED on the eternal rock,
Jesus Christ, his church's stay,
Strong and firm, 'midst every shock,
Humble, but without dismay;
Such the pilgrim who in faith
safely walks the narrow path:
He proceeds from grace to grace,
Till with joy he ends his race.

2 More and more our joys increase,
As we humbly travel on;
Jesus gives abundant grace,
While we lean on him alone:
Through the virtue of his blood,
Source of life and every good,
We preserve a cheerful mind,
His blest will to do inclined.

3 Then we suit ourselves to those
Who with us yoke-fellows are,
Glad to soften all their woes,
Glad their every joy to share:
If to Christ the Vine we cleave,
Daily strength from him receive,
Through his power we shall produce
Goodly fruit, matured for use.

884.*

T. 582.

AMBASSADORS of Christ,
 Know ye the way you go?
 It is a path not strew'd with flowers,
 But yielding thorns and wo:
 All who Christ crucified
 Their only Saviour own,
 Meet oftentimes with treatment base,
 As to their Master shown.

2 Only against offence
 With circumspection guard:
 By craft or force in every place
 The fiend is striving hard
 God's work to overthrow;
 That in the trying hour
 The servants of the Lord may fall,
 Bereft of faith and power.

2 But see, the fields are white;
 Go therefore, lab'ers, go,
 The Lord leads on to victory,
 His power and grace ye know:
 Christ, whom we Saviour call,
 Of all is sovereign Lord,
 He is the Captain of the host,
 We conquer through his word.

885.*

T. 11.

BRETHREN, what do you desire?
 After what do you aspire?
 Whither do your labours tend?
 To preach Christ the sinners' friend.

2 Seems this subject ever new?
 Can you give it praises due?
 Ne'er be weary to proclaim
 Jesus' lovely, saving name.

3 Never, never will we cease
 To proclaim the news of peace,
 Never, till our latest breath;
 Fervent, faithful unto death.

886.*

T. 79.

GO, witness of the suffering
 Of Christ, who as our offering
 Our guilt and curse did bear;
 Proclaim his great salvation
 To many a heathen nation,
 And spread his gospel far and near.

887.*

T. 205.

WARRIOR, on thy station stand,
 Faithful to thy Saviour's call,

With the shield of faith in hand,
 Fearless, let what may befall:
 Nothing fill thee with dismay,
 Hunger, toil, or length of way;
 In the strength of Jesus boast;
 Never, never quit thy post.

888.*

T. 185.

WHAT affords the Christian war-
 rior vigour,
 Who climbs rocks, or sinks in
 sands,
 Braving now of northern storms the
 rigour,
 Scorched then in southern lands?
 Here no care avails, no circumspec-
 tion,
 But, depending on his Lord's protec-
 tion,
 In his heavenly armour clad,
 He moves on, serene and glad.

889.

T. 14.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their shield Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands re-
 Supported by thy care, [mote,
 Through burning climes they pass
 unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted air.

3 Thy mercy sweetens every toil,
 Makes every region please,
 Where on the mountains they pro-
 claim
 Thy reign, O Prince of peace.

4 The love of Christ constraining
 them,
 They plant sweet Sharon's rose
 Successfully on icy plains
 And in eternal snows.

5 In 'midst of dangers, fears, and
 deaths
 Thy goodness they adore;
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

890.*

T. 161.

URGED by love on every station
 To the fallen human race,

We will publish Christ's salvation,
And declare his blood-bought grace;
To display him—and portray him
In his suffering form and beauty,
Be our aim and pleasing duty.

891. * T. 155.

O WHAT songs in highest strain,
Will the ransom'd sing in heaven
With thanksgiving,
To him who brought us to God
By his blood,
When of every tongue and nation
There will be with exultation
But one flock and Shepherd known.

2 Amen, Jesus' words are true,
Surely he his gracious promise
Will accomplish:
Ye his servants, ready stand
In each land,
Yea, in the most distant places,
Till he comes, to sound his praises,
And make known his saving name.

892. T. 590.

LORD, to thy people aid dispense,
Their shield and portion be,
And let their lives the world con-
That they belong to thee: [vince
Extend thy help to distant parts,
Thy servants send to call;
Reveal thy grace to heathens' hearts,
Thy grace extend to all.

893. T. 22.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone:
He can create and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power without our
aid
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when like wandering sheep we
stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 Enter his gates with thankful
songs,
And in his courts your voices raise:
Let earth with her ten thousand
tongues
Sound forth, O gracious Lord, thy
praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love.
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to
move.

894.* T. 195.

LORD God, our salvation,
Let thy grace and favour
Rest upon thy church for ever:
Jesus, thee to follow
Be our blessed function;
Grant us all thy Spirit's unction,
To declare—every where
The complete salvation,
Purchased by thy passion.

895. T. 22.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat:
Where'er they seek thee, thou art
found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they
come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of
prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten
care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring thy cross before our eyes.

5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord:
O rend the heavens and come down,
And make each rebel heart thine
own.

896. T. 22.

WITH joy we hasten to the place,
Where we our Saviour oft have met;

And while we feast upon his grace,
Our burdens and our griefs forget.

2 Though pinch'd with poverty at
Or with affliction daily fed, [home,
It makes amends, if we can come
To God's own house for heavenly
bread.

3 We thank thee for thy day, O
Lord:
Here we thy promised presence seek,
Open thine hand, with blessings
stored,
And grant us manna for the week.

897. T. 11.

JESUS is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

2 Praise ye then his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame;
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

3 Raise again the joyful sound;
Let the nations spread it round:
Zion, sing, thy Monarch see;
God the Saviour dwells in thee.

898. T. 14.

ZION, where God records his name,
In our esteem is dear;
Tasting his goodness, we exclaim,
'Tis good to sojourn here.

2 We see his beauty, and admire
The glories of his house;
Into his will we here inquire,
And here we pay our vows.

3 Dear Saviour, bless us from on
Infuse thy love and fear; [high,
And let our lives exemplify
The precious truths we hear.

4 And as successively we quit
This mortal, dying frame,
May others here before thee meet
To bless thy holy name.

899. T. 11.

SHEPHERD of thy blood-bought
sheep,
Teach the stony heart to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves, and look on thee.

2 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth;
While the gospel-call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

3 Show them what their ways have
Show them the desert of sin; [been,
Then thy dying love reveal:
This shall melt a heart of steel.

4 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

5 Bless us all, both old and young;
Call forth praise from every tongue:
Let the whole assembly prove
Thy rich grace and dying love.

900.* T. 90.

CHRIST JESUS is that precious
grain,
Which fell into the ground and died;
Now since he for our sins was slain,
He doth no more alone abide,
But for the travail of his soul
His seed appears from pole to pole.

901. T. 22.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

902. T. 585.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us, ::
Travelling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
King of glory, ::
Sway thy sceptre all around.

XXXV. HOLY BAPTISM.

903.

T. 58.

WHEN we baptise a sinner in
Christ's death,
Then is the blood and water his
true bath:

Not with water only came the Lord
Jesus;

He came with water and with blood
to bless us:

Praise be to God.

2 The water is in baptism seen by
eyes;

On Jesus' blood not seen our faith
relies:

We are well persuaded this fountain
cleanseth

Polluted sinners, and true grace dis-
penseth To live to him.

3 This precious blood is full of energy,
It washes clean and cures effectually;
And the Holy Spirit, unto us ten-
der'd,

Bears witness powerfully that we
are render'd Children of God.

4 O come then, Father, Son, and
Holy Ghost,

While we of Jesus' bitter passion
boast;

While on him relying, we are bap-
tising

This sinner in Christ's death, that
he be rising With Jesus too:

5 Besprinkle him, O Jesus, Son of
God,

Now with thy precious all-atoning
blood;

Cleanse both soul and body from all
pollution,

And grant to him the seal of absolu-
tion, Thy peace divine.

904.

T. 590.

HEAVEN'S kingdom none shall
enter in

But he who is a child;

Therefore the children are by Christ
Heirs of his kingdom styled:

Is heaven theirs, none shall forbid
A child to come to him;

Who shall forbid the water flood
A babe to overstream?

2 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be present with us here;

We trust in Jesus' saving name,
To us his words are dear:

We now baptise a little child
Into the Saviour's death;

'Tis his command, and we perform
This solemn act in faith.

905.

T. 590.

LORD JESUS, from thy pierced
side

Both blood and water stream'd,
A cleansing laver to provide

For man, from sin redeem'd:

Thou saidst, Preach pardon to the
Baptise them in the name (lost,

Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;

We now will do the same.

2 Be present with us, Lord our God;
Though water fails from sin

To cleanse, yet thy atoning blood
Can wash this infant clean:

Accept this child we now baptise
And here present to thee;

His soul be precious in thine eyes,
Now and eternally.

906.

T. 22.

BURIED in baptism with our Lord,
We rise with him, to life restored;

Not the bare life in Adam lost,
But richer far, for more it cost.

2 Christ by his blood atoned for sin;
This precious blood can wash us

clean:
And he arrays us in the dress

Of his unspotted righteousness.

907.

T. 582.

OUR baptism first declares
That we must cleansed be,
Then shows that Christ to all God's
heirs
Dispenseth purity.

- 2 Water the body laves:
And, if 'tis done by faith,
The blood of Jesus surely saves
The sinful soul from death.
- 3 Baptised into his death,
We rise to life divine;
The Holy Spirit works the faith,
And water is the sign.

908.

T. 14.

FATHER of Jesus Christ our Lord,
In him our Father too,
O bless, we pray, with one accord,
The work we have to do.

- 2 Jesus, as water well applied,
Will make the body clean;
So in the fountain of thy side
Wash thou this soul from sin.
- 3 O Holy Ghost, with power apply
The Saviour's cleansing blood;
Own thou this babe, and testify,
This is a child of God.

909.

T. 39.

THOU who in the days of thy flesh
didst receive
The children, and to them thy blessing
didst give,
Most gracious Redeemer, thy favour
bestow
On *him* we present thee; we pray,
bless *him* now.

- 2 Receive *him*, O Christ, as a lamb
thou hadst lost,
And think what a price *his* redemption
hath cost;
Thy name on *his* forehead, thy seal
on *his* breast,
Be by thee our Shepherd and Bishop
impress'd.
- 3 Vouchsafe to be present, thou
Father adored;
And thou our Redeemer and merciful
Lord;

O Holy Ghost, come with thy unction
and fire,
And all with thy love and salvation
inspire.

910.*

T. 201.

THE eye sees water, nothing more,
As it is poured out by men;
But faith alone conceives the power
Of Jesus' blood to make us clean:
Faith sees it as a cleansing flood,
Which overstreams the soul with
grace, (good,
Heals every wound and makes all
That Adam brought on us his race,
And all that we ourselves have done.

911.

T. 22.

O BLEST Redeemer, in thy side
Upon the cross was made a wound,
The fount, in which we're purified,
Wherein our sin and guilt are
drown'd.

- 2 Water and blood in streams ran
hence,
And on the earth were freely spilt;
Water, to sanctify and cleanse;
Blood, to atone for heinous guilt.
- 3 This wondrous grace to place in
view,
Baptismal waters were design'd,
In which thou, Lord, wast buried
too,
To thy great Father's will resign'd.

4 Thus penitents who die to sin,
With thee are buried in thy grave;
Thus quicken'd to a life divine,
Their souls a resurrection have.

5 And tho' their bodies turn to dust,
This holy symbol doth assure,
The resurrection of the just
Shall render them once bright and
pure.

912.

T. 582.

COME, lowly souls, that mourn,
Depress'd with grief and shame,
Wash in your Saviour's cleansing
And call upon his name. (blood,

- 2 Rejoice, ye contrite hearts;
The blood which Jesus spilt,
While we with water you baptise,
Will wash away your guilt.

3 While with repenting tears
Your sins you now deplore,
Christ with his blood will blot them
Remember them no more. [out,
4 Ye who in Christ believe,
And to his sceptre bow,
Sing your Redeemer's love, and tell
What he hath done for you.

5 Unspotted robes you wear,
Your sighs to songs are turn'd;
Garments of praise adorn you now,
Who late in ashes mourn'd.
6 Ye with your Lord are risen;
Aspire to things above:
Mansions for you your Lord prepares,
In realms of light and love.

XXXVI. THE HOLY COMMUNION.

913.*

T. 599.

LORD Jesus, who before thy pas-
sion,
Distress'd and sorrowful to death,
To us the fruits of thy oblation
In thy last supper didst bequeath;
Accept our praise, thou bounteous
Giver
Of life to every true believer.

2 As oft as we enjoy this blessing,
Each sacred token doth declare
Thy dying love, all thoughts sur-
passing;
And while we thee in memory bear
At each returning celebration,
We show thy death for our salva-
tion.

3 Assurance of our pardon sealed
Is in this sacrament renew'd;
The soul with peace and joy is filled,
With thy atoning blood bedew'd:
This from unrighteousness us clean-
seth,
And life abundantly dispenseth.

4 That bond of love, that mystic
union,
By which to thee, our Head, we're
join'd,
Is closer drawn at each communion;
By love inspired, we know thy
mind,
And, feeding on thy death and
merit,
Are render'd one with thee in spirit.

5 Lord, by thy flesh the soul is nou-
rish'd,
When faint, thy blood doth us re-
vive;
And while our faith thereby is
cherish'd,
To serve thee and thy house we
strive;
We, by this food invigorated,
Are to good works anew created.

6 While thus thou feed'st the poor
and needy,
Life from thy death pervades the
whole;
And the true members of thy body,
In thee, their Head, one heart and
soul,
For whom one bread and cup suf-
ficed,
Into one spirit are baptised.

7 Thy flesh to us a pledge is given,
That ev'n our flesh, corrupt and
vile,
Shall from the dust be raised to
heaven,
And with unfading glories smile,
And soul and body be for ever
At home with thee, our Lord and
Saviour.

8 O what a striking exhibition
Of love divine is here bestow'd;
Our hungry souls in this fruition
Find here on earth their highest
good:
It proves, amidst all tribulation,
Of heavenly bliss the anticipation.

914.*

T. 69.

WITH deep devotion
We in Christ's sufferings trace
The unfathom'd ocean
Of his unbounded grace:
He gave—himself, our souls to save.

2 His body broken
Upon the shameful cross,
As he hath spoken,
Was given to death for us;
We feed—on everlasting bread.

3 That precious fountain
Of blood, which from him flow'd
On Calvary's mountain,
Is now on us bestow'd;
Here we—life's well-spring open see.

4 O well-spring flowing
Unto eternal life,
Our souls bedewing,
By thee alone we thrive,
And are—enabled fruit to bear.

5 The Lord draws near us,
Let us to meet him haste;
He comes to cheer us,
His flesh is our repast,
His blood—our drink and highest good.

6 In sweet communion
With Christ our paschal Lamb,
And holy union
With all who love his name,
May we—abide continually.

915.

T. 160.

SEE Jesus seated 'midst his own,
With pensive mind oppressed,
Foreboding pangs and griefs unknown,

Amazed and distressed:
Strong fears beset—but stronger yet
Love's power his soul then moved,
And love the conqueror proved.

2 With great desire he long'd before
His final, bitter suffering,
To eat the passover once more,
Type of his body's offering;
And in a last—farewell repast
To give a sacred token
Of his love's bond unbroken.

3 In that most dark and doleful night
When Jesus was betrayed,

And, viewing hell's collected might,
As man, felt sore dismayed:
Yet see his face—with matchless grace
Shine on his flock with healing,
Pardon and peace revealing.

4 In bread and wine to them he gave
His sacred body broken,
His blood, shed guilty souls to save;
For thus the Lord hath spoken:
And we believe—adore, receive,
Yea, feel the power mysterious
To heal, revive, and cheer us.

5 Lord Christ, I thank thee for thy
Since by thy invitation [grace,
Here at thy table I take place,
And taste of thy oblation: [mine;
Now seal me thine—and be thou
That nought on earth me ever
From thy communion sever.

6 'Tis here my needy soul is fed,
But not with food terrestrial;
Thy body is my living bread,
Thy blood my drink celestial:
And at thy feet—my rest how sweet!
Here may I have my station,
A trophy of thy passion.

7 And when I once, of heavenly bliss
And perfect love possessed,
Shall see my Saviour as he is,
The Lamb for ever blessed,
Still shall each breath—show forth
his death:
My voice shall swell the chorus
To sing that song most glorious.

916.

T. 166.

IN that most dark and doleful night
In which our Saviour was betray'd,
Before his sufferings he took bread,
Blessed and brake it, and then said,
Take, eat; this is my body given
For you, and offer'd on the tree;
Perform this ordinance as I do,
And doing it, remember ME.

2 Then after supper took the cup,
And having given thanks, he said:
'Tis the New Testament in my blood,
The blood for you and many shed;
Take this, and drink ye all of it,
Your sins' remission here you see;
Oft as this ordinance ye perform,
It in remembrance do of ME.

3 Yes, Lord, we will remember thee,
We'll ne'er forget thy love divine;
Thy cross we'll ever bear in mind,
Which made thee ours, and made us
thine:

We thus commemorate thy death,
Till thou shalt once again appear;
Meanwhile, remember, gracious

Lord,
Us thy unworthy followers here.

917.* T. 205.

HAPPY race—of witnesses,
Whom God's Spirit doth ordain
To make known—what God hath
Ye can only victory gain [done;
By that sacred covenant-blood,
Which the fathers, bold in God,
Wrote in faith on every door,
That the slayer might pass o'er.

2 Israel's seed—from slavery freed,
Eat with joy their paschal lamb;
But the bride—of Christ who died,
Her from bondage to redeem,
Hath another passover;
There the shadow; substance here:
She enjoys the flesh and blood
Of the slaughter'd Lamb of God.

3 Here we now—most humbly bow,
Being met in Jesus' name,
Who for us—died on the cross,
Bearing our reproach and shame:
'Fore the Father, 'fore the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
With the countless heavenly host,
And the assembly of the just.

4 Ere we taste—the rich repast
Which he offers graciously,
On our food—his flesh and blood,
Feasting in the sanctuary;
Ere the sacrament to enjoy,
We with awe to him draw nigh:
We in love and fellowship
This communion love-feast keep.

5 Eat and rest—at this great feast,
Then to serve him freely go,
As it is—for pilgrims fit,
As disciples ought to do:
We, when Jesus we shall see,
Coming in his majesty,
Shall the marriage supper share,
If we his true followers are.

6 Then will be—of ransom'd souls
An innumerable throng;

Lamb once slain—to thee pertain,
Thanks and praise will be their
Hallelujah will they cry, [song:
Singing in sweet harmony,
'Midst all trials we o'ercame
Only by thy blood, O Lamb.

918.* T. 594.

JESUS, how great was thy desire
Once more to eat the paschal lamb
With thy dear flock! O what love's
fire
Did here thy sorrowing soul in-
flame!
Each precious word thy kindness
showeth,
Thereby we are divinely blest;
The love that in thy bosom gloweth,
Is herein render'd manifest.

2 Thy love is great, beyond all mea-
sure,
Thence we derive eternal good:
Thou grantest us, O what a treasure!
Thy holy body and thy blood:
Lord Jesus, was it not sufficient
That thou shouldst die for our
offence,
But, out of love, thou every patient
Wouldst heal and make thy resi-
dence.

3 O love divine, how strong, how
ardent,
More strong than death; our life
to gain,
The incarnate God, thro' love most
fervent,
Was as a lamb for sinners slain:
Love urged the sovereign great Crea-
tor,
'Fore whom the universe doth
shake.
By whom all things subsist in na-
ture,
Once in the earth his grave to
make.

919. T. 590.

THAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did almost with his latest breath
This solemn feast ordain:

To keep thy feast, Lord, are we met,
And to remember thee;
Help each poor sinner to repeat,
For me he died, for me.

2 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred
sign
To our remembrance brings;
We feed upon thy love divine,
Forget all earthly things:
O tune our voices, and inflame
Our hearts with love to thee;
That each may gratefully proclaim,
My Saviour died for me.

920.

T. 166.

JESUS, thy feast we celebrate,
Show forth thy death and praise thy
name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage-supper of the Lamb:
In memory of our dying Lord,
The church on earth, till time shall
Meets at his table to record [end,
The love of her departed Friend.

921.

T. 9.

SUFFERING Saviour, Lamb of God,
How hast thou been used!
With God's sin-avenging rod
Soul and body bruised:

2 We, for whom thou once wast
slain,
We, whose sins did pierce thee,
Now commemorate thy pain,
And implore thy mercy.

3 What can we poor sinners do
When temptations seize us?
Nought have we to look unto
But the blood of Jesus.

4 Pardon all our sins, O Lord;
All our weakness pity:
Guide us safely by thy word
To the heavenly city.

5 O sustain us on the road
Through this desert dreary;
Feed us with thy flesh and blood,
When we're faint and weary.

6 Bid us call to mind thy cross,
Our hard hearts to soften;
Often, Saviour, feast us thus,
For we need it often.

922.*

T. 581.

TO avert from man God's wrath,
Jesus suffer'd in our stead;
By an ignominious death
He a full atonement made;
And by his most precious blood,
Brought us sinners nigh to God.

2 That we never should forget
This great love on us bestow'd,
He gave us his flesh to eat,
And to drink his precious blood:
All who sick and needy are,
May receive in him a share.

3 Hither each afflicted soul
May repair, tho' fill'd with grief;
To the sick, not to the whole,
The physician brings relief:
Fear not, therefore, but draw nigh,
He will all your wants supply.

4 He, who in self-righteousness,
Fixeth any hope or stay,
Hath not on a wedding-dress,
And with shame is sent away:
To the hungry, weary heart,
He will food and rest impart.

5 But examine first your case,
Whether you be in the faith:
Do you mourn for pardoning grace?
Is your only hope his death?
Then, howe'er your soul's opprest,
Come, you are a worthy guest.

6 He, who Jesus' mercy knows,
Is from wrath and envy freed;
Love unto our neighbour shows
That we are his flock indeed:
Thus we may in all our ways
Show forth our Redeemer's praise.

923.*

T. 58.

CHRIST was revealed in the flesh
for us,
To suffer death upon the shameful
cross;
Now his holy body, for sinners given,
Is our soul's food, until we shall in
heaven

Adore his name.

2 With thirsty souls we drink the
sacred blood,
Which flow'd from Jesus Christ the
Lamb of God,

To procure for sinners complete sal-
vation,
When he became the full propitia-
tion For all our sins.

3 While we partake thereof in hum-
ble faith,
We show forth Jesus' sin-aton-
ing death;
And with deep abasement the con-
gregation
Gives glory, honour, praise, and ado-
ration Unto the Lamb.

924.* T. 126.

IS that my dearest Brother,
Saith one of low degree,
Who, though the Father's equal,
Became a man like me,
And on the ignominious tree
Atoned for my transgressions?—
'Tis He most certainly.

2 Ye who believe in Jesus,
And on account of sin
Have mourn'd with pungent sorrow,
But now feel joy within,
What think ye, that to him on high,
'Fore whom ev'n John did tremble,
Ye dare approach so nigh?

3 He showers his choicest blessings
This day upon each heart,
And thus to soul and body
Salvation doth impart:
That blood which on the cross he shed
Our drink is, and his body
Is our true heavenly bread.

4 He said, My flesh is truly
Meat, and my blood is drink:
So did, unto his glory,
The Lord's disciples think:
We with the heart believe it too,
And can with full assurance
Declare it to be true.

5 In spirit we behold him
As dying in our stead;
We may approach with boldness
To him in all our need:
The enjoyment of this heavenly
feast
Makes us, his congregation,
In soul and body chaste.

6 Thou ransom'd church of Jesus,
Increase in love and faith,

United to thy Saviour:
Be faithful unto death,
And own him God for evermore,
Who took our human nature;
Him in the dust adore.

925. T. 232.

THE holy bread which now we
break,
The cup of which we all partake,
Is the participation
Of Jesus' flesh and blood, for us
A ransom given upon the cross,
To purchase our salvation:
He said, My flesh is truly meat;
This is my body, take and eat:
He also took the cup, and said,
This is my blood, for you 'tis shed;
Lord, we draw near—thy table here
With child-like fear:
Dear Jesus, to our hearts appear.

2 Most Holy Lord, thou know'st our
wants,
And how each needy sinner pants
For thee, our gracious Saviour:
O may our hungry souls be fed
With thee, the true, life-giving bread,
And taste thy matchless favour:
O may thy blood, the stream of life,
Our thirst assuage, our souls revive:
Thou living Vine, each branch sup-
ply;
Our souls and bodies sanctify:
And grant that we
Abide in thee—continually;
Yea, bear such fruit as pleaseth thee.

3 O Lord, who dost thyself impart
In mercy to each contrite heart,
Enjoying the communion:
Grant that we may be one in thee,
May love each other heartily,
And thus abide in union:
Let nothing 'mongst thy flock take
place,
Which tends thy doctrine to dis-
grace;
By faith and love in all we do,
O may we to thy honour show
In all our ways—the boundless grace
Thy love displays,
Which in the sacrament we trace.

4 Now bless and praise the slaugh-
ter'd Lamb,
Extol his saving Jesus' name,
Thou favour'd congregation,

Which at the table of our Lord
Hast ate and drank with one accord ;

Thou know'st thy destination
Is to abide in Christ by faith,
And to show forth our Saviour's
death :

Walk then as children of the light ;
Live to his praise by day and night :
O Lamb once slain,
We vow again—thine to remain :
Confirm our promises: Amen.

926.*

T. 9.

TILL the hour shall come, with
By the church desired, [tears
When our Lord again appears,
Now from sight retired:—

2 He hath with a pledge of grace
His dear flock supplied,
Whereby his own witness-race
Shows forth that he died.

3 'Tis his body and his blood
Which the soul refreshes ;
Church of Christ, this highest good
Claims thy thanks and praises.

4 By this sacrament we are
To our Lord united ;
To due watchfulness and prayer,
And good works excited.

5 With deep reverence we draw nigh,
Falling down before thee ;
While we this repast enjoy,
We with awe adore thee.

6 Us thy congregation own,
Let us taste thy favour,
And by faith recline like John
On thy breast, dear Saviour.

927.*

T. 23.

SOUL, at this most awful season,
Soar above thy scanty reason ;
To the light approach, where clear-
est ;
Duly mind what dress thou wearest.

2 Jesus, Lord of the creation,
Gives thee now an invitation ;
His unbounded love revealing,
He'll take up in thee his dwelling.

3 Hasten, as for brides is fitting,
Give thy Bridegroom soon the meet-
ing ;

Say, Dear Lord, let me receive thee,
Hold thee fast, and never leave thee.

4 Heavenly joy and holy trembling
I feel in me, past dissembling ;
Since, by sharing this communion,
I'm with God in closest union.

5 Human reason is too shallow
In this mystery thee to follow,
How thou hast unto us given
Thy own flesh, the bread of heaven :

6 How the blood which from thee
Is in wine on us bestowed : [flowed,
O the mystery, deep and blessed,
By God's Spirit here expressed !

7 Thy communion's celebration
Bows me down to deep prostration ;
May I never, unprepared,
To my condemnation share it.

928.*

T. 23.

COME, approach to Jesus' table,
Taste that food incomparable,
Which to us is freely given
As an antepast of heaven.

2 Jesus' bride, his congregation,
Calls to mind her Saviour's passion ;
With his body she is nourish'd,
With his blood refresh'd and che-
rish'd.

3 Far be gone all carnal reason
At this awful, blessed season ;
Slaughter'd Lamb, we now desire it,
By thy love to be inspired.

4 This mysterious, heavenly blessing
Is all thought by far surpassing ;
Deeply bow'd may we adore thee,
Soul and body sink before thee.

5 Now is come our time sabbatic ;
Lord, we feel thy power emphatic :
Ah, draw near to us, dear Saviour,
Let us taste thy grace and favour.

929.*

T. 79.

MY soul, prepare to meet
Thy Saviour ; at his feet
Fall down adoring :
The Lord of earth and skies
A feast for thee supplies,
Past thy exploring.

2 How vast is here display'd,
In brightest form array'd,
His love's dimension !
O grace, beyond the ken
Of angels or of men,
Past comprehension !

3 How should I, slaughter'd Lamb,
Who dust and ashes am,
A worm, and earthy,
To taste such boundless grace,
And have so high a place
Be counted worthy !

4 Ah, why am I thus blest,
That such a heavenly guest
My house will enter ?
Dare I, thou highest good,
To taste thy flesh and blood,
A sinner, venture ?—

5 Upon thy call I'm here :
I venture to draw near,
Because thou 'rt gracious :
I on thy word rely,
Thou wilt my soul supply
With food delicious.

6 Grant me but this firm faith,
That with thee by thy death
I am united :
To cure and make me whole,
Thou hast my sin-sick soul
Freely invited.

7 Thy body slain for me,
My food, my foretaste be
Of heaven's fruition ;
And by its power may I,
While I the world deny,
Gain there admission.

8 Pervade, thou precious flood
Of Christ's all-healing blood,
My soul and senses :
And to my needy heart
Life, peace, and health impart ;
Thus heaven commences.

9 Lord, of thy wondrous love
That brought thee from above
Thou gavest this token :
O may it constantly
Unite my heart to thee
In bonds unbroken.

10 Didst thou thyself devise
To be my sacrifice,
My Lord, my Treasure ?
Grant that continually
To live alone for thee
May be my pleasure.

11 Cause me who now am thine,
As branch to thee the Vine
To cleave unceasing ;
Receiving strength and juice,
That I may fruit produce
To thee well-pleasing.

12 Such grace on me is spent,
That none hath its extent
Aright explained :
Grant now that I may show
To fellow-sinners too
A love unfeigned.

13 May every drop of blood,
In me, O Lord my God,
Be sanctified :
Oft as my heart doth beat,
May I his praise repeat
Who for me died.

930.*

T. 22.

THE congregation while below,
Being imperfect, tears must sow ;
But we expect once joy to reap,
Since we for Jesus' mercy weep.

2 Meanwhile that we might bear in
mind
His dying love to lost mankind,
He hath as his last testament
To us bequeath'd the sacrament.

3 He when this feast was first or-
dain'd,
Its solemn import thus explain'd :
This is my body, take and eat,
That you may never me forget :—

4 This is my blood, of which when-
e'er
Ye drink, my death in memory bear :
The church believes, and thus in
faith
Partakes, and showeth the Lord's
death.

5 But words can never fully tell
What in our melted hearts we feel :
We taste, experience, and possess
True joy, and weep for thankfulness.

931.*

T. 242.

AS oft as we expect the favour,
That in the sacrament our Saviour
His flesh and blood to us will give,
We weep for joy and grief :
For joy, that we're brought nigh to
By Jesus' blood ; (God

For grief, that we so little honour
Afford to him in our demeanour;
Yea, ev'n oppose his gracious views
And purposes with us:
Ah, then in faith we sigh,
And to our Saviour cry:
Thy hand, for us once pierced thro'
Dispense a blessing now,
And give absolving grace:
Lord, leave with us thy peace.

932.* T. 211.

JESUS, Lord of life and glory,
Hear thy people's fervent prayer,
Us to meet thee now prepare:
We with awe appear before thee,
Longing to enjoy thy favour;
In this consecrated place
We approach the throne of grace:
Lord, Lord, God,
Thee we own our only Saviour, :||:
Blessed, truly blessed they,
Who to thee have found the way,
And of thy body and thy blood even
here partakers are:
They in the supper of the Lamb
there in heav'n shall for ever
(share.

933. T. 151.

DEAR Lord, this congregation
Is poor, despise her not;
She's taken with thy passion,
As were she on the spot,
When, earning her election,
Thy heart-strings broke in death:
This stirs up her affection,
And gives her life and breath.

2 Shouldst thou desire her beauty,
For shame she hides her face;
And shouldst thou look for duty,
Her only plea is grace:
Though we are poor and needy,
Yet we're thy property;
When we enjoy thy body
And blood, how blest are we.

934.* T. 15.

AH, come, thou most beloved guest,
My joy and delectation,
With whose indwelling I am blest,
Source of all consolation.
2 O keep thy banquet, Lord, with
A sinner poor and needy, (me,

Since thou invit'st me graciously,
Come, all things now are ready.

3 I open heart and soul to thee,
Lord Jesus to receive thee;
For thee I long most ardently,
O may I never leave thee.

935.* T. 146.

WHERE my Redeemer's blood
And sweat the earth did cover,
May every sinful thought
Be now interr'd for ever:
Lord Jesus, grant my wish,
That I may thine abide,
And by thy holy flesh
And blood be sanctified.

936.* T. 4.

O GLORIFIED Head,
Since mortals may tread
The holiest of all,
And deeply abased 'fore the mercy-
seat fall;—
2 Admit us we pray,
On this solemn day,
To thee to draw nigh,
And thy holy body and blood to
enjoy.

937. T. 14.

WHEN we before our Saviour's face
Appear with contrite hearts,
He soothes our griefs, and pardoning
To every one imparts. (grace
2 When we commemorate his love,
He saith, For you I died:
Behold my hands, behold my feet,
And view my wounded side:—
3 These are the wounds I bore for
The tokens of my pain; (you,
By which I for your guilty soul
Eternal life did gain.
4 We eat his body slain for us,
And given a sacrifice:
Thirsting we drink his sacred blood,
That precious ransom-price.
5 Ah, then we feel, that life divine
From Jesus' death redounds,
Eternal blessings from his cross,
And healing from his wounds.

938.

T. 14.

LORD, how divine thy comforts are;
How heavenly is the place
Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
Of his redeeming grace.—

2 There the rich bounties of our God
And heavenly glories shine;
There Jesus saith, that I am his,
And my Beloved's mine.

3 Here, saith our kind redeeming
Lord,
And shows his wounded side,
Behold the spring of all your joys,
That open'd when I died.

4 What shall we pay our heavenly
For grace so vast as this? (King
He brings our pardon to our eyes,
And seals it with a kiss.

939.

T. 14.

TOGETHER with these symbols,
Thy blessed self impart; (Lord,
And let thy holy flesh and blood
Feed the believing heart.

2 Let us from all our sins be wash'd
In thy atoning blood;
And let thy Spirit be the seal
That we are born of God.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, with Jesus'
Prepare us for this feast; (love
O let us banquet with our Lord,
And lean upon his breast.

940.*

T. 141.

CHRIST, thy flock doth hunger
For thy flesh, our food,
Thirsts with ardent longing
For thy precious blood,
Which thou hast bequeathed
As thy testament
To thy congregation
In the sacrament.

2 Like the king of Salem,
Thou with wine and bread
Comest to meet thy people,
Them to cheer and feed:
O preserve the enjoyment
Of thy blood and death
To thy congregation,
While we live by faith.

941.

T. 56.

THEY who hunger :: after Christ,
are fed,
All the thirsty :: to life's fountain
He the needy doth supply (led;
With good things abundantly;
From his fulness :: they are nourished.

2 Since he welcomes :: every soul
distress'd,
And hath promised :: to the weary
rest,
At his call we now draw nigh;
He invites each graciously,
Come, poor sinner, :: come and share
my feast.

942.*

T. 151.

THOSE souls are truly blessed
Who to our Saviour cleave,
Of living faith possessed,
And in his name believe;
For what is still denied
To sight, while here below,
Is by our faith enjoyed,
And makes our hearts to glow.

2 Faith on Christ's declaration
With confidence relies;
He now his congregation
With heavenly food supplies:
Would we as branches flourish
In Jesus, the true Vine,
His blood our souls must nourish,
Else they would droop and pine.

3 Draw near to Jesus' table,
Ye contrite souls, draw near;
The hungry, sick, and feeble
His choicest dainties share;
Let Jesus' death engraven
Upon your hearts remain;
Thus here, and there in heaven;
Eternal life you gain.

943.*

T. 22.

O CHURCH of Jesus, now draw
near
With humble joy and filial fear;
According to his testament
Enjoy the holy sacrament.

2 Here all our wants are well sup-
plied,
And we show forth that Jesus died:

May we abide in him by faith,
And cleave to him in life and death.

3 The enjoyment of the flesh and blood
Of Jesus Christ the Lamb of God,
Endoweth us with strength and grace,
To love and serve him all our days.

944.* T. 99.

ACT full of godlike majesty!
O Love's abyss, I'm lost in thee!
O mystery, all our thoughts surpassing!
Now all our wants are well supplied,
And we show forth that Jesus died,
As oft as we enjoy this blessing.

945. T. 185.

GREAT the feast, to which thou,
Lord, hast bidden
Such a worthless guest as me;
'Tis an awful mystery, deep and hidden,
'Tis a heavenly legacy:
Contrite souls, howe'er by sin infected,
Are made welcome, not one is rejected;
Else this grace to sinful me
Never could extended be.

2 Thou thy table spreadest for the needy,
Who may feast and take their fill;
Thou to grant thy heavenly gifts art ready,
And thy goodness to reveal:
Soul and body in this rich fruition
Gain from thee, the Bread of life,
nutrition;
And we, as thy flesh and bone,
Lord, with thee are render'd one.

946.* T. 119.

BREAD of life, :::
Christ, by whom alone we live,
Bread, that came to us from heaven,
My poor soul can never thrive
Unless thou appease its craving:
Lord, I hunger only after thee,
Feed thou me. :::

947.* T. 22.

O THAT in Jesus' church, his bride,
Sin might henceforth be mortified
By him who us to save was slain,
And underwent such racking pain.

2 O might our souls and bodies be
From sinful influences free;
Might we, while still on earth we live,
To him, the Vine, as branches cleave.

3 O were we free from strange desire,
And from depraved nature's fire,
As dead to all corruption base,
As formerly to righteousness.

4 Lord, by the power of thy death
Renew in us a living faith;
Whate'er is carnal, quite erase,
And sanctify us by thy grace.

5 O church rejoice, though tremblingly,
The Lord's death now pervadeth
O may his sacred body cure, (thee);
And make our souls and bodies pure.

948. T. 26.

AH, who are we, thou God of love,
That we should hear, through grace
abounding,
The solemn invitation sounding,
Prepare for the Lamb's feast above.

2 Prostrate before the mercy-seat,
We sinners lie with holy trembling,
The elders' blissful choir resembling,
Who cast their crowns before thy feet.

3 Here more than Tabor's glories shine:
Heart-captivating meditation!
Ev'n here thou feed'st thy congregation
With heavenly manna, food divine.

4 Here it is good for us to be;
Our souls imbibe, while here we tarry,
The breezes of the sanctuary,
The atmosphere of Calvary.

5 Rise, and your pilgrim-path pursue,
Revived by this rich fruition;
Soon shall the beatific vision,
The Lamb in glory meet your view.

949.* T. 97.

THE breath which can the dead
bones raise,
And to Christ's members life con-
veys,
Pervadeth thee, thou church of God:
And Jesus' sanctifying blood
Is now imparted to each thirsty soul;
It cheers the mourners, makes the
wounded whole.

2 O church of God, lift up thy heart,
The Vine its power doth impart:
Take, drink the blood so freely spilt
For thine and every sinner's guilt;
Take, drink the blood, the blood so
freely spilt
For mine, for thine, and every sin-
ner's guilt.

950.* T. 152.

WHEN the Lord of glory died,
Not a bone was broken;
But a soldier pierced his side,
For a lasting token:
From thence stream'd a double flood,
Of a cleansing nature;
Both the water and the blood
Wash the guilty creature.

951. T. 582.

MY Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd forth a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by his blood:
Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his wounded heart.

952. T. 166.

YE followers of the slaughter'd
Lamb,
Draw near, and take the cup of God;

Approach unto the healing stream,
And drink of the atoning blood;
That blood for our redemption spilt,
Assuring us of purchased grace;
That blood which takes away all
guilt,
And speaketh to the conscience
peace.

953.* T. 146.

BY thy sweat mix'd with blood,
Which flow'd in thy soul's anguish
From thee, O Lamb of God,
When thou for us didst languish
In sad Gethsemane,
And, with our sins oppress'd,
Didst weep, and groan, and pray,
'That sinners might be bless'd;—

2 Yea, by thy blood once shed
For us, when scourges wounded
Thy back, and when thy head
A thorny crown surrounded;
Oh, by that blood which flow'd,
When nails thy body tore,
Bless us, O Lord our God,
Who humbly thee adore.

3 Lord Jesus, may the blood
Thou shed'st for our salvation,
Which is our highest good,
Refresh this congregation,
When in the sacrament
We drink of it in faith,
And by this testament
Show forth thy bitter death.

954.* T. 149.

O WHAT happiness divine,
What a lot most precious,
Confidently to recline
On the breast of Jesus,
Where who will—takes his fill,
And yet longs for ever
For more grace and favour.

2 Jesus cometh to fulfil
All thy heart desireth,
Doth himself to thee reveal,
Thee with love inspireth:
His blood spilt—all thy guilt
Will erase for ever,
And thy sins will cover.

955.

T. 184.

SEE from the rock the waters bursting
 In copious streams at God's command,
 His people to refresh, when thirsting
 With drought parch'd in a barren land:

Thus plenteous flow'd on Calvary's
 mountain [wounds:
 The blood from Jesus' healing
 Here is for sin an open fountain,
 Here everlasting life abounds.

956.

T. 97.

JESUS, thou source of life, impart
 Thy blood unto my thirsting heart;
 Panting I seek that fountain-head,
 Whence waters so divine proceed;
 Still near this living stream may I
 abide,
 By which my needy soul is satisfied.

957.

T. 124.

MAY the stream from thee, the rock,
 Gracious Jesus,
 Richly bless thy thirsting flock
 And refresh us;
 'Tis the source of power, of life
 And salvation
 To thy congregation.

958.*

T. 79.

THY precious, all-atoning blood
 Is to this hour, O Lamb of God,
 An ocean of free grace:
 All those who venture to draw nigh
 To thee, can witness bear with joy,
 They ne'er go empty from thy face.

959.*

T. 23.

FLOCK of Christ, with exultation
 View the well-spring of salvation;
 Drink and live—with an emotion
 Of unfeigned heart's devotion.

2 May to Jesus, while we're living,
 From our works redound thanksgiving,
 And our lowly, meek behaviour
 Clearly show we love our Saviour.

960.

T. 581.

ROCK of ages, rent for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labour of my hands
 Can fulfil thy law's demands:
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling,
 Naked, come to thee for dress,
 Helpless, look to thee for grace,
 Vile, I to the fountain fly,—
 Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment-throne;
 Rock of ages, rent for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

961.*

T. 82.

JESUS makes my heart rejoice,
 I'm his sheep, and know his voice:
 He's a Shepherd kind and gracious,
 And his pastures are delicious;
 Constant love to me he shows,
 Yea, my worthless name he knows.

2 Trusting his mild staff always,
 I go in and out in peace;
 He will feed me with the treasure
 Of his grace in richest measure;
 When athirst to him I cry,
 Living water he'll supply.

3 Should not I for gladness leap,
 Led by Jesus as his sheep;
 For when these blest days are over
 To the arms of my dear Saviour
 I shall be convey'd to rest:
 Amen, yea, my lot is blest.

962.*

T. 83.

MORE than shepherd's faithfulness
 To his flock our Saviour showeth:
 From the treasures of his grace
 He the choicest gifts bestoweth:
 As his sheep by him we're own'd,
 Since his blood for us atoned.

2 They who feel their want and need,
Thirsting for his great salvation,
On the richest pastures feed,
With true joy and delectation;
Till they shall when perfected,
With celestial joys be fed.

963. T. 582.

MY Shepherd is the Lamb,
The living Lord who died:
With all that's truly good I am
Most plenteously supplied:
He richly feeds my soul
With manna from above,
And leads me where the rivers roll
Of everlasting love.

2 My table he doth spread
With choicest fare, and I
Behold the Lamb, the living bread,
And eat most joyfully:
He makes my cup run o'er,
Anointeth me with oil;
I shall enjoy for evermore
The merits of his toil.

3 When faith and hope shall cease,
And love prevail alone,
I then shall see him face to face,
And know as I am known:
Then I my Shepherd's care
Shall praise and him adore,
And in his Father's house shall share
True bliss for evermore.

964.* T. 583.

HOW blest are we, when we enjoy
thy love,
And in the sacrament thy bounty
prove;
When we with humble shame, O
Lamb of God,
Feed on thy body and thy precious
blood.

2 Whenever we this highest good
enjoy,
We promise thee anew fidelity;
Power to perform thou hast for us
obtain'd,
When by thy death life was for man
regain'd.

3 Make thou us monuments of grace
to show
What wonders thou on sinners vile
canst do;

O were in our whole walk this to be
seen,
That of thy feast we have partakers
been.

4 We humbly pray that with thy
chosen train
From this repast we may new
strength obtain;
O deaden all that would thy grace
withstand,
Or to its influence refuse to bend.

5 We have nought good in us to
bring 'fore thee,
Yet thou art ours, and we're thy
property;
Preserve to us this grace, we thee
implore,
To have our part in thee for ever-
more.

965.* T. 11.

COULD we sinners fully tell,
How our hearts with rapture swell,
Gladly then we would declare
Ev'n to angels what we share.

2 But since words the happiness
Which we feel can ne'er express,
We adoring 'fore him lie,
And what he bestows enjoy.

3 Angels sing before his throne,
While we at his feet sink down:
Gracious Jesus, man and God,
What hast thou on us bestow'd.

966.* T. 583.

SINCE Jesus died, my guilty soul to
save,
Heaven's foretaste I may here al-
ready have:

O how unutterably blest am I,
Partaking of him sacramentally!—

2 When heavenly bread he gives my
soul to eat,
That I may henceforth never him
forget;
When I, a needy sheep of his blest
flock,
Drink of the stream that flows from
Christ the rock.

3 I live now, and to God myself will
give,
But yet not I, but Christ in me shall
live;

His mercy and his goodness I shall
taste

Both here below, and when with
him at rest.

967.* T. 11.

JESUS, who to save hast power,
And who livest evermore
For thy flock to intercede,
Helping us in time of need;—

2 Thou, who a divine repast
For the poor prepared hast,
Giving thy own flesh and blood
As the needy sinner's food;—

3 Let thy power, divine, we pray,
Be our strength and only stay,
Till we drop this mortal vest,
And the spirit goes to rest.

968.* T. 22.

FOR that amazing love and grace,
Which doth our thoughts by far sur-
pass,

To eat thy flesh and drink thy blood,
Thanks be to thee, O Lamb of God.

2 Thy sacred body thou didst give
For us, that we thereby might live;
No pledge of love could be so great:
O may we ne'er thy love forget.

3 Thy precious blood, for sinners
spilt,
Cleanseth our hearts, removes our
guilt;
The debt is paid which we incurr'd,
And we're to happiness restored.

4 Thy Holy Spirit with us leave,
So that we rightly may conceive,
What thou for all believers hast
Prepared in this blest repast.

969.* T. 151.

LORD Christ, I give thee praises;
Thy hand ne'er intermits
To show'r, as each day passes,
On me thy benefits:
Thy name, all names exceeding,
I'll praise, for thou art good,
Art with thy flesh me feeding,
To drink givest me thy blood.

970.* T. 185.

PRAISE be given to Christ, our
soul's beloved,

By us sinners; what are we?
Feeble human creatures, far removed
From angelic purity:

Yet when he to his rich banquet bids
us,

Where he with his sacred body feeds
us,

And we drink his blood once shed,
We are richly comforted.

971. T. 590.

THOU, who art present with thy
According to thy word, [church
When to enjoy thy flesh and blood
We meet with one accord;

O grant us to show forth thy death
Until thou shalt appear;

And may it in our walk be seen,
That we thy followers are.

2 May we so captivated be
By thy redeeming love,
As to be wean'd from earthly things,
And fix our thoughts above;
May all that's carnal be subdued
And mortified in us,
That we may glory in thy name,
And count all else but loss.

972.* T. 96.

SINCE Jesus' body I have ate,
And drank the blood he shed for
O may I never him forget: [me,
I know he will remember me;
And I shall, when this life is o'er,
Live in his presence evermore.

973.* T. 83.

CHRIST, how are thy people blest
With thee as their head united;
Though of thee by faith possess'd,
Still we, by thy love excited,
Tears of ardent longing shed:
Thou'rt our highest good indeed.

974. T. 582.

COME, O my soul, and sing
How Jesus thee hath fed;
How Jesus gave himself to thee,
The true and living bread.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood:
Amazing favour, matchless grace
Of our incarnate God!

3 This holy bread and wine
Confirms us in the faith,
In love and union with our Lord,
And we show forth his death.

975.* T. 14.

NO words can ever fully tell
What blessings Christ bestows
On us, when we on Calvary dwell,
And weep beneath his cross.

2 He who unto his flesh and blood
Can ne'er himself deny,
Saith unto us, Take courage good,
Your brother, lo, am I.

3 His loving heart we open see,
Replete with tenderness;
He as his blood-bought property
Doth even us confess.

4 We are forgiven and reconciled,
Our happiness renew'd, (fill'd
Our hearts with deep abasement
And with his blood bedew'd.

5 From all anxiety and dread,
Which else our souls oppress'd,
Thanks be to him, we now are freed;
Our cares are soothed to rest.

976.* T. 26.

THOU Lamb once slain, thy flesh
and blood,
Which thou didst sacrifice for us
Upon the altar of the cross,
Are to our souls delicious food.

2 This makes us all with one accord
To love each other fervently;
Yea, to be wholly one with thee,
And all that love thee, gracious
Lord.

977.* T. 22.

HAPPY, thrice happy hour of grace!
I've seen by faith my Saviour's face,
He did himself to me impart,
And made a covenant with my heart.

2 Ah, might in my behaviour shine
The power of Jesus' love divine,
His conflict and his victory,
His seeking and his finding me.

XXXVII. FOR DIFFERENT AGES AND STATIONS IN LIFE.

978. T. 83.

EACH division of thy fold,
Freed from this world's vain tra-
dition,
Male or female, young or old,
In thee hath true joy's fruition;
All in their allotted place
Should walk worthy of thy grace.

2 Grant us a contented mind,
That in his peculiar station
Each may be to thee resign'd,
Seeking only thy salvation:
By thy staff we're safely led,
Till in thee we're perfected.

A. FOR CHILDREN.

979. T. 22.

THOUGH but a little child I am,
Yet I may praise the slaughter'd
Lamb:
He loveth children tenderly,
He also loveth sinful me.

2 Yes, gracious Saviour, I believe
Thou wilt a little child receive;
For thou didst bless them formerly,
And say, Let children come to me.

3 Lord Jesus unto me impart
An humble, meek, and docile heart;

O cleanse me in thy precious blood,
Shed in my heart thy love abroad.

4 Save me from liking what is ill,
Teach me to do thy holy will;
Each day prepare me through thy
grace,
To meet thee, and behold thy face.

980. T. 14.

THOUGH Christ was God and all
things made,

Himself he humbled thus;
That he, a servant in our stead,
Might minister to us.

2 Our Saviour was a lovely child,
His parents' chief delight,
In his behaviour meek and mild,
And always acted right.

3 A blessed pattern Christ our Lord
Himself to children gave,
That they to him might joy afford,
And never misbehave.

4 A child true happiness may find,
And humbly ought to pray;
Lord Jesus, make my heart inclined
To love and to obey:—

5 I'm often stubborn, vain, and wild,
Self-will'd, and hard in heart:
O Lord, to me thy chaste, thy mild,
Thy holy mind impart.

981. T. 14.

O WHAT a wretched heart have I,
How full of sin and shame,
How obstinate continually,
How day by day to blame!—

2 Lord, look on me, 'midst all my
faults;
And when thou seest my guilt,
My wicked words and foolish
thoughts,
Think why thy blood was spilt.

3 In that most precious river cleanse
And wash my crimes away,
My selfishness, and each offence
Which I have done to-day.

4 When thou, dear Jesus, wast a
child,
Thou hadst no sin like me;
No wicked words thy lips defiled,
No faults appear'd in thee.

5 Thou wast more spotless than a
More harmless than a lamb, (dove,
Obedient, humble, full of love,
And never once to blame.

6 But I am proud, and headstrong
Oft sadly misbehave; (too,
I am not meek like thee, and low;
Me, Lord, in mercy save.

7 O might I but resemble thee,
That every one might know
I love the Saviour, and will be
His follower here below.

8 Imprint thine image on my heart,
Bestow thy Holy Ghost,
And an obedient mind impart;
Then I shall not be lost.

982. T. 14.

O LORD, forgive a sinful child,
Whose heart is all unclean;
How bad am I, and how defiled,
How prone to every sin.

2 O change my vile and stubborn
heart,
Like thee, O make me pure;
To me thy love divine impart,
Keep me from sin secure.

3 Self-will, that cruel enemy,
No more I would obey;
Thy Spirit shall my teacher be,
And guide me in thy way.

4 O may I never speak a word
But what I truly mean,
Nor lie to thee, most gracious Lord,
By whom each thought is seen.

5 I'll make thy wondrous, dying
Dear Lord, my daily song; (love,
And joys like theirs who sing above
Shall tune my infant-tongue.

983. T. 11.

LAMB of God, I look to thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
When thou wast a little child,
Thou wast gentle, meek, and mild.

2 Due obedience thou didst show;
O make me obedient too;
Thou wast merciful and kind;
Grant me, Lord, thy loving mind.

3 Let me above all fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never his good Spirit grieve,
Only to his glory live.

4 Loving Jesus, holy Lamb,
In thy hands secure I am;
Fix thy temple in my heart,
Never from thy child depart.

5 Teach me to show forth thy praise,
Love and serve thee all my days;
O might all around me see
Christ, the holy child, in me.

984. T. 14.

THOU, gracious Saviour, for my
good

Wast pleased a child to be,
And thou didst shed thy precious
Upon the cross for me. (blood

2 O take me as thy property,
Take me just as I am,
I know that I belong to thee;
Thy love my heart doth claim.

3 Low at thy feet O may I bow,
Be thine, my Saviour, still;
In nothing bad myself allow,
Nor ever show self-will.

4 Preserve, I pray, my heart secure
From every hurt and stain;
First make it, and then keep it pure,
And shut to all that's vain.

5 If early thou wilt take me hence,
O that no harm will be: (mence,
Since endless bliss will then com-
When I shall live with thee.

6 If thou wilt have me longer stay,
In years and stature grow;
Help me to serve thee night and day
While I am here below.

7 Then, after walking in thy ways,
And serving thee in love,
Receive me to thyself in peace,
To sing thy praise above.

985. T. 11.

OUT of love and boundless grace,
Thou hast brought us to a place,
Jesus, where we oft may hear
Of the sufferings thou didst bear.

2 Be our shepherd every day,
That we little lambs ne'er stray;

Whensoever we hear thy voice,
To obey may we rejoice.

3 Thanks to thee for all the care
That's bestow'd upon us here;
May we evermore to thee
For thy goodness grateful be.

986. T. 22.

THOU Guardian of thy lambs, be-
hold

Us little ones of thy dear fold;
Take us into thy special care,
Secure our souls from every snare.

2 Let nothing in our minds take
place
But what is sanctified by grace;
Thy love sink deep into each heart,
And may nought else have any part.

3 Set on our breasts thy Spirit's seal,
Within our hearts thyself reveal,
And our poor souls securely keep
Among thy flock, thy chosen sheep.

987. T. 14.

LOVER of little children, thee,
O Jesus, we adore;
Our kind and loving Saviour be,
Both now and evermore.

2 O take us up into thy arms,
Then we are truly blest; (harm's
Thy new-born babes are safe from
While leaning on thy breast.

3 Still as we grow in years, in grace
And wisdom let us grow:
That daily more we thee may praise
More of thy mercy know.

4 Strong let us in thy grace abide,
But ignorant of ill;
In malice, subtlety, and pride,
We would be children still.

988. T. 14.

JESUS the Lord our Shepherd is,
And did our souls redeem;
Our present and eternal bliss
Are both secured in him.

2 His mercy every sinner claims;
For all his flock he cares;
The sheep he gently leads, the lambs
He in his bosom bears.

3 If unto us our friends are good,
'Twas he their hearts inclined;
He bids our fathers give us food,
And makes our mothers kind.

4 Then let us thank him for his
grace;
He will not disapprove
Our meanest sacrifice of praise,
For his unbounded love.

5 When children honour Jesus thus,
And thank him for his grace,
Out of the mouths of babes like us
His wisdom perfects praise.

6 To thee, almighty God, to thee
Ourselves we now resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
We were in childhood thine.

7 Let the sweet work of prayer and
praise
Employ our infant breath;
Thus we're prepared for length of
Or fit for early death. [days,

989.*

T. 22.

JESUS, the children's dearest friend,
Who dost to all our wants attend,
Thou wast a child, and knowest
well
How we, thy helpless children, feel.

2 Grant unto us continually
The blessings of thy infancy;
Let us, through each succeeding year
The merits of thy childhood share.

3 Thee, gracious Lord, we now im-
plore
To manifest thyself still more,
And thus to teach us by degrees
To live a life of happiness.

4 May we thy mind still better know,
May we in grace and knowledge
grow,
And learn all that whereby we may
Adorn thy doctrine every way.

5 O may we ever feel thee near,
And be employ'd in praise and
prayer:
May we in thy blest fellowship
Wake, do our daily work, and sleep.

6 Thus will our infant tongues re-
cord
Thy birth and passion, gracious Lord,
That thou, who diedst in our stead,
Art God, by whom all things were
made.

990.*

T. 22.

EMBRACE us in thy tender way,
Dear Lord, and bless us all, we pray,
As thou on earth didst formerly,
When children once were brought to
thee.

2 We are baptised into thy death,
And call'd to praise thee with each
breath:
Thou bought'st us with thy blood
divine:
O take and keep us ever thine.

3 Thy youth unspotted, full of grace,
Teach us all virtue and all praise;
Thou art our pattern, grant that we
In all things may resemble thee.

4 From year to year, while we in-
crease
In stature, may we grow in grace;
In learning and obedience too,
May we thy blessed path pursue.

5 By day and night our steps direct,
And soul and body, Lord, protect,
From every thing that grieveth thee,
Or unto us might hurtful be.

6 Impart to us that needful good,
A heart besprinkled with thy blood,
Wholly devoted unto thee,
For thy soul's bitter agony.

7 That grace upon us all bestow,
Thee more and more by faith to
know;
We then the glories of thy name
In grateful accents shall proclaim.

991.*

T. 22.

HERE are we children, poor and
mean,
Corrupt throughout, defiled by sin;
But by Christ's purifying blood
We're made acceptable to God.

2 May none of us, while we abide
On earth, be weaned from thy side;

But grant that we be found in thee,
And thou in us eternally.

992.

T. 22

I LOVE the Lord who died for me,
I love his grace divine and free:
I love the scriptures, there I read,
Christ loved me, and for me bled.

2 I love his tears and sufferings
great,

I love his precious bloody sweat,
I love his blood; were that not spilt,
I could not have been freed from
guilt.

3 I love to hear that he was slain,
I love his every grief and pain,
I love to meditate by faith
Upon his meritorious death.

4 I love Mount Calvary, where his
love
Stronger than death itself did prove;
I love to walk his dolorous way,
I love the grave where Jesus lay.

5 I love his people and their ways,
I love with them to pray and praise;
I love the Father and the Son,
I love the Spirit he sent down.

6 I love to think the time will come
When I shall be with him at home,
And praise him in eternity:
Then shall my love completed be.

993.

T. 22.

I WILL a little pilgrim be,
Resolved alone to follow thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who now art
Up to thy everlasting throne. [gone]

2 I will my heart to thee resign,
Thine only be. O be thou mine!
The world I leave and foolish play,
To happiness to find the way.

3 My lips shall be employ'd to bless
The lord who is my righteousness;
My pleasure, only to pursue
His mind, and him my Saviour
know.

4 So long I'll pray below to live,
Till I my pardon seal'd receive;
I then, when Jesus calls, shall die,
Or rather live eternally.

994.

T. 14.

JESUS, to thee our souls we raise,
And for a blessing look;
May we, assisted by thy grace,
With pleasure learn our book.

2 Give us an humble, active mind,
From sloth and folly free;
Give us a cheerful heart, inclined
To useful industry.

3 A faithful memory bestow,
With solid learning's store;
And still, O Lord, as more we know,
Let us obey thee more.

4 Let us things excellent discern,
Hold fast what we approve;
But more than all delight to learn
The lessons of thy love.

995.

T. 14.

STILL may we keep the aim in
mind,
For which we hither came,
In search of useful learning join'd,
As followers of the Lamb.

2 Daily to Jesus we'll look up,
As soon as we awake,
And for his constant blessing hope
In all we undertake.

3 His meritorious industry,
His labour, toil and sweat,
Shall our support and pattern be:
Him we will imitate.

4 If he his grace on us confer,
We then shall learn apace,
Live to his glory and declare
Our heavenly Father's praise.

996.

T. 14.

O JESUS, Lord of heaven and earth,
How sweet thy mercies are;
How rich to those of lowly birth,
The children of thy care.

2 Thou art our Shepherd, glorious
Thy little flock behold, [God;
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

3 We praise thy name, that we were
brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are wisdom's lessons
taught,
The children of thy grace.

4 O may our friends, thy servants
here,
Meet all our souls above;
And they and we in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

997. T. 590.

O THOU, before whose Father's face
The children's angels stand,
Grant me, a helpless child, the grace,
That thy angelic band
May watch my ways, and guard my
And minister to me, [bed,
Till I in death shall bow my head,
And go to live with thee.

998. T. 159.

HOW heart-affecting Christ to see,
Some days before he bled,
Go to Jerusalem willingly
To suffer in our stead:
When he approach'd, the multitude
Their garments spread and branches
strew'd.
Crying Hosanna to his praise,
With joy and thankfulness.

2 'Twas then the children join'd the
rest,
And hail'd him with a song;
With one accord his name confess'd
Amidst the joyful throng:
With them may we unite our lays,
And, though in feeble accents, raise
Our Hallelujahs to the Lamb,
Who died us to redeem.

999. T. 243.

THE holy child Jesus,
Our God and our Saviour,
Who died to release us,
We'll worship for ever,
God's holy Lamb,—the Lord's his
name.

2 In liveliest manner
O let us before him
With joy sing Hosanna,
And praise and adore him;
Our childlike cries—he'll not de-
spise.

3 Come then, let us follow
Our Master with praises;
His name let us hallow
Whose blood us releases:
O Christ, to thee—all glory be.

4 Hosanna, Hosanna,
Thou Son of King David;
Hosanna, Hosanna,
For thou hast us saved:
For ever reign,—thou Lamb once
slain.

1000. T. 39.

LORD Jesus, we bless thee that thou
wast a child,
And hast us thereby unto God recon-
ciled;
We thank thee, for suffering and dy-
ing in pain,
For thy being buried and rising
again.

2 We thank thee, that thou wilt the
children permit
To offer their praises and songs at
thy feet;
That thou, Lord, dost deign their
petitions to hear,
And always to help them and save
them art near.

3 Thou wilt be our Saviour, Re-
deemer, and Friend,
Grant we may abide in thy love to
the end:
O render us truly obedient to thee,
That we thy dear children for ever
may be.

1001. T. 39.

WHEREIN is for children true bliss
to be found?—
When by Jesus Christ as his sheep
they are own'd;
In him they find pasture while here
they remain,
And joys everlasting in heaven ob-
tain.

2 We sing and we hear, how our
Maker came down
To earth, and for us left his heav-
enly throne,
Assuming our nature, became a poor
child,
And us by his sufferings to God re-
conciled.

3 O mystery of godliness, wonder of
grace!
May we without ceasing adore him
and praise:
May all of us know what a Saviour
we have,
Yea, love him sincerely, and in him
believe.

4 We now with the angels unite to
declare
The praises of him who our sorrows
did bear;
With hearts and with voices exalt-
ing the Lamb,
Who died on the cross our poor souls
to redeem.

1002. T. 39.

Min. DEAR children, assembled to
hear of the Lord,
You're here to be taught by his Spirit
and word;
O think what great favours on you
are conferr'd:—
Ch. For this may his name by us all
be revered.

2 The Father in heaven us as chil-
dren will own,
And we are beloved by Jesus, his
Son;
The Spirit of truth will instruct us
to pray,
And he will direct us throughout our
whole way.

3 *Min.* Ah, should not the mercies
which daily you prove,
Excite you our Saviour to praise and
to love?—
Ch. Yes, we are desirous to value his
grace,
To love and adore him, and live to
his praise.

4 O merciful Saviour, so grant it to
be,
Nor suffer us ever to wander from
thee:
We're poor little children, preserve
us, we pray,
And may we our love by obedience
display.

1003. T. 14.

HAPPY the children who betimes
Have learnt to know the Lord,
Who through his grace escape the
crimes
Forbidden in his word.

2 Who early, by a living faith,
Have deep foundation laid
In Jesus' meritorious death;
Such need not be afraid.

3 Should they be early hence removed,
He will their souls receive;
For they who Jesus here have loved,
With him shall ever live.

1004. T. 14.

HAPPY the children who are gone
To Jesus Christ in peace,
Who stand around his glorious throne,
Clad in his righteousness.

2 The Saviour whom they loved
when here,
Hath wiped their tears away;
They never more can grieve, or fear,
Or sin, or go astray.

3 In ceaseless happiness they view
Our Saviour's smiling face;
That face once bruised, in which be-
Men saw no comeliness. [low

4 Methinks I hear them joyful sing,
(Ten thousands do the same,)
Salvation to the immortal King,
To God and to the Lamb.

5 O that I may so favour'd be,
With them above to join:
O that, like them, I Christ may see,
And he be ever mine.

6 Grant me but this, thou great
High-priest;
And when I'm here no more,
Convey me safe to endless rest,
Where thou art gone before.

1005. T. 587.

THE child sweetly rests,
Whom nothing molests,
Received in mercy among the Lamb's
guests.

2 *He* ne'er shall weep more,
His sighing is o'er,
His travels and dangers; *he's* got
safe on shore.

3 *His* body is dead,
And in the grave laid,
But shall, again raised, to life be
conveyed.

4 The spirit is gone
In peace to God's throne,
To praise God our Saviour, where
we shall be soon.

5 *He* sings now above,
Made perfect in love,
And never, O never, *he* thence shall
remove.

6 *He* rests now in peace,
Beholds the Lord's face,
Hath happily finish'd thus early *his*
race.

7 For that blessed day
We earnestly pray;
Lord Jesus, come quickly, and make
no delay.

1006. T. 586.

MOST holy Lord, mankind's Creator,
Who to redeem us by thy death,
Assumedst feeble human nature,
We call on thee in humble faith:
O hear our fervent supplication,
Let all our children thy salvation,
Thy tender love and care
In largest measure share:
For thine they are.

B. FOR BOYS.

1007.* T. 164.

BELOVED youths, if 'tis your aim
To be like Christ your Saviour,
And to extol his saving name
In word and in behaviour;

With an obedient mind
Be to his will resign'd.
He by his blood will wash you clean,
And free you from the power of sin.

2 O might it be our heart's delight,
Amidst his flock with pleasure
To obey him, walk as in his sight,
And serve him in our measure:
For every thing that's good,
And just, flows from his blood;
A virtuous mind, chaste and un-
stain'd,
May be by faith in him obtain'd.

3 Yea, an obedient simple mind,
Faithful in every station,
To true humility inclined,
And perfect resignation,
The blest effect will prove
Of that unfeigned love
To Christ, which is produced by
faith
In him and his atoning death.

1008.* T. 37.

WOULD our youth grow in grace,
Wisdom and favour,
As truly was the case
With Christ our Saviour:
Let them continually
View him in spirit:
To them he will apply
His precious merit.

2 He who without delay
To Jesus turneth,
With confidence doth pray,
And humbly mourneth,
Doth certainly receive
(O boundless favour!)
Forgiveness of his sins
From Christ our Saviour.

3 If we with uprightness
'Fore him discover
Our wants, then our distress
Will soon be over:
He'll cure most graciously
Our worst diseases,
And fill us constantly
With thanks and praises.

1009. T. 23.

JESUS hath procured salvation
For mankind in every station;
Every youth that loves our Saviour,
Imitates his chaste behaviour.

2 If we, when by guilt oppressed,
Look to Christ, our pattern blessed,
He will graciously direct us,
And from every sin protect us.

1010. T. 79.

MIGHT we unto our Saviour
Lift up our hearts with fervour,
Each day, and pray for grace
To obtain a true sensation
Of Jesus' great salvation,
And of our fall and sinfulness.

1011.* T. 166.

O MIGHT we all Christ's name confess
In our whole conversation,
And each one through our Saviour's
grace,
Be faithful in his station;
Might in our very looks be seen
That we through Jesus' merit
Are humble, steady, chaste, and
clean,
And guided by his Spirit.

1012. T. 58.

WHAT glorious pattern for the
heart and mind,
O Jesus, doth each true believer find
In thy words and actions, and whole
behaviour:
We pray thee, grant unto our youth
the favour
To follow thee.

C. FOR UNMARRIED MEN.

1013. T. 590.

HOW shall a young man cleanse his
way?
By following close his word,
Who once on earth a young man
Jesus, our God and Lord: (was,
His word is spirit and is power;
True life doth flow from him;
Our food his sacred fle-h, our drink
His blood, that healing stream.

2 We now no longer need remain
Fast bound in chains of sin:
Whoe'er believes, is free indeed,
And by his word made clean:
Since Jesus on the accursed cross
The power of sin did quell,
When sin assa leth us, we look
To him and soon grow well.

3 Ye chosen people of the Lord,
In whom his power we trace,
If in obedience to his word
You're render'd clean thro' grace;
His dying love be yet impress'd
More clearly on each heart,
And whether you're at work or rest,
To love him be your part.

4 Ye purchased souls, Christ's happy
Be to his will resign'd, (flock,
And gladly offer up to him
Your body, soul, and mind:
Oh, if the bleeding Lamb of God,
Who died us to redeem, (stand?
But call, who can his call with-
Who would not follow him?

1014. T. 185.

BRETHREN, 'tis but meet to render
praises
To Immanuel, our Lord,
Who to bless his children never
ceases.
Since to favour they're restored:
'Midst a sense of our own imperfec-
tion,
We can magnify that free election
Of his grace, by which we stand
'Mongst his flock, his chosen band.

2 Yes, we feel indeed our own de-
merit
And our imperfections great;
Had we not been led by Jesus' Spirit,
Never could we thus have met:
We des rved eternal condemnation,
But his death procured our salva-
tion;
And since we've experienced this,
We're determined to be his.

1015.* T. 166.

DEAR brethren, let us take to heart
The teaching of the Spirit;

He'll every grace to us impart,
Which Jesus Christ did merit:
Who, by all he hath done and said
In his humiliation,
Hath boundless blessings merited,
And sanctified our station.

1016. T. 45.

THEE, God's own Son,—with joy
we own

To be our dearest brother:
Heaven and earth do not afford
Like to thee another.

2 But Oh, might we—such brethren
be,
Of whom thou'rt not ashamed;
Might, by all we do, thy grace
Loudly be proclaimed.

1017.* T. 166.

JESUS, we now devote to thee
Our body, soul, and spirit,
Since thou to us prosperity
Impartest through thy merit:
In thought and deed we wish to be
Like thee, that each who sees us
May in us some resemblance see
Of our great pattern, Jesus.

1018. T. 56.

BLESSED Saviour, :: with love's
sacred fire,
We intreat thee, :: all our souls in-
spire:
By thy death O set us free
From sin's cruel slavery;
Then to serve thee :: will be our
desire.

2 Chains of darkness, :: wherewith
men are bound,
Now are broken, :: and a help is
found:
They who gladly would be free,
May by Christ delivered be;
This to sinners:: is a joyful sound.

3 Nought but blessings :: he for us
intends,
And his mercy :: never, never ends;
Let us look unto the cross,
Where he died to ransom us,
On that offering :: faith alone de-
pends.

4 As thy 'chosen, :: blood-bought
property,
We'll know nothing, :: slaughter'd
Lamb, but thee:
Thou shalt be our Lord and God:
Of redemption in thy blood
To all nations :: we will testify.

1019. T. 97.

YE brethren, saved by Jesus' blood,
Let us prepare to serve our God,
Remember our Redeemer's toil,
Supply our lamps of faith with oil;
To him devote ourselves each day
anew
With soul and body, for they are his
due.

2 Then let us rise and serve the
Lord,
Go when he calls, proclaim the word
Of his atonement far and near,
Count not our lives for him too dear,
Declare to negroes, savages, and
slaves,
That Jesus' blood the vilest sinner
saves.

1020. T. 185.

TO thy brethren ever be propitious,
In our hearts thy love reveal:
Grant that we may follow thee,
Lord Jesus;
Fill our souls with ardent zeal,
To proclaim to many a heathen
nation
Thy atoning death for our salva-
tion;
Grant us, Jesus, to increase
Both in number and in grace.

D. FOR GIRLS.

1021. T. 14.

OUR Lord and Saviour doth attend
In mercy to our prayer,
And will us graciously defend,
From sin and every snare.—

2 For all who wait upon the Lord,
And seek for peace and rest
In him, according to his word,
Shall be consoled and blest.

3 The mighty from their seats the
Lord
Puts down, the hungry fills,
And to the weak doth strength
He quickens and he kills. (afford ;

4 Thus Mary could with cheerful
To all around declare, (voice
In God my Saviour I rejoice;
For he hath heard my prayer.

5 We're poor and needy: but thro'
His Spirit teacheth us (grace
To look with all our sinfulness
In faith to Jesus' cross.

6 When simply we obey his voice,
And to our Lord appeal,
In God our Saviour we rejoice,
Since pardoning grace we feel.

7 Most gracious Saviour, to confide
In thee, O grant us grace;
Preserve us all from self and pride,
That bane of happiness.

8 Meekness and true humility
Unto us all impart;
Yea, by thy merits sanctify
And render pure each heart.

1022. T. 16.

BLEST are they whose meditation
Is directed oft by faith
To their Saviour's incarnation,
Human life, and painful death.

2 Blest are they who as poor sinners
Gain from Jesus life and grace;
Tho' they be but young beginners,
And by nature vile and base.

3 Blessed they who live to Jesus,
Who to him their hearts devote,
Wishing to show forth his praises:
Truly blessed is their lot.

1023.* T. 168.

UNTO thee, most gracious Saviour,
We ourselves anew commend;
Look on us in grace and favour,
T o our prayers and wants attend;

Grant us all a tender feeling
Of thy love and gracious dealing,
That our hearts may truly be
Fill'd with fervent love to thee.

2 This alone can keep us steady
In the simple path of grace;
And when any thing seems ready
To disturb our happiness,
Lord, in mercy us deliver;
Yea, protect and keep us ever
From the world and sin secure,
And in soul and body pure.

1024. T. 185.

WHEN, bemoaning our undone con-
dition,
Weeping for redeeming grace,
We with heart-felt and sincere con-
trition
Pant for peace and happiness,
Found alone by living faith in Jesus,
Who was slain, from sorrow to re-
lease us;
We find then most certainly
Life and true felicity.—

2 Then, renew'd by grace, the heart
desireth
To be Jesus' property;
Yea, his dying love our souls in-
spireth
Him to love most fervently;
Though we feel, that we are poor
and needy,
Yet to yield him joy we're ever
ready,
Thinking always how we may
Love unfeign'd to him display.

1025. T. 56.

O BE mindful :: of us, gracious Lord,
'Midst our weakness :: aid to us
afford;
Human frailty well thou know'st:
We of nothing else can boast
But the blessings :: which thy death
procured.

2 Lord, assist us :: in each trying
hour,
In temptation :: grant us help and
power;
We in thee alone confide:
In this world be thou our guide,
Keep us humble :: and in spirit poor.

3 From each idol :||: O deliver us,
 Make us willing :||: to take up our
 Our diseases kindly heal, (cross;
 To our hearts thy love reveal;
 All besides thee :||: may we count but
 loss.

1026. T. 168.

BLESSED are we, if believing
 In the Lord our righteousness,
 And in lowliness receiving
 From his fulness grace for grace:
 When we find in him salvation,
 Happiness, and consolation,
 And obey the Shepherd's voice;
 Then we truly can rejoice.

2 Though we feel that soul and body
 Are corrupt and void of good,
 Yet the Lord is ever ready
 To apply his cleansing blood:
 With our weaknesses he beareth,
 All our prayers he kindly heareth,
 And we daily may increase,
 Both in knowledge and in grace.

E. FOR UNMARRIED WOMEN.

1027.* T. 185.

WOULD you know the grace and
 peace enjoyed
 By a child of God through faith;
 See a virgin who alone employed
 With her Saviour and his death,
 Vanity and worldly ways despiseth,
 While the converse with her Lord
 she prizeth,
 And thus, on this side the grave,
 Foretaste sweet of heaven may
 have.

2 Therefore this be our concern for
 ever,
 Since we're with such knowledge
 blest,
 To have our eternal Bridegroom's
 favour;
 Thus we find true peace and rest:
 But indeed it is of each expected,
 That the heart be by his grace di-
 rected,

Nor have any other aim,
 Than to love the slaughter'd
 Lamb.

3 Happy they who feel the healing
 power
 Of Christ's blood in every case:
 May we follow him, and seek each
 hour
 To preserve ourselves thro' grace:
 May the virtue of our Saviour's
 passion
 Sanctify our walk and conversation;
 We our-elves to him commend,
 May his aim with us be gain'd.

1028.* T. 583.

THE virgins who enjoy our Saviour's
 grace,
 Are happier far than words can e'er
 express;
 Jesus, the Bridegroom of our souls,
 supplies
 Our wants, and soul and body sanc-
 tifies.

2 His love produceth love; con-
 strain'd thereby,
 Our sole intention is to yield him
 joy:
 When in our hearts his love is shed
 abroad,
 We then like Mary favour find with
 God.

3 Lord, may thy love with gratitude
 inspire
 Our souls, and to thy name be our
 d sire:
 We thee entreat to form us to thy
 praise,
 And all that's carnal wholly to
 erase.

4 If we thy rich forgiveness daily
 prove,
 This will unite us, Lord, to thee in
 love:
 O make us all devoted unto thee;
 Let us thy chaste and faithful vir-
 gins be.

1029. T. 16.

HAPPY they who oft for Jesus
 Weep, from need as well as love;
 They experience him propitious,
 And his favour richly prove.

2 Happy they who are excited
Him to follow every where,
And are with his ways delighted;
He to such is truly dear.

3 Happy is each virgin's station
Whom he kindly owns as his,
And who counts his great salvation
As her highest good and bliss.

4 Happy who thus find in Jesus
All their wishes satisfied:
Ah, to them how dear and precious
Is that Friend who for us died.

1030. T. 16.

BLEST are they who human nature
Feel as vile, corrupt, and base,
But that every fallen creature
May be heal'd by Jesus' grace.

2 Mourning souls are truly blessed,
They that seek will surely find;
Jesus comforts the distressed,
To the contrite he is kind.

3 Christ, the bread that came from
heaven,
Doth the hungry soul revive;
Unto those who thirst is given
Water from the well of life.

4 Blest are they who thro' his favour
Here in heart are purified;
They shall there behold their Sa-
Who by faith in him abide. [viour,

5 Blest are they who in his merits
Have a share, though here despised;
All is theirs; what flesh inherits
They renounce, he's only prized.

6 Blest are they who, following Jesus,
Virgins are in deed and truth;
They have cause to give him praises;
Both the aged and the youth.

1031. T. 79.

THE bridegroom of our souls we
praise;
To him our grateful songs we raise,
That, freed from this world's
thrall,

His purpose is, that sanctified
Throughout, we may in him abide,
With joy to him devote our all.

2 Would we for those things only
care,
Which are the Lord's, O let us bear
In mind the promise given:
Blest are the pure in heart, for they
Shall live with me in endless day,
And shall behold my face in hea-
ven.

3 The purity our God requires,
Prompts us to shun all vain desires,
And every subtle wile,
By which the world the soul en-
snares,
Or which the tempter's art prepares
The weak and careless to beguile.

4 May happy Mary's better part,
Be the fix'd choice of every heart,
At Jesus' feet to dwell,
To ponder there upon his love,
And in that meditation prove
Joy, heavenly, great, unspeakable.

5 Let us stand ready, let each light.
Trimm'd carefully, burn clear and
bright,
Each lamp be well supplied;
May we by faith so walk below,
That all the friends of Christ may
know
We live to him who for us died.

1032. T. 56.

WE, O Jesus, :: claim thy special
care, [ful snare;
Lord, preserve us :: from each hurt-
May our hearts and senses be
Fix'd in true simplicity,
On the sufferings :: thou for us didst
bear.

2 Us deliver :: from the world and
sin,
Let thy Spirit :: rule alone within;
Every vain desire control,
And in spirit, body, soul,
Sanctify us :: by thy grace divine.

3 In temptation :: may we firmly
stand, [mand:—
Ever watchful, :: as thou didst com-
Without thee we nought can do;
Strengthen and support us too
In all trials :: by thy mighty hand.

4 Fix thy temple, ∴ Saviour, in each breast;
 Undisturbed ∴ be our peace and rest;
 Let us on thy merits feed,
 In the path of grace proceed,
 Be, in union ∴ with thee, ever blest.

1033.* T. 585.

JOIN to render thanks and praises,
 To your faithful covenant-God,
 For the undeserved mercies
 Freely upon you bestow'd:
 Salem's daughters, ∴
 In your happy lot rejoice.

2 He the Mighty, He the Holy,
 From their seats puts down the proud,
 While he lifts on high the lowly,
 Fills the hungry soul with good;
 He regardeth ∴
 His handmaiden's low estate.

3 He his mercy doth remember,
 This all they who fear him prove:
 Are we not of that blest number
 Who are objects of his love?
 Hallelujah, ∴
 He for us great things hath done.

1034. T. 22.

THOU Bridegroom of the soul, be-
 hold,
 This part of thy beloved fold,
 Thy virgins who, before thee met,
 Here to perceive thy presence wait.

2 Give us, O Lord, to feel thy peace,
 And let the sanctifying grace
 Which flows from thy humanity,
 Make us well-pleasing unto thee.

3 O may we feel thy healing power,
 And influence every day and hour:
 Thus all thy mercies which we prove,
 Will us excite to praise and love.

F. FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

1035. T. 71.

O PRECIOUS thoughts of peace,
 O undeserved grace,
 That our Creator,

By love constrained, gave
 Himself, that he might save
 His rebel creature.

2 The church his ransom'd bride,
 By him who for her died,
 Is much esteemed:
 Unfeigned love in her,
 Doth to that Friend appear,
 Who her redeemed.

3 O might this mystery great
 Be in our marriage-state,
 By our behaviour
 Exemplified; and we
 Be truly one in thee,
 Our Head and Saviour.

1036. T. 22.

LORD, who ordain'dst the marriage-
 state,
 When thou didst man at first create,
 Thou, who thy body's Saviour art,
 To all of us thy grace impart.

2 The husbands sanctify and bless,
 Thy mind upon their hearts impress,
 Teach them thy Spirit to obey
 In all they do, we humbly pray.

3 Unto the wives that grace dis-
 pense,
 To cleave to thee with confidence;
 Grant they may love thee fervently,
 And walk in true humility.

4 Wisdom and faithfulness afford,
 To train our children, gracious Lord,
 That in thy knowledge they may
 grow,
 Themselves and thee, their Saviour,
 know.

5 Lord Jesus, may each married pair
 In all their walk thy praise declare;
 O may their rule in all things be,
 The union of thy church with thee.

1037. T. 159.

THE love which Jesus Christ dis-
 plays
 Towards the church, his bride,
 None can describe, it far outweighs
 All other love beside:

Believing husbands are to prove,
By holy and unfeigned love
Towards their wives, that they in-
deed
Resemble Christ our Head.

2 The Church submits to Christ, her
Lord;

Thy will be done, we pray:
This teaches wives, who love God's
With meekness to obey: [word,
Adorned with humility,
They aid their husbands willingly;
Are clothed with the beauteous dress
Of Jesus' righteousness.

3 To thee our vows with sweet ac-
cord,

Head of thy church, we pay;
We and our house will serve thee,
Thy word we will obey: [Lord,
Grant us and all our children grace,
In word and deed thy name to praise,
Yea, in each family thy will
And purpose to fulfil.

1038. T. 590.

WE humbly thee adore, O Lord,
For thy unbounded grace;
Astonish'd, in thy sacred word
Thy love divine we trace:
Thou hast the church in love re-
deem'd,

Thou gavest thyself for us;
We know by thee we are esteem'd,
When we behold thy cross.

2 The Holy Spirit hath reveal'd
To us this mystery great,
That Christ hath chosen, hallow'd,
seal'd,

Himself the marriage-state,
Him and his church to represent,
By love and unity:

Lord, may we ever be intent
On wholly following thee.

3 Grant unto every married pair,
By chaste, unfeigned love,
By meekness, patience, faith, and
And all we do, to prove [prayer,
That we, united unto thee,
Are truly one in heart:
Thus we shall live eternally
With thee, and never part.

1039. T. 205.

JESUS, lead each married pair
In the paths of righteousness;
For thy service us prepare,
May we walk in truth and grace:
By the virtue of thy blood
Consecrate us priests to God,
That our marriage-covenant
Thee and thy church represent.

2 Be the carnal mind subdued,
All into subjection brought:
Purified, in heart renew'd,
By thy Holy Spirit taught,
May we more and more improve
In the lessons of thy love,
And unto our family
Edifying patterns be.

1040. T. 341.

FOUNTAIN of life and light,
Sole well-spring of delight,
Jesus, let thy blessings flow
Upon every married pair;
May we in thy knowledge grow,
Fruit unto thy honour bear.

2 O may our marriage-state,
In duties small and great,
In relations far and near,
In its trials numberless,
In all cases whatsoe'er,
Serve Christ's holy name to bless.

3 May we, by Jesus' love
Constrain'd, clearly prove,
That we are his flock indeed,
Living branches in the Vine,
Heavenly plants, a holy seed,
Lights, who in Christ's image
shine.

1041. T. 16.

HEAD of thy blest congregation,
Look on every married pair,
Be our strength and our salvation,
Keep us from all needless care.

2 For our sake, most gracious Sa-
viour,
Thou thy life and blood hast spent;
May we now in our behaviour,
Thee and thy church represent.

- 3 No spoil'd creature had been able
 E'er to guide his steps aright
 In this state so venerable,
 Or to act as in thy sight;
- 4 Hadst thou not life and salvation
 By thy sufferings for us gain'd,
 And thereby sanctification
 For the marriage-state obtain'd.
- 5 Bless, O Lord, thy married people,
 In thy blood, O wash us clean;
 Help us, for we're weak and feeble,
 And preserve us from all sin.

1042.*

T. 9.

- LOOK on every married pair,
 Jesus with compassion;
 Grant that each may richly share
 In thy great salvation.
- 2 Be thou with us, then indeed
 We shall lack no blessing,
 But with thee, O Christ, proceed
 To meet joys unceasing.
- 3 O may we in all we do
 Follow thy direction;
 We commend ourselves anew
 To thy kind protection.
- 4 Let our children, gracious Lord,
 Share with us thy favour;
 Grant they may be a reward
 Of thy death for ever.

1043.

T. 22.

- O LORD, who number'st all our
 days,
 Who guardest us in all our ways,
 In whom we live, and move, and are,
 Who know'st our wants, and hear-
 est prayer;—
- 2 To this thy handmaid grant thy
 peace,
 Who comes to offer thanks and
 praise
 To thee her faithful covenant-God,
 For the support thou hast bestow'd.
- 3 Thy powerful aid, thou, gracious
 Lord,
 In travail didst to her afford;
 Her sorrows now are turn'd to praise,
 Her sighs and tears to grateful lays.

- 4 O Shepherd of thy chosen sheep,
 Both child and mother bless and
 keep;
 May they enjoy in their degree
 The fruits of thy humanity.

- 5 Endow the parents with thy love,
 And give them wisdom from above
 To educate this child for thee,
 As thy redeemed property.

- 6 Grant us and all thy children grace,
 So here on earth to run our race,
 That we in heaven may meet and
 sing
 Eternal praise to thee our King.

1044.

T. 581.

- PARENTS, weigh before the Lord
 The importance of your state;
 Learn from his most holy word
 Your whole walk to regulate,
 That each to his family
 May a blessed pattern be,

- 2 All your children are his own,
 He hath bought them with his
 blood,
 Unto him their souls are known,
 Full of sin and void of good:
 Yet he saith most graciously,
 Suffer them to come to me.

- 3 'Tis by you they should be led
 In the narrow way to bliss;
 Grace is not inherited,
 As a worldly fortune is;
 'Tis free mercy, we must own,
 And the gift of God alone.

- 4 In this vain and wretched world
 Children are exposed and tried;
 Many are to ruin hurl'd,
 Few in Jesus Christ abide;
 And no human prudence can
 Save the soul of fallen man.

- 5 Here's a task, may parents think,
 Far beyond the reach of art;
 But let not your courage sink,
 Grace and wisdom he'll impart,
 Your sincere endeavours bless,
 Hear your prayers, and grant suc-
 cess.

- 6 Hear, O Lord, a parent's prayer,
 Let my tears prevail 'fore thee:
 How should I in heaven appear,
 If my child were not with me?

Therefore thou my steps direct,
Lest my duty I neglect.

7 In thy grace my children keep,
That when once, on that great
day,
Thou shalt come to seek thy sheep,
I may gladly to thee say,
Here am I, through mercy free,
And each child thou gavest me.

1045. T. 166.

OUR children, gracious Lord and
God,
With fervour we to thee commend:
Thou hast redeem'd them by thy
blood:
Thy blessing on them all descend:
Kind Shepherd, take each little lamb
Into thy faithful arms of love;
Cause them to know thy saving
name,
And thy redeeming grace to prove.

2 On us, their parents, grace bestow,
That we, with care and faithfulness,
May lead them, thee our Lord to
know,
To obey thy word, and seek thy face:
Teach us the duties of our state,
To love each other heartily,
Our children so to educate,
That they may love and follow thee.

1046. T. 83.

IN this world, so full of snares,
Take our children in thy keeping;
Hear the parents' sighs and prayers,
When for them before thee weeping;
Mercy for our children we,
Gracious Lord, implore of thee.

1047. T. 586.

O MAKE each family a temple,
A consecrated house to thee;
May we by word and by example,
To all around us patterns be:
To every husband grant that blessing
To lift up holy hands unceasing;
And to the wives give grace,
Array'd in lowliness,
Thy name to praise.

G. FOR WIDOWERS.

1048. T. 22.

IN God, the mighty Lord of hosts,
A lonely widower gladly boasts;
No trials need oppress the mind,
For we in Christ may comfort find.

2 Whene'er by faith our Lord we see
Clothed with frail humanity,
Bearing our griefs and sicknesses,
This doth alleviate all distress.

3 He is our Saviour and High-priest,
Who, when we suffer in the least,
Sustains us by his power and grace,
And in each hard and trying case.

4 Yea, he supports us every day,
He is our comfort help, and stay;
We'll trust his boundless love and
power,
Until our happy dying hour.

1049.* T. 22.

JESUS, accept the thanks and praise
We widowers offer, for the grace
Which thou so richly hast display'd
Unto us, as the church's Head.

2 Grant that we all, with heart and
voice,
In thee our Saviour may rejoice;
Let us in our retired state
The joys of heaven anticipate.

3 Fill us with peace and joy and love,
And our support in trials prove;
When weaknesses of age appear,
Keep thou our mind and senses clear.

4 This be our aim on earth, thy will
To seek in all things to fulfil;
And when thou call'st prepar'd to be
To leave this world and go to thee.

5 Then at the end of all distress,
We shall depart to thee in peace:
Meanwhile thy coming we await,
Like Simeon, ready thee to meet.

1050. T. 14.

JESUS, our helper in all need,
And comfort in distress,
Thou art the widower's only stay,
And hope in loneliness.

2 A foretaste of eternal joys,
O Lord, to us dispense,
And 'midst our weakness bear us up
Till we are called hence.

1051. T. 167.

THEY who for true consolation,
Here like Simeon humbly wait,
Shall behold the Lord's salvation;
Then their joy will be complete:
May we follow his example,
Trusting in God's promises,
Wait for Jesus, in his temple
Daily offer prayer and praise.

1052. T. 11.

ON our God we will rely,
Boldly unto him draw nigh,
And the Lord our righteousness
Both with hearts and voices bless.

2 We can from experience trace,
That in every trying case
Jesus truly can impart
Joy and comfort to the heart.

3 May we fix the eye of faith
On our Lord's atoning death,
Till we shall in heavenly bliss,
See our Saviour as he is.

H. FOR WIDOWS.

1053. T. 22.

'TIS true the lonely widow's state,
With various trials is replete;
But Christ, the widow's faithful
friend,
Will guide us safely to the end.

2 He saith to us repeatedly,
Cast all your burdens upon me,
For I in all things kindly care
For you, and in your troubles share.

3 Therefore whate'er our trials be,
Or weaknesses, or poverty,
Sickness of body, soul's distress,
Or sorrows which we can't express:

4 Our comfort is, that he doth feel
Whene'er his needy children ail;
He sympathiseth with the weak,
Relieves the poor, and heals the sick.

5 He graciously regards our prayers,
And counteth all our sighs and tears;
Afflictions, whether small or great,
His comforts can alleviate.

6 May we like Anna persevere
By day and night in constant prayer,
And thus for his appearing wait,
In joyful hope the Lord to meet.

1054.* T. 22.

GOD will the widows ne'er forsake,
To whom we may our refuge take,
And on his care and faithfulness
Our whole dependence firmly place.

2 A widow, who her son beloved
With tears bemoan'd, his pity
moved;
His mother he did recommend,
When on the cross, to John his
friend.

3 Widows are objects of his care
Since scripture plainly doth declare
That to the church this charge he
gave,
Widows to honour and relieve.

4 To Christ O may we closely cleave
And in communion with him live;
To love the Lord be our first care,
The next, to serve his people here;

5 Till we who here must often weep
In heaven eternal joys shall reap;
Till he shall say to us, Ye blest,
Enter into my joy and rest.

1055. T. 185.

WE with joy confess, beloved Sa-
viour,

Thee, the widow's special friend,
We are objects of thy love and
favour,

Thou on us thy life didst spend;
Thou with more than husband's love
dost lead us,

Thy all-bounteous hand doth daily
feed us,

All our wants thou dost supply;
Thus our cruse is never dry.

2 Thou hast promised for our conso-
lation,
That we shall not come behind

In the gifts, which to thy congregation

Thou dispensest, of each kind:
May we, to thy service dedicated,
And for thee, our Bridegroom decorated,
For thy blest appearing wait:
Then our bliss will be complete.

1056. T. 74.

CHRIST is the widows' Friend,
Our cause he doth defend;
All our complaints he hears,
And listens to our prayers:
His care and faithfulness
We prove in every case.

2 The feeble he makes strong,
With us he beareth long,
On him the weak can lean,
The youthful he keeps clean;
Each may in him confide,
Whate'er may her betide.

1057. T. 121.

BEFORE thee we appear,
Lord Jesus, hear our prayer;
Fill our hearts with gladness,
O wipe away each tear,
Dispelling all our sadness;
Make thy face to shine
On us, we are thine. :||

1058. T. 74.

O LORD, the widows' Friend,
To us thy Spirit send;
Be in our husbands' place,
Revive us with thy grace,
Give us whate'er we need
Widows to be indeed.

1059. T. 184.

THOU art our comfort, blessed Jesus,
To thee by faith O may we cleave;
For all thy mercies give thee praises,
In happy union with thee live:
Whene'er we call, thou Lord, wilt
hear us,
And blessings on us all bestow;
Yea, for that awful time prepare us,
When we in peace to thee shall go.

2 The needy share thy consolation;
The poor are objects of thy love;
Thou on the weakly hast compassion,

Thy sure support the aged prove:
Thou helpest us in our distresses,
Supplying kindly all our wants;
We'll cast each burden that oppresses

On thee, who hearest our complaints.

1060. T. 168.

'MIDST the trials we experience,
Let us not give way to fears;
But possess our souls in patience,
While here in this vale of tears:
Wean'd thereby from things terrestrial,

Let us look for joys celestial,
Waiting for that time, when we
From all sorrow shall be free.

2 Meanwhile God the Holy Spirit
Is our pledge of joys to come,
Of the bliss we shall inherit
When above with Christ at home:
Oh, this blessed meditation
Yields us solid consolation,
That we shall, when time is o'er,
With the Lord be evermore.

XXXVIII. HYMNS FOR VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

A. FOR THE NEW YEAR.

1061.* T. 10.

YEAR after year commenceth,
And, as our life advanceth,
We, strength from Christ deriving,
Each year by faith are thriving.

2 As in tempestuous weather,
A kind and tender mother
Her babe from harm protecteth,
And safely home conducteth:—

3 So shelters Christ our Saviour,
His children by his favour,
And proves in each temptation
Their refuge and salvation.

4 Lord, grant thy benediction
To every thought and action;
On youth and age declining,
Thou Sun of grace, be shining.

5 O keep our souls and senses
Under the influences
Of thy most Holy Spirit,
Until we heaven inherit.

6 O God of our salvation,
Withhold no kind donation
From us, but let us savour
In this new year thy favour.

1062. T. 585.

WHILE successive years are wast-
ing,

Still our God abides the same;
All his words are everlasting,
All his works his love proclaim;
Men and angels, :||
Sing thrice holy to his name.

2 Out of love he man created,
And ordain'd him God's delight,
Nor was this his love abated,
When man lost God's image bright,
Then compassion :||
Brought redemption's plan to light.

3 Here is love divine portrayed,
So that man the lines may trace:
See, O man, God's love displayed
In thy Saviour's marred face;
Wouldst thou praise him, :||
Be thy theme redeeming grace.

4 Bear in mind, how Jesus suffer'd,
He, the righteous, for the unjust,
How his sinless soul he offer'd
Unto God for sinful dust;
Love thus triumph'd, :||
Mighty now to save the lost.

5 Lo, the incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Now all enmity is ended,
Man is reconciled to God;
All the ruin :||
Of his fall is now made good.

6 We shall see our Lord returning,
Then the saved their heads shall
raise;
He will change their grief and mourn-
ing
Into notes of endless praise:
As Jehovah :||
Every tongue will him confess.

7 Sing with glad anticipation,
Mortals and immortals, sing,
Jesus comes with full salvation,
Jesus doth his glory bring;
Hallelujah, :||
Lord of lords, of kings the King.

1063. T. 14.

AGAIN another fleeting year
Of my short life is past;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Much of my dubious life is gone,
Nor will return again;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few that yet remain.

3 Now a new scene of time begins;
Pursue the way to heaven;
Seek pardon of thy former sins,
By Christ it will be given.

4 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend;
Unwearied walk the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

1064.* T. 167.

FAITHFUL souls their Saviour's
blessing

Crave on each succeeding day,
Asking, Are we onward pressing?
What may Jesus have to say?
Are the ways of sin unpleasant?
Do we hold our Saviour fast?
Are we more like him at present,
Than we were in seasons past?

2 Great defects are still revealed;
Short we fall of his blest aim;
Then the conscious soul is filled
With a deep but wholesome shame;
Earnest to improve the morrow,
We our yesterday review,
While the tear of godly sorrow,
Saddens, but enlivens too.

3 Jesus, for thy faithful leading
In times past, we humbly raise
Our thanksgiving, thus proceeding
Onward in the path of grace:
While another year we enter,
We renew our vows of love,
All for thee resolved to venture;
Our benign conductor prove.

1065. T. 166.

LORD Jesus, 'midst thy flock appear,
Thy ransom'd congregation bless;
We're met to close another year,
Accept the thanks our hearts express:
We are not able to record
The boundless favours we have proved;
They show that we, most gracious Lord,
'Midst our defects by thee are loved.

1066. T. 97.

WHO can rehearse, most gracious Lord,
The mercy which thou dost afford
Unto thy people every year?
We, thy poor congregation, here
Desire to thank and praise thee evermore,
And humbly in the dust thy name adore.

2 For we, unworthy as we are,
Enjoy'd thy faithful shepherd-care:
Thou always comfort didst impart
To every needy, contrite heart;
Thou didst to us thy dying love display,
And wast our help and refuge every day.

3 The hearing of thy precious word,
Thy gracious presence, holy Lord,
Have cheer'd our hearts abundantly,
When met in fellowship 'fore thee:
But oh, what blessings were on us bestow'd,
When we enjoy'd thy body and thy blood.

4 Lord Jesus, we would fain express
To thee our cordial thankfulness,
For all thy boundless love and grace:
But how imperfect are our lays,
O take our hearts, to thee ourselves we give,
In future more unto thy praise to live.

1067. T. 184.

ACCEPT, O God of our salvation,
The sacrifice of praise and prayer;
Upon thy gracious invitation
Unto thy altars we repair;
Thou bidst us come; all things are ready,
The treasure of thy boundless grace
Is open to the poor and needy,
They ne'er go empty from thy face.

2 Thee we approach, most gracious Saviour,
We pray thee, mark our sighs and tears;
Accept our thanks for all thy favour
Bestow'd on us these many years:
We conscious are of our transgression,
Ah, cleanse us with thy precious blood,
Seal with thy pardon our confession;
Thine are we, and thou art our God.

3 Thou God of mercy, thy salvation
Remain'd throughout this year our stay;
Thy care of us, thy congregation,
Was manifested every day:
Yea, even trials and affliction
Proved thee our gracious God and Lord:
In all we felt thy benediction:
Thee we now praise with one accord.

4 O gracious Lord, thy name be blessed
By us, for all thy proofs of grace;
For all the gifts by us possessed:
Thou crownest all our years and days:
Though we with deep humiliation
Own, that we basely thee requite;
Yet will we joy in thy salvation,
Thou art our Lord, and help, and light.

1068. T. 595.

LET hearts and tongues unite,
And loud thanksgivings raise;
'Tis duty mingled with delight,
The Saviour's name to praise.

2 To him we owe our breath,
He took us from the womb,
Which else had shut us up in death,
And proved an early tomb.

3 When on the breast we hung,
Our help was in the Lord;
'Twas he first taught our infant
tongue
To form the lisping word.

4 When in our blood we lay,
He would not let us die;
Because his love had fix'd a day
To bring salvation nigh.

5 In childhood and in youth
His eye was on us still;
Tho' strangers to his love and truth,
And prone to cross his will.

6 E'er since his name we knew,
How gracious hath he been!
What dangers hath he led us thro',
What mercies have we seen!

7 Now through another year
Supported by his care,
We raise our Ebenezer here,
The Lord hath help'd thus far.

8 Our lot in future years
We cannot, Lord, foresee,
But kindly, to prevent our fears,
Thou say'st, Leave all to me.

9 Yea, Lord, we wish to cast
Our cares upon thy breast;
Help us to praise thee for the past,
And trust thee for the rest.

B. MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS.

1069. T. 22.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning-sacrifice.

2 Thy former misspent time redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem:
Thy talents to improve take care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Thy conversation be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon day
clear;

For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and
ways.

4 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
And hath refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of heavenly bliss partake.

5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their
might
In thy sole glory may unite.

6 Praise God, from whom all bless-
ings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

1070.* T. 10.

MY soul, awake, and render
To God, thy great defender,
Thy prayer and adoration
For his kind preservation.

2 With joy I still discover
Thy light, O Lord my Saviour;
My thanks shall be the spices
Of morning-sacrifices.

3 Bless me this day, Lord Jesus,
And be to me propitious;
Grant me thy kind protection
From every sin's infection.

4 Bless every thought and action:
Afford me thy direction:
To thee alone be tending
Beginning, middle, ending.

5 Be thou my only treasure,
Fulfil in me thy pleasure;
May I in every station
Give thee due adoration.

1071. T. 26.

THAT favour grant to us, O Lord,
That we maintain our part in thee.
Unto thy voice attentive be,
And seek instruction in thy word.

2 Tho' often of encumbering care,
With busy Martha, we complain;
Yet, gracious Lord, we wish to gain
In Mary's happy lot a share.

1072.* T. 79.

MAY Jesus' grace and blessing,
Attend me without ceasing;
Thus I stretch out my hand,
And do that work with pleasure,
Which, in my call and measure,
My God for me to do ordain'd.

1073.* T. 22.

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou wouldst have
me do;
Suggest what'er I think this day,
Direct me in the narrow way.

2 Prevent me lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.

3 Enrich me always with thy love,
My kind protector ever prove;
Lord, put thy seal upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

4 Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorrest, let me flee,
And only love what pleaseth thee.

1074. T. 595.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to view;
And what I do in any thing,
For thee alone to do:—

2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way,
In all be thou the end.

3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

4 If done to obey thy laws,
Ev'n servile labours shine;
Hallow'd is toil; if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

1075.* T. 89.

God, omnipotent Creator,
Who madest all things by thy
might,

Rulest every thing in nature,
And commandest day and night,
Who the universe so wide
By thy power alone dost guide:—

2 Let my life and conversation
Be directed by thy word;
Lord, thy constant preservation
To thy erring child afford:
No where but alone in thee
From all harm can I be free.

3 Lord, my body, soul, and spirit,
Keep in thine almighty hand;
Strengthen'd by thy powerful merit,
Let me follow thy command:
Thou, my glory and renown,
I would fain be all thine own.

1076. T. 79.

O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning-prayer shall offer'd be,
For thee my soul doth pant;
To me the enjoyment of thy love,
Than life itself doth dearer prove:
Renewed strength from thee I
want.

2 Thou, Lord, art present to my
mind,
When I lie down sweet sleep to find,
And when I wake at night:
Since thou to me dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

1077. T. 24.

MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights;—

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning
star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me
shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows his mercies mine
And whispers I am his.

1078.*

T. 22.

LORD Jesus, may I constantly,
Both day and night be near to thee,
Both when I close at night mine eyes
And in the morn from sleep arise.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, my life and
light,
I wish to love thee day and night;
Preserve my steps and guide my
ways,
And let me live unto thy praise.

1079.*

T. 14.

LORD, in the morning when I rise,
Accept my humble praise;
And when at night I close mine eyes,
Grant me thy pardoning grace.

2 Lord Jesus Christ, who is like thee?
Thou art both day and night
The source of my felicity,
And only true delight.

3 Thanks, dearest Jesus, for thy love,
And great fidelity;
O may I truly thankful prove
To all eternity.

1080.

T. 106.

O JESUS, may our whole behaviour
Rejoice thy heart and please thine
eyes;
In thy communion, gracious Saviour,
May we retire to rest and rise:
Be present with us constantly,
Then shall we sleep and wake to
thee.

1081.*

T. 79.

IN lying down to take my rest,
In rising and in being dress'd,
In all I think or do;
In eating, drinking, on the way,
In sickness, and in health I pray,
Thy blessing, Lord, on me bestow.

1082.*

T. 36.

LORD Jesus, through all temporal
variation,
Thy loving kindness be my consol-
ation,
By night and day, whene'er I rest am
taking,
Or when I'm waking.

1083.*

T. 22.

ANOTHER day is at an end,
And night doth now its shade ex-
tend;
To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise,
And thee for every mercy praise.

2 Yet we are of defects aware;
Forgive them, Lord; thy children
spare:

O Christ, our souls from guilt acquit,
Take us into thy care this night.

3 Now I'll lie down and safely sleep,
Lord Jesus, in thy fellowship;
Thus, under thy protection blest,
Will soul and body sweetly rest.

1084.

T. 14.

THE hour of sleep is now at hand,
My spirit calls for rest;
O that my pillow may be found
The dear Redeemer's breast.

2 This night my longing soul with
Christ

Would take up her abode,
I gladly would myself divest
Of every thing but God.

3 The nightly watches would I spend
In fellowship above:
Would hold communion with my
And feast upon his love. [Lord,

4 Dead to the world when I'm
I'd be alive to God; [asleep,
My soul would rest at peace with
him
Who bought me with his blood.

5 O may I then of Christ this night
Be happily possess'd,
With holy angels round my bed,
And Jesus for my guest.

1085.

T. 22.

THE hours' decline and setting sun
Show that my course this day is run;
The evening-shade and silent night
My weary limbs to rest invite.

2 I now my soul and frail abode
Humbly commit to Israel's God,
To him who slumbers not nor sleeps,
And who his own in safety keeps.

3 Where'er I thee this day did
grieve,
O Lord, me graciously forgive;
And with a mind from trouble freed,
Let me sleep in thy peace indeed.

1086.

T. 22.

ALL praise to thee, my God, this
night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Lord, for the sake of thy dear Son,
Forgive the ill that I have done,
That with the world, myself, and
thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids
close;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous
make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts
supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

1087.

T. 14.

IN mercy, Lord, remember me,
Be with me through this night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close my
eyes;

Thou wilt not from me move:
Lord, in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

3 Oh, if this night should prove my
last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

1088.*

T. 165.

AUTHOR of the whole creation,
Light of light, eternal Word,
Soul and body's preservation
I commit to thee, O Lord:
My Redeemer, dwell in me,
Let me sleep and wake with thee,
And perceive thy benediction
Both in joy and in affliction.

2 Ere I close my eyes in slumber,
While to rest I lay me down,
Let my grateful heart remember
All the mercies thou hast shown:
Fill me with thy sacred love,
That I dream of things above;
And bestow on me the favour
Of thy presence, gracious Saviour.

3 Pardon, Jesus, each transgression,
Whether open or unknown,
Thus removing that oppression
Under which I else should groan:
I confess the guilt of sin,
But thy blood can make me clean:
Hear, O Lord, my supplication,
Grant me joy and consolation.

1089.*

T. 164.

IN peace will I lie down to sleep;
O faithful Lord and Saviour,
Me under thy protection keep;
Let me enjoy thy favour:
Ev'n death I need not fear,
If thou to me art near:
For who with Jesus shuts his eyes,
He also doth with Jesus rise.

2 As oft this night as my pulse
beats,
My spirit would embrace thee;
Oft as my heart its throbs repeats,
May I adore and praise thee:

Thus I can go to rest
In thy communion blest,
United unto thee by faith;
Thou art my joy in life and death.

1090. T. 157.

ERE I sleep, for every favour
Which my God—hath bestow'd,
I will bless my Saviour:
O my Lord, what shall I render
Unto thee?—Thou shalt be
This night my defender.

2 Thou my rock, my strength, and
tower,
While I sleep,—deign to keep
Watch from hour to hour:
Visit me with thy salvation;
Be thou near,—that thy care
Guard my habitation.

1091. T. 14.

REFRESH me, Lord, with grace
Unto thy cross I flee, [divine,
And to thy care my soul resign,
To be renew'd by thee.

2 Besprinkled with thy gracious
May I lie down to rest, [blood,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

1092. T. 14.

CHRIST'S precious blood, which
from each vein
Our sin and curse forth press'd,
When, overwhelm'd with grief and
pain,
His soul was sore amaz'd;—

2 May that refresh us while we sleep,
And sanctify our rest,
And while we dream our spirits keep
With him in union blest.

1093. T. 79.

NO farther go to-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the break of day;
Turn in, my Lord, with me;
And in the morning when I wake,
Me under thy protection take:
Thus day and night I spend with
thee.

1094.* T. 79.

TO rest I now again retire,
Thou know'st thy presence I desire,
Of thee I wish to dream;
Still near to thee by faith to keep,
And taste thy goodness while I sleep,
Who didst my soul with blood re-
deem.

1095.* T. 68.

JESUS, hear our prayer,
For thy children care;
While we sleep, protect and bless us,
With thy pardon now refresh us;
Leave thy peace divine
With us, we are thine.

CRADLE HYMNS.

1096. T. 16.

HUSH, dear child, lie still, and
slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

2 Sleep, my babe; thy food and rai-
ment,
House and home, thy friends provide
All without thy care and payment;
All thy wants are well supplied.

3 How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee.

4 Soft and easy is thy cradle,
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

5 Was there nothing but a manger
Wretched sinners could afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger,
Did they thus affront their Lord?

6 See the joyful shepherds round
him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
Where they sought him, there they
found him,
With his virgin-mother by.

7 'Twas to save thee, child, from
dying,
That thy blest Redeemer came;
He by groans and bitter crying
Saved thee from burning flame.

8 Mayst thou live to know and fear
him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise.

1097.*

T. 22.

SLEEP well, dear child, sleep safe
and sound,
The holy angels thee surround,
Who always see thy Father's face,
And never slumber nights nor days.

2 God fill thee with his heavenly
light,
To steer thy Christian course aright;
Make thee a tree of blessed root,
That ever bends with godly fruit.

3 Those children are to God most
dear, [fear;
Who him with reverence love and
And infants are by Jesus Christ
Most kindly blest, and highly prized.

4 Are not the joys of God above
Given to the children of his love?
He who desires to see his face,
Must here become a child of grace.

5 Be thou, dear child, in thy degree
Like Jesus in his infancy:
He soon did every grace display,
'Tho' he was God, he learnt to obey.

6 He hath, by all he did and said,
For thee rich blessings merited;
'Twas thine entailed misery
Made him become a child like thee.

7 If thou partakest of his grace,
Thou wilt enjoy that happiness,
Which our incarnate God regain'd
For all whom Adam's sin had stain'd.

8 Soon in this world will finish'd be
The task God may design for thee;
Mayst thou, when this short life is
With Jesus live for evermore. [o'er,

9 Sleep, now, dear child, and take
thy rest;
If thou with riper years art blest,
Increase in wisdom and in grace,
Till thou shalt see thy Saviour's
face.

C. BEFORE AND AFTER MEALS.

1098.

T. 14.

THEE we address in humble prayer,
Vouchsafe thy gifts to crown,
Father of all; thy children hear,
And send a blessing down.

2 May we enjoy thy saving grace,
Thy goodness taste and see,
Athirst for blood-bought righteous-
And hungry after thee. [ness,

1099.*

T. 10.

TO God the Lord be praises
For all the gifts and graces
He hath to us dispensed,
E'er since our lives commenced.

2 No blessing he denieth,
Us all with food supplieth,
Grants us his preservation
In every age and station.

1100.

T. 90.

THOU sovereign Author of all good
Whose providence for all doth care,
Giver of life, of health and food,
Be present with thy children here,
And to our use O sanctify
The gifts thy bounty doth supply.

2 All creatures, Lord, on thee de-
pend,
And by thy power and bounty live;
May we each blessing thou dost
send
With truly grateful hearts receive,
In every gift thou dost dispense,
Admiring thy wise providence.

3 We can't thy boundless mercies
share,
And thee the spring of life forget;

For all thy goodness, love, and care,
Our thanks we offer at thy feet :
Lord, may we always taste thy grace,
Until we end our mortal race.

1101. T. 595.

SURE God is present here ;
His gifts demand our praise :
The present instance of his care
Speaks him a God of grace.

2 In him we live and move,
In him our being have :
We thank thee, Jesus, source of love,
Who cam'st our souls to save.

1102. T. 11.

JESUS' mercies never fail.
This we prove at every meal :
Lord, we thank thee for thy grace,
Gladly join to sing thy praise.

2 Lord, the gifts thou dost bestow,
Can refresh and cheer us too ;
But no gift can to the heart
Be what thou our Saviour art.

3 Praise our God ! it is but just !
He hath raised us from the dust,
Gave us being, gave us breath,
Saves us from eternal death.

1103. T. 79.

WHAT praise to thee, my Saviour,
Is due for every favour,
Ev'n for my daily food ;
Each crumb thou dost allow me,
With gratitude shall bow me,
Accounting all for me too good.

1104. T. 22.

BE present at our table, Lord ;
Be here and every where adored ;
From thy all-bounteous hand our
food
May we receive with gratitude.

2 We humbly thank thee, Lord our
God.
For all thy gifts on us bes'ow'd ;
And pray thee, graciously to grant
The food which day by day we want.

1105. T. 22.

LORD, bless what thou provided
hast ;

Give grace, that we at this repast
May have, in all we think or do,
The glory of our God in view.

2 Thy name be hallow'd evermore ;
O God, thy kingdom come with
power ;

Thy will be done ; and every day
Give us our daily bread, we pray.

3 Lord, evermore to us be given
That living bread which came from
heaven ;

Water of life on us bestow,
Which doth from thee the fountain
flow.

D. FOR TRAVELLERS.

1106. T. 79.

A STRANGER and a pilgrim, I
With thy command, O Lord, comply,
I go where thou dost send :
My high commission I obey,
The toil and dangers of the way
Shall all in lasting comforts end.

2 Attend me, Lord, in all my ways ;
Open my lips to sing thy praise,
For blessings freely given ;
In all my journeys here below
Let thy kind presence with me go ;
Yea, grant me once to rest in
heaven.

1107. T. 79.

THE Lord be with me every where,
And screen me with paternal care
By his almighty arm :
No traveller needs to faint or fear,
If he believe the Lord is near,
Who can protect him from all
harm.

2 By sea and land, by night and day,
O Lord, in safety me convey,
Though winds and thunders roar :
Bring me, when every peril's past,
Safe to the destined place at last,
There to extol thy help and power.

1108. T. 157.

JESUS, thou art my salvation:
Bow thine ear—hear my prayer.
Grant my supplication:
Lo, thou seest me here a stranger;
Unto me—gracious be:
Lord, avert all danger.

2 In distress be thou my Saviour;
Hear my prayers—see my tears,
Show thy servant favour:
Thro' life's journey safely lead me:
Guide my way—lest I stray
From the hand that made me.

1109.* T. 22.

LORD, in thy name we go our way;
Be thou our guide, support, and stay,
Protect us by thy mighty hand,
Where'er we go, by sea or land.

1110.* T. 26.

LORD, let thy presence with us go,
Throughout our journey us direct,
Thy angels guard us and protect,
Yea, prosper thou whate'er we do.

1111. T. 583.

PRESERVE this ship and company,
O Lord,
And thy protecting aid to them af-
ford;
Be their support when waves and
tempests roar,
And bring them safely to their des-
tined shore.

1112. T. 97.

WHEN Jesus calls we ready stand,
Our future life is in his hand:
Though separated for a time,
We yet continue one in him;
And therefore, while we part, need
not complain,
As if we never were to meet again.

1113. T. 14.

BLESS'D be that sacred covenant-
Uniting though we part; [love,
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where he appoints we go,
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
Show forth his praise below.

3 Oh, may we ever walk with him,
And nothing know beside,
Nought else desire, nought else es-
But Jesus crucified. [teem,

4 Nor joy nor grief, nor time nor
place,
Nor life nor death, can part
Those who, enjoying Jesus' grace,
In him are one in heart.

5 Soon will he wipe off every tear,
On Canaan's blissful shore,
Where all who friends in Jesus are,
Shall meet to part no more.

E. FOR THE SICK.

1114. T. 166.

WHEN pining sickness wastes the
frame,
Acute disease or weakening pain:
When life fast spends its feeble
flame,
And all the help of man proves vain;
Joyless and flat all things appear,
Languid the spirits, weak the flesh,
No medicines ease, nor cordials
cheer,
Food can't support, nor sleep re-
fresh;—

2 Then, then to have recourse to
God,
To pray to him in time of need,
And feel the balm of Jesus' blood;
This is to find a friend indeed:
And this, O Christian, is thy lot,
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith;
He'll never leave thee, doubt it not,
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

3 When flesh decays, when vigour
fails,
He will thy strength and portion be;
Support thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper, Trust in me:
Himself will be thy helping friend,
Thy good physician, yea thy nurse,
To make thy bed will condescend,
And from affliction take the curse.

1115.

T. 22.

THOUGH I'm in body full of pain,
My soul doth heavenly comfort gain;
And, should I die, I'm not afraid,
Since Jesus suffer'd in my stead.

2 Yet one thing will I ask of thee:
Never, O Lord, forsake thou me;
But bless me often, keep my mind
Stay'd on thy help, to thee resign'd;

3 Then shall I be supremely blest,
Nor ask, though sick, to be released;
I'll wait thy time, thy love I feel,
I know thou rulest all things well.

1116.

T. 22.

MY body's weak, my heart unclean,
I pine with sickness and with sin;
My strength decays, my spirits droop,
Bow'd down with guilt I can't look up.

2 To thee, O Lord, in faith I turn,
Who all my sicknesses hast borne;
Sin thou hadst none, and yet didst
For guilty sinners, such as I. [die

3 Sin's rankling sores my soul cor-
rode, [blood:
Oh, heal them with thy precious
And if thou wilt my health restore,
Lord, let me ne'er offend thee more.

1117.

T. 22.

OH, how I long to go and see
The Lamb of God, who died for me!
How do I languish night and day,
To hear him bid me come away!

2 He loves and values me, I him;
Therefore I all things dross esteem,
But my dear Jesus, whom I prize
Above my life, or earth, or skies.

3 With pining sickness I decay,
Diseases wear my flesh away;
But I shall soon his leave obtain,
To be released from all my pain.

4 Quickly, O Lord, thy angels charge
To set my longing soul at large;
Quickly thy blessed hosts command
To carry me to thy right hand.

5 My loving friends, farewell, fare-
well!

I go with Jesus Christ to dwell;
Welcome, my heavenly country now,
Parents and brethren, all adieu!

F. CONCERNING THE HOLY ANGELS.

1118.* T. 22.

TO God let all the human race
Bring adoration, thanks and praise;
He makes his love and wisdom
known,

By angels who surround his throne.

2 The angels whom his breath in-
spires,
His ministers, are flaming fires;
With joy, they in his service move,
To bear his vengeance or his love.

3 With gladness they obey his will,
And all his purposes fulfil;
All those who Jesus' children are,
Are special objects of his care.

4 Our God defends us day by day,
From many dangers in our way,
By angels, who for ever keep
A watchful eye, when we're asleep.

5 O Lord, we'll bless thee all our
days,
Our souls shall glory in thy grace:
Thy praise shall dwell upon our
tongues,
All saints and angels join our songs.

6 We pray thee, let the heavenly
host,
Be guardians of our land and coast;
Bid them watch o'er thy flock of
grace,
That we may lead a life of peace,

1119. T. 22.

NOW let us join our hearts and
tongues,
And emulate the angel's songs;
For sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb who once
was slain,
But we can add a higher strain;

Not only say, He suffer'd thus;
But that he suffer'd all for us.

3 When angels by transgression fell,
Justice consign'd them to hell;
But mercy form'd a wondrous plan,
To save and honour fallen man.

4 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die;
He who redeem'd us with his blood,
As man still fills the throne of God.

5 Immanuel, our brother now,
Is he 'fore whom the angels bow;
They join with us to praise his name,
But we the nearest interest claim.

6 But ah, how faint our praises rise!
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.

7 O glorious hour! it comes with
speed,
When we, from sin and darkness
freed,
Shall see our God who died for man,
And praise him more than angels
can.

1120.* T. 70.

THE holy angels,
When they to Christ draw near,
Fall down before him,
Their God, with holy fear.
And with profound humiliation,
Pay him the deepest adoration.

2 Heirs of salvation,
Redeem'd with Christ's blood,
Their ministration
Demands our gratitude;
They'll guard us till we shall as-
semble,
Where our joint voices shall fill the
temple.

1121.* T. 249.

THE seraphim of God
Exalt :||: their voices loud;
With joy 'fore him they shout:
The holy choirs in heavenly blaze,
Sing constantly with cover'd face,
Holy, holy is God,
Holy is God,
The Lord of Sabaoth.

2 Thereto the church of Christ,
His flesh :||: and bone confess'd,
Sings, Amen, God be praised;
Above and here one voice doth sound,
Praise him who hath for us atoned:
To God in highest strain,
To the Lamb slain,
All glory be: Amen.

3 When Christ, once crucified,
Returns :||: with his pierced side.
In glory, to his bride, [fear,
And all the world shall quake with
Then will with joy 'fore him appear,
The countless ransom'd race,
And sing his praise
In never-ceasing lays.

1122. T. 14.

YE angels, who excel in power,
Praise ye and bless the Lord;
Ye who delight to do his will,
Laud him with one accord.

2 Yea, all his works, in every place,
Extol his holy name:
My thankful heart, my mind and
Unite to praise the same. [soul,

1123. T. 590.

THEE, Lord, the angelic armies
praise,
Those first-born sons of light,
But cannot look on Jesus' face,
And bear the dazzling sight:
Ranks upon ranks, they fall before
His all-abasing name,
In silent ecstasy adore
The glories of the Lamb.

1124.* T. 583.

THANKS to our Lord for all the
faithfulness,
Wherewith his angels guard his
chosen race:
When they obedient to his bless'd
commands,
Receive the charge, to bear us in
their hands.

1125.* T. 141.

WHILE the pilgrim travels
On this earthly ground,

Watchful, guardian angels
Compass him around;
Like Elisha's servant,
He in faith espies
Hosts with fiery horses,
Flaming chariots rise.

1126. T. 166.

ANGELS astonish'd view their God,
As Son of Man, to sinners given;
With awe they saw his streaming
blood,
Were struck, and silence was in
heaven;

Now they, with all the saints in
light,
Worship the Lamb enthroned above,
And praise the length, the breadth,
the height,
And depth of God's stupendous love.

1127. T. 141.

HOLY, holy, holy,
Sings the angelic choir;
Might we, sinners, truly
Glow with heavenly fire,
Praising all together,
Deeply bow'd in dust,
God, Jehovah, Father,
Son, and Holy Ghost.

XXXIX. OUR DEPARTURE TO THE LORD, AND THE RESUR- RECTION OF THE BODY.

1128.* T. 151.

FAREWELL, henceforth for ever,
All empty worldly joys;
Farewell, for Christ, my Saviour,
Alone my thoughts employs;
In heaven's my conversation,
Where the redeem'd possess
In him complete salvation,
The gift of God's free grace.
2 Counsel me, dearest Jesus,
According to thy heart;
Heal thou all my diseases,
And every harm avert:
Be thou my consolation,
While here on earth I live,
And at my expiration
Me to thyself receive.
3 May in my heart's recesses,
Thy name and cross always
Shine forth, with all their graces,
To yield me joy and peace:
Stand 'fore me in that figure,
Wherein thou barest for us,
Justice in all its rigour,
Expiring on the cross.

1129.* T. 146.

THE grace, enjoy'd by faith,
In Jesus' incarnation,

His wounds and bitter death,
Assures us of salvation;
Engageth our whole heart,
Prompts us to sing his praise,
Until we hence depart
To see him face to face.
2 If Jesus should appear,
Now at this very moment,
What think ye, should ye fear?
No, we with deep abasement,
Yet joyful, would adore
The Lamb who shed his blood,
And own him evermore,
Our Saviour, Lord, and God.
3 Ah, might the time soon come,
When thou, our soul's Beloved,
Wilt fetch thy children home;
Our inmost soul is moved,
To think we shall behold
Him whom by faith we know,
Chief Shepherd of his fold,
In whom we're one, and grow.
4 Hear thou our heart's desire,
Most gracious Lord and Saviour,
Let us in peace expire,
And rise to meet thy favour;
And when thou shalt assign
His doom to every one,
Thy righteousness divine
Shall be our boast alone.

1130.* T. 74.

THE Lord my portion is,
I know no other bliss,
Here nor eternally,
But that which flows to me
From Jesus' blood and death,
Whereon I trust by faith.

2 Thou know'st, O God, that I,
Were I just now to die,
No Saviour have beside,
But Christ who for me died;
He is my faithful friend,
Whose mercies never end.

3 I shall, when time is o'er,
Behold for evermore
My Saviour, Lord, and God,
Who bought me with his blood;
And view the wounds which he
Received once for me.

4 The time to him is known;
Meanwhile be this alone
My care, that through his grace
I so may run my race,
That I in faith may die,
And live eternally.

1131.* T. 149.

YE, who Jesus' patients are,
Let your hearts be tending
Thither, where you wish to share
Bliss that's never ending:
O may we—constantly,
Wean'd from things terrestrial,
Look for joys celestial.

2 Fixing all our thoughts above.
Where each true believer
Will, for his redeeming love,
Praise the Lord for ever,
Here, by faith—in his death,
We find consolation
And complete salvation.

1132.* T. 119.

HAD we nought, :||:
Nought beyond this life to hope,
Here receiving our full measure,
Did no further prospect ope,
Laid we up no heavenly treasure,
Wretched were our state in life and
death, Vain our faith. :||:

2 Here on earth, :||:

Here on earth in tears we sow;
He who here goes forth and weepeth,
Bearing precious seed below,
Brings his sheaves with him and
reapeth
There in joy, his sighs and sorrows
o'er, Evermore. :||:

1133.* T. 132.

THANK God, towards eternity
Another step is taken,
My heart with longing turns to thee;
Though not by thee forsaken,
I long and pant for my release,
When I shall hence depart in peace,
To be with thee for ever.

2 I tell the hours, and days, and
years,
And think them tedious ages,
Until the wish'd-for time appears,
Which all my grief assuages;
Meanwhile with haste, I forward
press,
Till I arrive, with thankfulness,
At my desired haven.

3 Come, saith thy bride, who longs
for thee,
And of all else is weary;
She prays to thee incessantly,
Come, Lord, and do not tarry:
Jesus, my Bridegroom, come to me,
Thou know'st, O Lord, my soul to
Already is betrothed. [thee

4 I am assured, nor life, nor death,
Me from thy love can sever,
While I abide in thee by faith,
And taste thy love and favour;
What tho' this time seem long to me,
A foretaste of eternity
I have in thy communion.

1134.* T. 244.

HOW soon, exalted Jesus,
Thou wilt to us reveal,
Thy countenance most glorious,
That none as yet can tell:
Meanwhile thy followers here
By frequent visits cheer;
As to thy first disciples,
When risen thou didst draw near.

2 Till then, thou wilt call over
 Out of thy family,
 Now one, and then another,
 To be at rest with thee :
 O grant us needful grace,
 That we may run our race,
 Relying on thy mercy,
 Till we shall see thy face.

1135. T. 11.

LORD, my times are in thy hand,
 Be they then at thy command :
 Let me live to thee alone,
 Then the sting of death is gone.

2 Whither should I, sinner, flee,
 Lord, for shelter, but to thee ?
 Thou hast gone before, in grace,
 To prepare a resting-place.

3 Bearing my sin's heavy load,
 All thy steps were mark'd with blood,
 From the garden to the cross,
 Suffering to retrieve our loss.

4 By thy bitter agony,
 By thy life pour'd out for me,
 O, let me, a sinner, find
 In my God a friend most kind.

1136.* T. 14.

WHETHER the period of this life
 Be long or short, we know
 'Tis in itself of no great weight,
 We're pilgrims here below.

2 Thrice happy they who in this time
 In Jesus Christ believe,
 And as a living sacrifice
 To him their bodies give.

3 He is, as long as life shall last,
 The source of all their bliss,
 And when they from this world de-
 part,
 They see him as he is.

4 Lord, may I live to thee by faith,
 To thee O may I die ;
 For thine I am in life and death,
 Thine, thine eternally.

1137. T. 97.

ALTHO' a pardon'd sinner's mind,
 To be with Christ is most inclined,

Yet, long as he remaineth here,
 Be it a day, a month, or year,
 If but his heart be daily cheer'd by
 grace,
 With patience he can run his des-
 tined race.

2 We in this world no city have,
 Where we to fix our dwelling crave ;
 For as a traveller on the road,
 Oft rests, but hath no fix'd abode,
 Life's comforts thus we welcome, not
 pursue,
 But keep our heavenly mansion still
 in view.

1138. T. 166.

LORD, whither can I, sinner, flee,
 When I go hence, but to thy breast ?
 For I have sought no other home,
 For I have found no other rest :
 When earthly cares engross the
 mind,
 And turn my thoughts aside from
 thee,
 Then the successive days and nights
 Seem long and wearisome to me.

2 My God, and can a needy child,
 That loves thee in humility,
 From thy dear presence be exiled,
 Or ever separated be ?
 O no ! for in thy wounded hands
 By faith my name engraved I see ;
 Firm and secure thy promise stands,
 That where thou art thy friends shall
 be.

1139. T. 96.

IN age and feebleness extreme,
 Who shall a helpless worm redeem ?
 Jesus, my only hope thou art,
 Strength of my failing flesh and
 heart ;
 O could I catch a smile from thee,
 And drop into eternity.

1140.* T. 168.

MAKE my calling and election,
 Jesus, every day more sure ;
 Keep me under thy direction,
 Till I, thro' thy God-like power,
 Unto endless glory raised,
 In thy mansion shall be placed :
 When in thee I end my race,
 Weeping shall for ever cease.

1141.* T. 37.

MY happy lot is here,
The Lamb to follow;
Be this my only care
Each step to hallow,
And thus await the time
When Christ my Saviour
Will call me hence, with him
To live for ever.

1142.* T. 124.

THEE we love and long to see,
Yea, dear Saviour,
We desire to be with thee;
But the favour
To have thee, though still unseen,
Ever near us
Doth revive and cheer us.

1143. T. 590.

OUR conversation is in heaven,
Whence also we expect
The Lord our Saviour Christ to come,
And gather his elect:
Then shall he our vile body change,
And fashion it like his,
A glorious body, form'd for realms
Of everlasting bliss.

1144.* T. 83.

CHRIST, my rock, my sure defence,
Jesus, my Redeemer liveth;
Oh, what pleasing hopes from thence,
My believing heart deriveth:
Else death's long and gloomy night
Would my guilty soul affright.

2 Christ is risen from the dead,
Thou shalt rise too, saith my Sa-
Of what should I be afraid? [viour;
I with him shall live for ever:
Can the HEAD forsake His limb,
And not draw me unto him?—

3 No, my soul he cannot leave,
This, this is my consolation;
And my body in the grave
Rests in hope and expectation,
That this mortal flesh shall see
Incorruptibility.

4 Closely by love's sacred bands,
I am join'd to him already,
And my faith's outstretched hands
To embrace my Lord are ready;
Death itself shall never part
Mine and my Redeemer's heart.

5 Flesh I bear, and therefore must
Unto dust be once reduced;
This I own, but from the dust
I shall be to life produced,
And, convey'd to endless bliss,
Live where my Redeemer is.

6 In my body, when restored
To the likeness of his body,
I shall see my God, my Lord,
My Beloved in his glory;
In my flesh eternally
My Redeemer I shall see.

7 These mine eyes most certainly
Shall behold and know my Saviour,
I, no stranger, no, even I,
Him to see shall have the favour:
Grieving, pining, in that day
Ever shall be done away.

8 What here sickens, sighs, and
groans,
There o'er death shall prove vic-
torious;
Earthly here are sown my bones.
Heavenly they shall rise, and glo-
rious:
What is natural sown here,
Shall as spiritual rise there.

9 Let us raise our minds above
This world's lusts, vain, transi-
tory,
Cleave to him ev'n here in love,
Whom we hope to see in glory;
May our minds tend constantly
Where we ever wish to be.

1145.* T. 22.

MY life I now to God resign,
At his decree I'll not repine;
Will he prolong my mournful days,
He'll help me well to end my race.

2 I go hence at the appointed hour,
Nor would I wish to go before;
My hairs the Lord hath number'd all,
Without his will not one can fall.

3 Lord, what is man! a clod of earth,
A needy mortal from his birth;

Brought nothing with him when he came,
And naked leaves this earthly frame.

4 Teach us to number so our days,
That we apply to wisdom's ways,
Knowing how swift our moments fly,
That all, both young and old, must die.

5 Evil and few, as Jacob says,
Alas, I count my pilgrim-days;
When God shall call his servant home,
In hope of joy I'll meet the tomb.

6 How should I live in constant dread,
Harass'd by guilt, of death afraid,
Did I not know God gave his Son,
Who did for all my sins atone.

7 'Tis he, my Saviour, Jesus Christ,
Who for my sins was sacrificed,
And rose triumphant from the grave,
That he my soul from death might save.

8 To him I yield my life and breath,
His love will guide my soul through death,
And bring me to the blissful place,
Where I shall see him face to face.

9 My flesh meanwhile doth rest in hope,
Till in his likeness raised up;
Out of his hands no dust shall fall,
My body he'll to life recall.

10 This gives me comfort and relief,
In all my greatest pain and grief;
He'll wipe away my every tear,
When he in glory shall appear.

11 Humbly, Lord Christ, I thee address,
Ah, clothe me in thy righteousness;
Arrayed in salvation's vest,
I'm sure of endless joy and rest.

12 Amen, thou sovereign God of love,
O grant that, when we hence remove,
Our souls, redeemed with thy blood,
May find in thee their sure abode.

1146.*

T. 22.

LORD Jesus, fountain of my life,
Sole comfort in this world of strife,
I come both weary and oppress'd,
And pray, Lord, take my soul to rest.

2 When I shall yield my dying breath,
Support me by thy bitter death;
Thy mercy is my only plea;
Thy bonds have gain'd my liberty.

3 By all thou hast for me endured,
Thou hast eternal life procured;
Thy shame, reproach, and thorny crown,
Gain'd for me glory and renown.

4 Thy stripes have me, a sinner, heal'd;
My pardon with thy blood is seal'd;
Thy agony, thy dying breath
Redeem'd me from eternal death.

5 Unto my heart, when speech I want,
The utterance of thy Spirit grant;
O that my soul to heaven may rise,
When death in darkness seals my eyes.

6 Thy bitter death shall sweeten mine,
My soul I to thy care resign:
Thou, since thou gavest thy life for me,
Wilt keep me to eternity.

7 How glad am I that I have known,
What thou to ransom me hast done;
How glad am I, that I believe,
Thou, when I die, wilt me receive.

8 Thanks be to thee, who hast endured
My curse, and life for me procured:
Nor doth the grave to me appear
A terror, since thou restedst there.

9 What songs of everlasting joy
Shall mine and angels' tongues employ;
How shall I to eternity
Exalt thy love and mercy free.

1147.* T. 132.

JESUS, by thy almighty power
My soul from death deliver,
In that important, awful hour,
When soul and body sever;
Into thy ever-faithful hand
My spirit will I then commend;
I trust thou wilt receive it.

2 Tho' guilt would fill my soul with
dread,
Despair, and consternation,
I know I need not be afraid,
Since Christ is my salvation:
His precious blood, his wounds and
death,
Shall, when I draw my latest breath,
Be my support and comfort.

3 I of his body am a limb,
This is my consolation;
And death between my soul and him
Shall make no separation;
He in me, I in him abide;
In him who for me lived and died,
I've found life everlasting.

4 Since he did from the dead arise,
And then ascend victorious,
I likewise in the hope rejoice,
To rise again more glorious;
Thus free from fear, I can in peace
Depart to see him as he is,
And live with him for ever.

1148.* T. 244.

IN spirit I am waiting,
Lord Jesus, near to thee,
Thy sufferings contemplating;
I know they were for me:
I thee behold by faith
Bow down thy head in death,
I hear thee cry, 'Tis finish'd,
And watch thy latest breath.

2 Thy sighs, thy groans in anguish,
The tears which from thee flow'd,
When thou for me didst languish,
Thy wounds and precious blood,
Be present night and day
To me, while here I stay,
And at my dissolution
My soul to heaven convey.

3 'Midst joy beyond expression,
I shall abased be
With deep humiliation,
When called home to thee.

When I, completely blest,
Have leave with thee to rest,
Thy holy feet with rapture
By me shall be embraced.

4 O hasten thy appearance;
Yet as it pleaseth thee:
Meanwhile to me thy presence
Vouchsafe continually:
Fix thou my heart and eyes
Upon thy sacrifice,
Until, my race here finish'd,
I shall obtain the prize.

1149.* T. 151.

WHEN I shall gain permission
To leave this mortal tent,
And get from pain dismissal,
Jesus, thyself present;
And let me, when expiring,
Recline upon thy breast,
Thus I shall be acquiring
Eternal life and rest.

1150.* T. 232.

LORD, let thy blest angelic bands
Convey my soul into thy hands,
When soul and body sever;
My body, though reduced to dust,
Thou wilt, O Lord, I firmly trust,
Raise up to live for ever:
Then shall I see thee face to face,
In everlasting joy and peace,
And sing with all the saints above
The wonders of redeeming love;
O Christ, my Lord, I'll thee adore,
Here and above for evermore.

1151.* T. 14.

O HOW I long with Christ to be,
And in his presence rest,
He draws my soul most powerfully;
I to his bosom haste.

2 Meanwhile may I in spirit view
His sufferings, cross, and death;
These to my heart be daily new,
'Till I resign my breath.

3 Me for thy coming, Lord prepare,
Grant I may ready be,
Whene'er thou callest, without fear
To meet and welcome thee.

4 Thou know'st my insufficiency ;
All my diseases cure ;
O let thy stripes and wounds on me,
Exert their healing power.

5 Thus will my wants be well supplied,

Thus will my soul with grace
Abundantly be satisfied,
And kept in heavenly peace;—

6 Until the hour shall strike at last,
When I, from sorrow free,
Shall hasten to thy arms and breast,
And ever live with thee.

1152. T. 582.

THE spirits of the just,
Confined in bodies, groan,
Till death consigns the corpse to dust,
And then the conflict's done:
Jesus who came to save,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Hath sanctified the gloomy grave,
And made even death our gain.

2 Why should we fear to trust
The place where Jesus lay ?
He'll raise our bodies from the dust,
And unto life convey :
Sin's pardon'd, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside ;
The law gives sin condemning power,
But Jesus for us died.

3 Confiding in thy name,
Jesus, the church's Head,
We give to earth the breath'less
frame,

Remembering thou wast dead :
A bitter death indeed,
Was thine, O Lamb of God ;
But from the curse thou hast us freed
By thy atoning blood.

4 O death, where is thy sting ?
O grave, thy victory ?
He that believes in Christ can sing,
He hath redeemed me :
Trusting in him by faith,
We now the victory gain ;
In him we triumph over death,
Who for us rose again.

1153. T. 102.

WHERE is this infant ? It is gone !
To whom ?—To Jesus who redeem'd
it :

It now appears before the throne,
Where he continues still to tend it,
His favour—for ever
To prove : he doth bear
This lamb in his bosom, 'tis safe in
his care.

2 He took such in his arms on earth,
And show'd to them peculiar favour ;
Hence we may know, that from their
birth

He is their ever gracious Saviour :
He gave them,—he takes them,
Whene'er he sees best
For them to come to him, and with
him to rest.

3 This infant rests now happily
In Christ, the source of our salvation,
Rejoicing to eternity,
Join'd to the perfect congregation :
The body—we bury ;
We know that, from pain
Released, we once shall behold it
again.

1154. T. 14.

HOW sweetly this our *brother* sleeps,
Enjoying endless peace ;
The grave, wherein *his* Saviour lay,
Is now *his* resting-place.

2 Nought can disturb this heir of life,
All worldly cares are fled ;
To be with Christ was *his* desire,
And *he's* now perfected.

1155. T. 16.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below ;
Thou, by angel-guards attended,
Didst to Jesus' presence go.

2 Trusting in thy Saviour's merit,
Thou hast seen thy Lord above,
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Reaching out the crown of love.

3 For the joy he set before thee,
Thou didst bear a moment's pain,
Die, to live a life of glory,
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

1156.* T. 79.

WHEN children, blest by Jesus,
To whom their souls are precious,
Depart in early years,

They are not lost, for heaven
To children shall be given;
Eternal happiness is theirs.

2 This child is therefore blessed,
Let no one be distressed,
Christ bid it fall asleep:
The body dead, the spirit
Will endless life inherit
With his redeemed, happy sheep.

1157.* T. 14.

BLEST soul, how sweetly dost thou
From every toil and care, [rest
Enjoying now, on Jesus' breast,
Bliss far beyond compare!

2 His sufferings have deliver'd thee
From misery, wo, and death;
His word, 'Tis finish'd, proved to be
The triumph of thy faith.

3 Now to the earth let these remains
In hope committed be;
Until the body, changed, obtains
Blest immortality.

1158.* T. 483.

NOW rest in peace :||
Our prayers, when dying, thee at-
Thou hast ended [tended;
Thy mortal life, and now through
grace
Beholdest Jesus face to face:
The holy angels did convey
Thy soul to realms of endless day:
There bless thee, God the Father, and
the Son,
And Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Three in
One:
With saints adore the Lamb
That sitteth on the throne,

XL. THE LAST JUDGMENT.

1159.* T. 585.

DAY of Judgment: day of wonders!
Hark, the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round;

How the summons :||
Will the sinner's heart confound
2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine;
Ye who love the Lord's appearing,
Then shall say, This God is mine:
Gracious Saviour, :||
Own me on that day as thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature shaken,
At his call prepare to flee:
Careless sinner, :||
What will then become of thee?

4 To all those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever :||
Shall my love and glory know.

5 Under sorrows and reproaches
May this thought our courage raise,
Swiftly God's great day approaches;
Sighs will then be turn'd to praise:
We shall triumph :||
While the world is in a blaze.

1160.* T. 132.

'TIS sure that awful time will come
When Christ, the Lord of glory,
Shall from his throne give men their
doom,

And change things transitory:
This will strike dumb each impious
jeer,
When all will be consumed by fire,
And heaven and earth dissolved.

2 The wakening trumpet all shall
hear,
The dead shall then be raised,
And 'fore the judgment seat appear,
On the right and left hand placed;
Those in the body at that time
Shall, in a manner most sublime,
Endure a transmutation.

3 Wo, then to him that hath despised

God's word and revelation,
And here done nothing but devised
His lust's gratification ;
Then how confounded will he stand
When he must go, at Christ's command,
To everlasting torment. [mand,

4 When all with awe shall stand around

To hear their doom allotted,
O may my worthless name be found
In the Lamb's book unblotted ;
Grant me that firm, unshaken faith,
That thou, my Saviour, by thy death
Hast purchased my salvation.

5 Before thou shalt as Judge appear,
Plead as my Intercessor,
And on that awful day declare
That I am thy confessor ;
Then bring me to that blessed place,
Where I shall see with open face
The glory of thy kingdom.

6 O Jesus, shorten the delay,
And hasten thy salvation,
That we may see that glorious day
Produce a new creation : [King,
Lord Jesus, come, our Judge and
Come, change our mournful notes, to
sing
Thy praise for ever : Amen.

1161. T. 581.

HARK, the trump of God is heard,
And the archangel's voice on high ;
Yea, the Lord himself descends
With a shout that rends the sky ;
Lo, the bars of death are burst,
See, the dead in Christ rise first.

2 His blest people, still on earth,
In a moment changed, all rise,
In the clouds, caught up with them,
Meet their Saviour in the skies ;
Fears and doubts are far removed,
Him they see whom here they loved.

3 See this transient mortal life
Swallow'd up eternally :
Death, O death, where is thy sting ?
Where, O grave, thy victory ?
Thanks to God, thro' Christ we have
Victory over death and grave.

4 Now all tears are wiped away ;
Free from curse and free from pain,

All Christ's people now with him
Kings and priests for ever reign :
Henceforth his unbounded grace
Is their theme of endless praise.

5 In the hope of all this joy,
Brethren, let us still be found ;
Steadfast in the faith of Christ,
May we all in love abound,
Till we shall, when time is o'er,
Live with him for evermore.

1162. T. 585.

LO, he cometh ! countless trumpets
Christ's appearance usher in :
'Midst ten thousand saints and angels
See our Judge and Saviour shine :
Hallelujah ! :||
Welcome, welcome, Lamb once slain.

2 Now the song of all the saved,
Worthy is the Lamb, resounds ;
Now resplendent shines his nail-
prints,
Every eye shall see his wounds :
Great his glory ; :||
Every knee to him shall bow.

3 Every island, sea, and mountain,
Earth and heaven flee away ;
All his enemies confounded
Hear the trump proclaim his day :
Come to judgment ; :||
Stand before the Son of Man.

4 All who love him view his glory,
In his bright, once marred face :
Jesus cometh ; all his people
Now their heads with gladness
Happy mourners, :|| [raise :
Lo, on clouds he comes, he comes.

5 See redemption, long expected,
On that awful day appear ;
All his people, once despised,
Joyful meet him in the air :
Hallelujah ! :||
Saviour, now thy kingdom comes.

1163. T. 590.

MY faith shall triumph o'er the
grave,
And trample on the tombs :
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes :

Ere long I know he shall appear
In power and glory great;
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

2 Then, though the worms my flesh devour,
And make my corpse their prey,
I know I shall arise with power,
On the last judgment-day;
When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him these mine eyes shall see,
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.

3 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs,
and fears,
Shall cease eternally:
How long, dear Saviour, O how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Oh, hasten thy appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

1164.

T. 14.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
Oh, how shall I appear?

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
Thy mercy I've not sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,—

3 That thou, O Lord, wilt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul:
How then shall I appear?

4 But thou declarest in thy word,
That sinners who to thee,
While here they live, repenting turn,
Shall live eternally.

5 Grant then, that I may favour'd be,
Full pardon to obtain,
Since Jesus Christ, to save my soul,
Upon the cross was slain.

1165.* T. 592.

THIS transient world is not our home,
No soul finds here or rest or bliss;
The man by this vain world o'er-come,
Will of salvation surely miss:
Jesus alone yields comfort true,
Jesus is pleasure void of pain;
His mercies every day are new,
His friendship's fire doth still remain:
The scorn'd selected few thrice happy are,
Who have in Jesus' love and grace a share.

2 His shame to all will be display'd,
However specious here his dress,
Who is not in the robe array'd
Of Jesus' perfect righteousness;
Who of Christ's fulness ne'er received,
Will tremble at the judgment-day:
However righteous here believed,
Then naked must he go away:
Haste then to Jesus Christ; thrice happy they,
Who to the mercy-seat have found their way.

1166.*

T. 22.

REJOICE, thou happy little flock,
Which, grounded firm on Christ the rock,
Shalt dwell with him in lasting day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

2 Who doth not turn to him while here,
And love him truly, shall with fear
And trembling seek a sheltering place,
To hide himself from Jesus' face.

3 May Christ continue still to keep,
To feed and tend his dear-bought sheep,
Until his ransom'd flock shall be
Gather'd to him eternally.

4 Help us, O Lord, to watch and pray,
That we be ready every day,
To stand before thee thro' thy grace,
And in thy kingdom have a place.

1167. T. 151.

WHEN conscious sinners tremble,
To hear the trumpet's sound,
That bids the dead assemble
The judgment-seat around;
O then among that number
May we thy call obey,
Who burst the bands of slumber
To view a glorious day.

1168.* T. 16.

JUDGE me now, my God and Sa-
viour,
Ev'n before the judgment-day;
Then to me, a worm, thy favour
Through eternity display.

1169.* T. 205.

ARE you form'd a creature new,
Cleansed by Jesus' precious blood?
Can you Christ in spirit view,
Reconciled by him to God?
Rise, to meet the Bridegroom go,
Mingle with the virgin-row;
Have you oil, you need not fear,
Though this moment he appear.

2 Rise, go forth to meet the Lamb,
Slumber not 'midst worldly care;
Let your lamps be all on flame,
For his coming now prepare:
Then whene'er you hear the cry,
Lo, the Bridegroom draweth nigh,
You will not confounded be,
But can meet him cheerfully.

3 Let us walk the narrow way,
Watchful, cheerful, free from toil,
Trim our lamps from day to day,
Adding still recruits of oil;
Doubly doth the Spirit rest
On this happy, peaceful breast,
Who himself to praying gives,
Who a life of watching lives.

1170.* T. 588.

YE virgins, be
Girt with alacrity;
At midnight cometh He:
Cease all your mourning,
The Lord will be returning:
Him ye shall see
In majesty.

2 Now ready stand,
Yea, always ready stand;
The Bridegroom is at hand:
Sleep not, nor slumber,
Let nothing you encumber,
But ready stand;
He is at hand.

1171.* T. 244.

PREPARE your lamps, stand ready,
Your vessels fill with oil;
Be clean in soul and bo'y,
Your wishes then can't fail:
Hark, 'tis the midnight cry,
The Bridegroom draweth nigh;
Arise, go forth to meet him
With songs of praise and joy.

1172.* T. 79.

BEFORE us place in dread array,
Lord Jesus, that tremendous day,
When thou in clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell us, Lord, that we shall
there
Receive from thee a blissful doom.

2 Lord, for thy coming us prepare,
May we to meet thee without fear,
At all times ready be:
In faith and love preserve us sound,
O let us, day and night, be found
Waiting with joy to welcome
thee.

XLI. THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT, AND THE GLORIES OF
HEAVEN.

1173. T. 159.

MOUNT Zion, where the Lamb of
God,

Who for our sins atoned,
And bought us by his precious blood,
For ever is enthroned:

Where his redeem'd and chosen
bride,

Through endless ages shall reside;
Is here through faith in Jesus' name,
Our joy and final aim.

2 Jerusalem, the church above,
Now triumphs over death;
And when we, perfected in love,
Shall once resign our breath,
We shall with all the saints in light
In cheerful songs of praise unite,
And with his chosen evermore,
His saving name adore.

3 Deliver'd from this mortal clay,
From sorrow, sin, and pain,
We shall with Christ in lasting day
True holiness obtain:
Lord Jesus. hear our fervent prayer,
Us needy sinners all prepare,
By faith in thee to end our race,
And to behold thy face.

1174.* T. 97.

HOW greatly doth my soul rejoice,
That, by my faithful Shepherd's
choice,

My name is certainly enroll'd
Among the sheep of his blest fold:
May I by nothing e'er be drawn
aside,
But be a happy member of his bride.

2 My faith victorious now doth rise
Above all earthly vanities,
And hath Jerusalem full in view,
That holy city, fair and new;
Through faith in Christ I am God's
child and heir,
And shall the glories of his kingdom
share.

3 Then all old things will pass away,
And a new scene itself display;
We wait for thee, Immanuel,
Come soon, thy majesty reveal;
Our voices then in higher strains
shall raise
A joyful Hallelujah to thy praise.

1175.* T. 585.

JESUS' life of grief and sorrows,
All his sufferings, death, and pain,
Prove in life our consolation,
And in death our joy remain;
Hallelujah! :||:
Christ's our life, hence death is gain.

2 On his precious death and merit
All our hopes are safely built;
We rejoice in his salvation,
Freed from sin's condemning guilt;
Sing his triumphs, :||:
'Twas for us his blood was spilt.

3 Jesus yieldeth up his spirit,
Lo, he bows his head and dies;
From his death we life inherit,
Hence our happiness takes rise:
We now glory :||:
Only in his sacrifice.

4 Jesus' body, once interred,
Sanctifies his brethren's rest,
And the place which keeps their
bodies,
Since earth lodged that heavenly
guest,
Now is hallow'd :||:
We lie down in hope most blest.

5 Our Redeemer rose victorious,
O what joy doth this afford!
Lasting bliss awaits us yonder,
Raised to glory, like our Lord;
Blessed Saviour, :||:
Ever be by us adored.

6 Conquering Lord, to heaven as-
To prepare for us a place, [cended
Pleading thine own blood and merit;
Here our faith rests on thy grace,
There in glory :||:
We shall see thee face to face.

7 Jesus, at thy blest appearing,
 Freed from weakness, grief, and pain,
 We, restored to thy likeness,
 Then shall join thy happy train;
 Make us ready, ☩
 Lord, thy glory to obtain.

1176.* T. 58.

HAPPY I am, yet o'er my happiness
 Can ne'er rejoice but with a blushing
 face;

For it is mere mercy,
 Remains a wonder
 Of Christ's long-suffering, when
 thereon I ponder,
 Now and always.

2 In the glorious presence
 Of God my Saviour,
 Though with abasement, this great
 truth I'll ever
 Own to his praise:—

3 That his incarnation,
 His bitter passion,
 And meritorious death procured sal-
 vation, And life for me.

4 In his great atonement
 I'll trust unshaken,
 Until I once to see Him shall be
 taken, Whom here I love.

5 Grant to me, Lord Jesus,
 The special favour,
 Depending on thy grace both now
 and ever, To look to thee,—

6 In that ever lovely,
 Heart-piercing figure,
 As for us bearing justice in its
 rigour, Upon the cross.

7 What ecstatic pleasure,
 Shall I then savour,
 When face to face beholding thee
 for ever, So as thou art.

8 On what joys celestial
 Shall I be feasting,
 When, in thy presence from all
 labour resting, I sabbath keep.

9 Oh, what songs of praises
 Will then in heaven
 Resound, when all the ransom'd
 souls thanksgiving
 To Jesus bring.

10 Lamb once slain for sinners,
 Receive our praises;
 Honour and glory from all choirs
 and classes, To thee are due.

11 Now let all say, Amen,
 The Lord be praised,
 In heaven and earth his name for
 ever blessed

By all that breathe.

1177.* T. 71.

WHAT shall I feel, when I
 The glorious choirs espy
 In bliss unceasing;
 Already in my heart
 Rays from bright Salem dart,
 With hopes most pleasing.

2 I hear the enraptured song
 Raised by the blessed throng
 Of the redeemed:
 Seated upon the throne,
 The Lamb once slain alone
 Is worthy deemed.

3 Rejoice, my soul, thou soon,
 When here thy race is run,
 Shalt have the favour
 To go and join the blest,
 And there at home to rest
 With Christ thy Saviour.

4 Then shall our wo and grief
 Find a most sure relief,
 In joys unbounded;
 Triumphant songs shall be
 To the blest Trinity
 For ever sounded.

5 How blest when we can say,
 All else is fled away,
 And love prevaieth:
 No longer faith and hope
 We need to bear us up,
 Love never faileth.

6 See, how the victors go
 In raiment white as snow,
 With glory crowned:
 He grants to them through grace
 Around his throne a place,
 On whom death frowned.

7 The Bridegroom now appears,
 He wipes off all our tears,
 And ends all sadness;
 To him I had resign'd
 Myself, and now am join'd
 In perfect gladness.

8 O Lord, grant my request,
To be in heaven at rest,
When 'tis thy pleasure ;
Then to eternity
I ne'er shall parted be
From thee, my treasure.

9 At thy through-pierced feet
I'll humbly take my seat,
There's heaven's enjoyment :
To give thee thanks and praise,
For all thy love and grace,
Be my employment.

10 While here, I live by faith,
Relying on thy death,
For thou'rt my Saviour ;
There I shall sweetly rest,
Reclining on thy breast,
In peace for ever.

1178. T. 136.

MY Lord and God,
Who hast for me atoned,
And in death's agony for me hast
I weep for joy, [groaned ;
And raise my feeble song ;
For both in life and death this medi-
tation

Proves unto me a sweet and strength-
ening consolation :
My pardon's sealed with thy blood,
My Lord, my God.

2 The time will come,
When endless consolation
Will be their lot, who wait for
Christ's salvation :
I am redeem'd,
Saith a believing heart ;
Ev'n here the Lord, whose mercy
never endeth,
Wipes oft my tears away, and all my
steps attendeth ;
The time to be with him at home
At last will come.

3 Come soon, O come,
Ye hours, wherein for ever
With hosts of saints I too shall have
the favour
To see my Lord :
With joy I for him wait ;
Who knows but I this day may leave
the body,
Call'd forth to meet the Bridegroom ;
may he find me ready :
I long to be with him at home ;
Come soon, O come.

4 O happy lot,
To live in blessed union
With Christ, and with his church in
close communion ;
To look to him,
Prompted by love and need ;
To feed by faith upon his death and
merit,
And, purified in heart, become with
him one spirit ;
To love him, though we see him not ;
O happy lot.

5 O happy lot,
To live with Christ our Saviour,
There to behold his countenance for
ever ;
In songs of joy
His holy name to praise ;
To thank him for our blessed con-
summation,
And view his wounds, those pledges
of complete salvation,
All pain and sorrow then forgot ;
O happy lot.

1179. T. 30.

O YE heavenly souls, full joys pos-
sessing,
At the fountain-head of every bless-
ing,
From your bright legions
Waft your praises to these lowly re-
gions.

2 Songs of victory to the Lamb once
wounded, [ed,
With immortal glory now surround-
O'erwhelm my senses,
And my heaven already here com-
mences.

3 Hear I not the golden harps re-
sounding ?
See I not the crowds the throne sur-
rounding ?
Adore, adore him !
They exclaim, and prostrate fall be-
fore him.

4 O that I could join their adoration,
Lie with them in awful, deep pros-
tration,
His feet embracing,
Bathed in tears, yet hymns of glad-
ness raising.

5 O Jerusalem, from God descending,
To thy pinnacles my flight I'm bending:

Begone for ever,
World and sin;—and welcome Christ
my Saviour.

6 But what gentle voice my flight
prevented?

Whispering to my spirit, Rest contented,

Thy days are number'd,
And thy sighs and prayers 'fore God
remember'd.

7 Am I longer here, 'midst tribulation,

As a pilgrim to maintain my station,
May I unmoved

Lean upon the arm of my Beloved.

8 May the tears and sweat of Olivet's
mountain,

May the scene of Calvary's purple
fountain,

The dying Saviour,
Hover 'fore my eyes of faith for
ever.

9 May this deaden nature's inclination,

Awe me from the world and sin's
temptation,

And sanctify me,
Till each word and deed may glorify
thee.

10 May I grow in spirit daily poorer,
Make my calling and election surer;

Thy word instruct me,
And thy guardian Spirit still conduct
me.

1180.* T. 83.

JESUS' sufferings were for me,
That my hence departing spirit

Full of joy and peace might be,
And eternal life inherit:

I'm from judgment freed, by faith
In his meritorious death.

2 When I leave this world in peace,
I shall have the grace and favour

To behold him face to face

Whom I love, e'en God my Saviour:
Then I shall for evermore
Him in endless joy adore.

3 When I shall permitted be,
To enjoy in fullest measure,
What his sufferings gain'd for me,
And possess salvation's treasure,
With what rapture shall I sing
Hallelujah to my King.

1181.* T. 119.

O WHAT joy, :::

O what joy awaiteth me!

I rejoice in expectation,
That I in my flesh shall see
Him the God of my salvation,
And behold the Lord in endless bliss,
As he is. :::

2 Yea, amen, :::

Pardon'd sinners, here rejoice
In this hope and consolation,
Till we shall with sweeter voice
Sing in the great congregation,
Thou, O Lamb, hast brought us nigh
to God

By thy blood. :::

1182.* T. 45.

MY lot of grace—will be always
Beyond description blessed;

Yea, the bliss I shall enjoy
Cannot be expressed.

2 Him I shall see, whose love to me
My heart hath captivated;

From his presence I no more
Shall be separated.

1183.* T. 208.

WHAT hast thou, Lord Jesus,
To redeem and bless us,

For us undergone!

Here we know but partly,
But there will be shortly

More of this depth known,
When above—we shall remove,
And shall live with thee for ever,
Our beloved Saviour.

2 I am lost in wonder,
When I duly ponder.

Jesus, on thy grace;

That I shall in glory

Evermore adore thee;

And that, face to face,

I shall see—eternally

Thee, the God of my salvation:

O what consolation.

1184.*

T. 58.

WHEN Jesus had to his disciples
given
His blessing, and ascended up to
heaven,
With deep sorrow filled,
They upwards gazed,
Then to Jerusalem their steps re-
traced With inward joy.

2 When he in like manner
Shall be returning,
His church on earth will change her
grief and mourning
To songs of praise.

3 This reflection fills us
With joy unbounded,
That we the Lord, who for our sins
was wounded,
Shall once behold.

4 O might we, poor sinners,
For his salvation
Hunger and thirst until our consum-
mation, By day and night.

5 Thus shall we believing
Ne'er be confounded,
And here already, with his peace
surrounded,
Taste heavenly joys.

6 May we cleave to Jesus,
Till we've obtained
The prize, and till our faith and hope
have gained
Their highest aim.

7 So as she believed,
Christ's congregation
Shall find it, and behold the Lord's
salvation In endless bliss.

8 At his blest appearing,
Freed from all weakness,
Our bodies shall be changed into his
likeness
By his great power.

9 Amen, Lord, afford us
Thy kind direction,
Keep us from evil, under thy protec-
tion, Always secure;

10 Till we shall in heaven
Behold thy glory,
And free from sin and sorrow there
adore thee,
World without end.

1185.*

T. 205.

O EXALT and praise the Lord,
Laud his name for evermore,
Gratefully with one accord
With the angels him adore;
Thank him for the faithfulness,
Wherewith he his witnesses,
Who in heaven are perfected,
Through great tribulation led.

2 Here by Jesus' precious blood
Cleansed from sin and render'd
They, as ministers of God, [chaste,
Him by word and deed confess'd;
In their Lord's reproach a share,
Hated by the world, they bare,
Now they, with the angelic train,
Praise the Lamb for sinners slain.

3 They with patience having run
Their appointed race, in hope
Of the prize, at last the crown
Have obtain'd, for them laid up:
Now they serve the Lamb of God,
Having in his precious blood
Wash'd their robes and made them
In his temple day and night. [white,

4 In fine, spotless linen dress'd,
Palms of victory they bear,
By no sorrows e'er oppress'd,
Unmolested now by care,
Free from hunger, thirst, and heat,
They, possessing joys complete,
Unto living fountains led
By the Lamb himself are fed.

5 Since we likewise may attain
To this happiness through grace,
And, by following Jesus, gain
With the saints in heaven a place;
May we tread the narrow path,
Not unfruitful in the faith,
And unto the end endure,
Making our election sure.

6 May we always have in view
The example of our Lord,
Faithfully his steps pursue.
Giving heed unto his word;
In our bodies, while we've breath,
May we bear about his death,
That his life may even here
In our mortal flesh appear.

7 Let us call to mind with joy
Those who have before us gone,
Who obtain'd the victory
Through the blood of Christ alone;

That we all may zealously
Imitate their constancy,
Till we too the prize receive,
And with them in glory live.

1186.* T. 166.

UNTO ourselves with deepest awe
The spirits of the righteous
We represent, and comfort draw
From hence, when trials fright us:
Rejoicing, we behold them now,
In Jesus' presence blessed,
From the church militant below
To the triumphant raised.

2 There sits the princely company
Of those, who did surrender
For Jesus' sake most willingly
Their lives and worldly grandeur;
Undaunted meeting fire and sword,
No toils too great esteemed,
If they to preach his precious word
By him were worthy deemed.

3 All who in Jesus' presence live,
Removed from mortal vision,
The crown of righteousness receive,
In endless life's fruition: [home;
They are now with the Lord at
Our humble expectation
Is, that he'll let us also come
To join that congregation.

1187.* T. 149.

O HOW excellent and fair,
Great beyond all measure,
Will to us our lot appear,
And how rich our treasure,
When we see—bodily
Our beloved Saviour,
As he is, for ever.

2 Countless hosts before God's throne
Where the Lamb resideth,
And, as God and Man, his own
To life's fountain guideth,
Now possess—perfect bliss,
Which to us is wanting,
And for which we're panting.

3 What here sickens, sighs & groans,
There will prove victorious;
Earthly here are sown our bones,
They shall rise most glorious;
Death and wo,—every foe
Which us here annoyed,
There will be destroyed.

4 May this ever blessed hope
Fill our hearts with gladness,
And 'midst weakness bear us up,
Till from sin and sadness
We shall be—wholly free,
And above, for ever,
Praise our gracious Saviour.

1188.* T. 594.

AT God's right hand the countless
numbers
Of just, made perfect, joyful stand;
Freed from whate'er on earth en-
cumbers,
They've gain'd the promised heaven-
ly land:
Our souls, with sweet anticipation,
By faith these glorious realms des-
cry;
And from each kindred, tongue, and
nation,
We hear loud anthems fill the sky.

2 When, O when shall I have the fa-
vour
To see the approach of those blest
days,
When I shall welcome my dear Sa-
viour
With solemn strains, with joyful
lays?
How blest will then be my condi-
tion,
When in my flesh I Christ shall see:
Though happy in his love's fruition
Ev'n here, with him I long to be.

3 What heavenly joy and consol-
ation
This hope affords unto my heart,
That Christ the God of my salvation
Will me receive when I depart;
Then in his presence I for ever
With the redeem'd shall sing his
praise:
O make me ready, blessed Saviour,
To leave this world, and see thy face.

1189. T. 79.

WHILE we anticipate the day,
That calls our longing souls away,
What transports fill the breast;
For lo, our great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
Which leads us to eternal rest.

2 Ev'n now to our expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem
Ev'n now with glad survey [rise;
We view her mansions, that contain
The angelic form, the blessed train,
And shine with everlasting day.

3 Hither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo, the redeem'd of God ascend,
Their tribute hither bring;
Here, crown'd with everlasting joy,
To sing his praise is their employ,
To hail with songs the immortal
King.

4 We too shall join the choirs above
Where all is peace, and joy, and love,
Where faith is changed to sight;
Then shall we mix with that blest
throng.
And raise the ransom'd sinner's song
In realms of everlasting light.

1190. T. 14.

THERE is a house not made with
Eternal, and above; [hands,
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till it shall hence remove.

2 My Saviour by his saving grace,
Prepareth me for heaven;
And, as an earnest of the place,
Hath his own Spirit given.

3 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

4 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we would rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

1191. T. 14.

COME, Lord, and warm each lan-
guid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord, there shall cease;
And perfect joy and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

1192. T. 14.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church above no other theme
But Jesus' love doth know;
In joyful hymns they praise his name,
We do the same below.

3 Him in his glorious realm they
praise,
And bow before his throne;
We, in the kingdom of his grace:
The kingdoms are but one.

1193. T. 14.

THERE, where my blessed Jesus
reigns,

In heaven's unmeasured space,
I shall a long eternity
Spend in ne'er-ceasing praise.

2 Dear Jesus, every smile of thine
Will fresh endearments bring;
And streams of ever-new delight,
From all thy graces spring.

3 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy blest abode;
Haste, for my spirit longs to be
With thee, my Lord and God.

1194. T. 14.

GOD hath laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great
day
Will place it on my head.

2 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all shall it obtain who love
The appearance of his Son.

1195.* T. 205.

WITH thee, Lord, while I remain,
Thou wilt near thy child abide,
Till, thy perfect aim to attain,
I throughout am sanctified:
All my wants, all my distress,
I'll to thee, my Lord, confess;
Soon will come the happy day,
When all tears are wiped away.

2 Amen, yea, Hallelujah,
 Jesus, praise to thee be given,
 That a place for me through grace,
 Is by thee prepared in heaven:
 Ah, how blest will be my case,
 When I shall behold thy face,
 And, from pain and sorrow free,
 Live for evermore with thee.

1196. T. 114.

THE just made perfect, who in glory
 seated
 Around God's throne enjoy eternal
 bliss,
 Behold our God and Saviour as he is;
 Ah, when shall I, poor traveller, be
 permitted
 To join that happy, numerous com-
 pany.
 And my Redeemer face to face to see.

1197.* T. 588.

WHAT happiness,
 What joy and happiness,
 Lord, shall we then possess,
 When we adore thee,
 With angels fall before thee,
 And see thy face:
 What happiness!

2 Amen, Amen,
 Then will in highest strain
 Unto the Lamb once slain
 Eternal praises
 Resound in heavenly places;
 Hallelujah. ¶:

1198. T. 249.

TO God we render praise,
 Who grants ¶: us new displays
 Of mercy all our days:
 When Christ, the Son of man, again
 Shall come, the angels in his train,
 May all of us who here
 'Fore him appear,
 Then meet him without fear.

2 How great our joys will be
 In heaven, ¶: O Lord, where we
 Thy glorious face shall see!
 We then shall thee for evermore,
 As the Lamb slain for us, adore;
 In realms of glory bright
 With saints in light
 In hymns of praise unite.

3 Repeat the solemn strain,
 Worthy ¶: the Lamb once slain!
 Let all reply, Amen:
 Blessing, and power, and majesty,
 Through endless ages be to thee,
 Who us by blood has bought,
 In mercy sought,
 And to thy fold us brought.

1199.* T. 159.

NOW, Lord, who in this vale of tears
 Dost lift thy gracious face
 Upon thy church, which thee reveres,
 And givest us such peace,
 That sweetly we anticipate
 The heavenly bliss for which we
 wait,
 In thee rejoicing here below,
 Ev'n while in tears we sow:—

2 O form us all, while we remain
 On earth, unto thy praise;
 That each one fully may obtain
 Thy blessed aim through grace;
 Till we in heaven thy face shall see
 May spirit, soul, and body be
 Preserved by thee against that day
 Blameless, O Lord, we pray,

CONCLUSION.

1200. T. 159.

SING Hallelujah, praise the Lord,
 Sing with a cheerful voice;
 Exalt our God with one accord,
 And in his name rejoice;
 Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd
 host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Until in realms of endless light
 Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity
 Shall join the angelic lays,
 And sing in perfect harmony
 To God our Saviour's praise:
 He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
 And made us kings and priests to
 God;
 For us, for us the Lamb was slain:
 Praise ye the Lord:—
 AMEN.

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THE END.

RD

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